



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>

BS. 4° 100

BS. A.¹²
100

THE
ILIAD AND ODYSSEY

OF
H O M E R,

TRANSLATED INTO
ENGLISH BLANK VERSE,
BY W. C O W P E R,

OF THE INNER TEMPLE, ESQ.

I N T W O V O L U M E S.

V O L . II.

CONTAINING THE ODYSSEY,
AND
THE BATTLE OF THE FROGS AND MICE.

L O N D O N :

PRINTED FOR J. JOHNSON, N^o 72, ST. PAUL'S CHURCH-YARD.

MDCCXCI.

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE
COUNTESS DOWAGER SPENCER,
THE FOLLOWING
TRANSLATION OF THE ODYSSEY,
A POEM THAT EXHIBITS
IN THE CHARACTER OF ITS HEROINE
AN EXAMPLE
OF ALL DOMESTIC VIRTUE,
IS WITH EQUAL PROPRIETY AND RESPECT
INCRIBED
BY HER LADYSHIP'S
MOST DEVOTED SERVANT,

THE AUTHOR.

THE
ODYSSEY OF HOMER,

TRANSLATED INTO
ENGLISH BLANK VERSE.

A R G U M E N T
OF THE
F I R S T B O O K,

IN a council of the Gods, Minerva calls their attention to Ulysses, still a wanderer. They resolve to grant him a safe return to Ithaca. Minerva descends to encourage Telemachus, and in the form of Mentis directs him in what manner to proceed. Throughout this book the extravagance and profligacy of the suitors are occasionally suggested.

O D Y S S E Y.

B O O K I.

MUSE make the man thy theme, for shrewdness famed
And genius versatile, who far and wide
A Wand'rer, after Ilium overthrown,
Discover'd various cities, and the mind
And manners learn'd of men in lands remote. 5
He num'rous woes, on Ocean toss'd, endured,
Anxious to save himself, and to conduct
His followers to their home; yet all his care
Preserved them not; they perish'd self-destroy'd
By their own fault; infatuate! who devoured 10
The oxen of the all-o'erseeing Sun,
And, punish'd for that crime, return'd no more.
Daughter divine of Jove, these things record,
As it may please thee, even in our ears.

The rest, all those who had perdition 'scaped 15
By war or on the Deep, dwelt now at home;
Him only, of his country and his wife
Alike desirous, in her hollow grot
Calypso, Goddess beautiful, detained
 wooing him to her arms. But when, at length, 20
(Many a long year elapsed) the year arrived

Of his return (by the decree of heav'n)
 To Ithaca, not even then had he,
 Although surrounded by his people, reach'd
 The period of his sufferings and his toils. 25
 Yet all the Gods, with pity moved, beheld
 His woes, save Neptune; He alone with wrath
 Unceasing and implacable pursued
 Godlike Ulysses to his native shores.
 But Neptune, now, the Æthiopians fought, 30
 (The Æthiopians, utmost of mankind,
 These Eastward situate, those toward the West)
 Call'd to an hecatomb of bulls and lambs.
 There sitting, pleas'd he banquetted; the Gods
 In Jove's abode, meantime, assembled all, 35
 'Midst whom the Sire of heav'n and earth began.
 For he recall'd to mind Ægisthus slain
 By Agamemnon's celebrated son
 Orestes, and retracing in his thought
 That dread event, the Immortals thus address'd. 40
 Alas! how prone are human-kind to blame
 The Pow'rs of Heav'n! From us, they say, proceed
 The ills which they endure, yet more than Fate
 Herself inflicts, by their own crimes incur.
 So now Ægisthus, by no force constrained 45
 Of Destiny, Atrides' wedded wife
 Took to himself, and him at his return
 Slew, not unwarn'd of his own dreadful end
 By us; for we commanded Hermes down

The

The watchful Argicide, who bade him fear
 Alike, to slay the King, or woo the Queen.
 For that Atrides' son Orestes, soon
 As grown mature, and eager to assume
 His sway imperial, should avenge the deed.
 So Hermes spake, but his advice moved not
 Ægisthus, on whose head the whole armour
 Of vengeance heap'd, at last, hath therefore fall'n.

50

55

Whom answer'd then Pallas cærulean-eyed.
 Oh Jove, Saturnian Sire, o'er all supreme!
 And well he merited the death he found;
 So perish all who shall, like him, offend.
 But with a bosom anguish-rent I view
 Ulysses, hapless Chief! who from his friends
 Remote, affliction hath long time endured
 In yonder wood-land isle, the central bosom
 Of Ocean. That retreat a Goddess holds,
 Daughter of sapient Atlas, who the abyss
 Knows to its bottom, and the pillars high
 Himself upbears which separate earth from heav'n.
 His daughter, there, the sorrowing Chief detains,
 And ever with smooth speech insidious seeks
 To wean his heart from Ithaca; meantime
 Ulysses, happy might he but behold
 The smoke ascending from his native land,
 Death covets. Canst thou not, Olympian Jove!
 At last relent? Hath not Ulysses oft
 With victims slain amid Achaia's fleet

60

65

70

75

Thee

Thee gratified while yet at Troy he fought?
How hath he then so deep incensed thee, Jove?

To whom, the cloud-assembler God replied. 80

What word hath pass'd thy lips, Daughter belov'd?

Can I forget Ulysses? Him forget

~~To~~ noble, who in wisdom all mankind

Excels, and who hath sacrificed so oft

To us whose dwelling is the boundless heav'n? 85

Earth-circling Neptune—He it is whose wrath

Pursues him ceaseless for the Cyclops' sake

Polypheme, strongest of the giant race,

Whom of his eye Ulysses hath ~~deprived~~.

For Him, Thoösa bore, Nymph of the sea 90

From Phorcys sprung, by Ocean's mighty pow'r

Impregnated in caverns of the Deep.

E'er since that day, the Shaker of the shores,

Although he slay him not, yet devious drives

Ulysses from his native isle afar. 95

Yet come—in full assembly his return

Contrive we now, both means and prosp'rous end;

So Neptune shall his wrath remit, whose pow'r

In contest with the force of all the Gods

Exerted single, can but strive in vain. 100

To whom Minerva, Goddess azure-eyed.

Oh Jupiter! above all Kings enthroned!

If the Immortals ever-blest ordain

That wise Ulysses to his home return,

Dispatch we then Hermes the Argicide, 105

Our

Our messenger, hence to Ogygia's isle,
 Who shall inform Calypso, nymph divine,
 Of this our fixt resolve, that to his home
 Ulysses, toil-enduring Chief, repair.
 Myself will hence to Ithaca, meantime,
 His son to animate, and with new force
 Inspire, that (the Achaians all convened
 In council,) he may, instant, bid depart
 The suitors from his home, who, day by day,
 His num'rous flocks and fatted herds consume.
 And I will send him thence to Sparta forth,
 And into sandy Pythia, there to hear
 (If hear he may) some tidings of his Sire,
 And to procure himself a glorious name.

This said, her golden sandals to her feet
 She bound, ambrosial, which o'er all the earth
 And o'er the moist flood waft her fleet as air,
 Then, seizing her strong spear pointed with brass,
 In length and bulk, and weight a matchless beam,
 With which the Jove-born Goddess levels ranks
 Of 'Heroes,' against whom her anger burns,
 From the Olympian summit down she flew,
 And on the threshold of Ulysses' hall
 In Ithaca, and within his vestibule
 Apparent stood; there, grasping her bright spear,
 * Mentis she seem'd, the hospitable Chief

* We are told that Homer was under obligations to Mentis, who had frequently given him a passage in his ship to different countries which he wished to see, for which reason he has here immortalized him.

Of Taphos' isle—she found the haughty throng
 The suitors; they before the palace gate
 With iv'ry cubes sported, on num'rous hides
 Reclined of oxen which themselves had slain. 135

The heralds and the busy menials there
 Minister'd to them; these their mantling cups
 With water flaked; with bibulous sponges those
 Made clean the tables, set the banquet on,
 And portion'd out to each his plenteous share. 140

Long ere the rest Telemachus himself
 Mark'd her, for sad amid them all he sat,
 Pourtraying in deep thought contemplative
 His noble Sire, and questioning if yet
 Perchance the Hero might return to chase 145

From all his palace that imperious herd,
 To his own honour lord of his own home.
 Amid them musing thus, sudden he saw
 The Goddess, and sprang forth, for he abhorr'd
 To see a guest's admittance long delay'd; 150

Approaching eager, her right hand he seized,
 The brazen spear took from her, and in words
 With welcome wing'd Minerva thus address'd.

Stranger, all hail! to share our cordial love
 Thou com'st; the banquet finish'd, thou shalt next 155
 Inform me wherefore thou hast here arrived.

So saying, toward the spacious hall he moved,
 Follow'd by Pallas, and, arriving soon
 Beneath the lofty roof, placed her bright spear

Within

Within a pillar's cavity, long time 160
 The armoury where many a spear had stood,
 Bright weapons of his own illustrious Sire.
 Then, leading her toward a footstool'd throne
 Magnificent, which first he overspread
 With linen, there he seated her, apart 165
 From that rude throng, and for himself disposed
 A throne of various colours at her side,
 Left, stunn'd with clamour of the lawless band,
 The new-arrived should loth perchance to eat,
 And that more free he might the stranger's ear 170
 With questions of his absent Sire address.
 And now a maiden charg'd with golden ew'r,
 And with an argent laver, pouring first
 Pure water on their hands, supplied them, next,
 With a resplendent table, which the chaste 175
 Directress of the stores furnish'd with bread
 And dainties, remnants of the last regale.
 Then, in his turn, the * sewer with fav'ry meats,
 Dish after dish, served them, of various kinds,
 And golden cups beside the chargers placed, 180
 Which the attendant herald fill'd with wine.
 Ere long, in rush'd the suitors, and the thrones
 And couches occupied, on all whose hands
 The heralds pour'd pure water; then the maids
 Attended them with bread in baskets heap'd, 185
 And eager they assail'd the ready feast.

* Milton uses the word—

Sewers and seneschals.

At length, when neither thirst nor hunger more
 They felt unsatisfied, to new delights
 Their thoughts they turn'd, to song and sprightly dance,
 Enlivening sequel of the banquet's joys. 190

An herald, then, to Phemius' hand consign'd
 His beauteous lyre; he through constraint regaled
 The suitors with his song, and while the chords
 He struck in prelude to his pleasant strains,
 Telemachus his head inclining nigh 195
 To Pallas' ear, lest others should his words
 Witness, the blue-eyed Goddess thus bespake.

My inmate and my friend! far from my lips
 Be ev'ry word that might displease thine ear!
 The song—the harp,—what can they less than charm 200
 These wantons? who the bread unpurchased eat
 Of one whose bones on yonder continent
 Lie mould'ring, drench'd by all the show'rs of heaven,
 Or roll at random in the billowy deep.

Ah! could they see him once to his own isle 205
 Restored, both gold and raiment they would wish
 Far less, and nimbleness of foot instead.

But He, alas! hath by a wretched fate
 Past question perish'd, and what news so'er
 We hear of his return, kindles no hope 210

In us, convinced that he returns no more.
 But answer undisssembling; tell me true;
 Who art thou? whence? where stands thy city? where
 Thy father's mansion? In what kind of ship
 Cam'st thou? Why steer'd the mariners their course 215

To Ithaca, and of what land are they?
For that on foot thou found'st us not, is sure.
This also tell me, hast thou now arrived
New to our isle, or wast thou heretofore
My father's guest? Since many to our house 220
Resorted in those happier days, for he
Drew pow'rful to himself the hearts of all.

Then Pallas thus, Goddesses cærulean-eyed.
I will with all simplicity of truth
Thy questions satisfy. Behold in me 225
Mentes, the offspring of a Chief renown'd
In war, Anchialus; and I rule, myself,
An island race, the Taphians oar-expert.
With ship and mariners I now arrive,
Seeking a people of another tongue 230
Athwart the gloomy flood, in quest of brass
For which I barter steel, ploughing the waves
To Temesa. My ship beneath the woods
Of Neïus, at yonder field that skirts
Your city, in the haven Rhethrus rides. 235
We are hereditary guests; our Sires
Were friends long since; as, when thou seest him next,
The Hero old Laertes will avouch,
Of whom, I learn, that he frequents no more
The city now; but in sequester'd scenes 240
Dwells sorrowful, and by an antient dame
With food and drink supplied oft as he feels
Refreshment needful to him, while he creeps

Between the rows of his luxuriant vines.
 But I have come drawn hither by report, 245
 Which spake thy Sire arrived, though still it seems
 The adverse Gods his homeward course retard.
 For not yet breathless lies the noble Chief,
 But in some island of the boundless flood
 Resides a prisoner, by barbarous force 250
 Of some rude race detained reluctant there.
 And I will now foreshow thee what the Gods
 Teach me, and what, though neither augur skill'd
 Nor prophet, I yet trust shall come to pass.
 He shall not, henceforth, live an exile long 255
 From his own shores, no, not although in bands
 Of iron held, but will ere long contrive
 His own return ; for in expedients, framed
 With wondrous ingenuity, he abounds.
 But tell me true ; art thou, in stature such, 260
 Son of himself Ulysses ? for thy face
 And eyes bright-sparkling, strongly indicate
 Ulysses in thee. Frequent have we both
 Converged together thus, thy Sire and I,
 Ere yet he went to Troy, the mark to which 265
 So many Princes of Achaia steer'd.
 Him since I saw not, nor Ulysses me.

To whom Telemachus, discrete, replied.
 Stranger ! I tell thee true ; my mother's voice
 Affirms me his, but, since no mortal knows 270
 His derivation, I affirm it not.

Would

Would I had been son of some happier Sire,
 Ordain'd in calm possession of his own
 To reach the verge of life. But now, report
 Proclaims me his, whom I of all mankind
 Unhappiest deem,—Thy question is resolved. 275

Then answer thus Pallas blue-eyed return'd.
 From no ignoble race, in future days,
 The Gods shall prove thee sprung, whom so endow'd
 With ev'ry grace Penelope hath borne. 280

But tell me true. What festival is this?
 This throng—whence are they? wherefore hast thou need
 Of such a multitude? Behold I here
 A banquet, or a nuptial feast? for these
 Meet not by *contribution to regale, 285
 With such brutality and din they hold.
 Their riotous banquet! a wise man and good
 Arriving, now, among them, at the sight
 Of such enormities would much be wroth.

To whom replied Telemachus discrete. 290
 Since, stranger! thou hast ask'd, learn also this.
 While yet Ulysses with his people dwelt,
 His presence warranted the hope that here
 Virtue should dwell and opulence; but heav'n
 Hath cast for us, at length, a different lot, 295
 And he is lost, as never man before.

* *Ἐπαινος*, a convivial meeting, at which every man paid his proportion, at least contributed something; but it seems to have been a meeting at which strict sobriety was observed, else Pallas would not have inferred from the noise and riot of this, that it was not such a one.

For I should less lament even his death,
 Had he among his friends at Ilium fall'n,
 Or in the arms of his companions died,
 Troy's siege accomplish'd. Then his tomb the Greeks 300
 Of ev'ry tribe had built, and for his son,
 He had immortal glory atchieved; but now,
 By harpies torn inglorious, beyond reach
 Of eye or ear he lies; and hath to me
 Grief only, and unceasing sighs bequeath'd. 305

Nor mourn I for his sake alone; the Gods
 Have plann'd for me still many a woe beside;
 For all the rulers of the neighbour isles,
 Samos, Dulichium, and the forest-crown'd
 Zacynthus, others also, rulers here 310
 In craggy Ithaca, my mother seek
 In marriage, and my household stores consume.
 But neither she those nuptial rites abhor'd,
 Refuses absolute, nor yet consents
 To end them; they my patrimony waste 315
 Meantime, and will not long spare even me.

To whom, with deep commiseration pang'd,
 Pallas replied. Alas! great need hast thou
 Of thy long absent father to avenge
 These num'rous wrongs; for could he now appear 320
 There, at yon portal, arm'd with helmet, shield,
 And grasping his two spears, such as when first
 I saw him drinking joyous at our board,
 From Ius son of Mermeris, who dwelt

In

In distant Ephyre, just then return'd, 325
 (For thither also had Ulysses gone
 In his swift bark, seeking some pois'nous drug
 Wherewith to taint his brazen arrows keen,
 Which drug through fear of the eternal Gods
 Ilus refused him, and my father free 330
 Gave to him, for he lov'd him past belief)
 Could now, Ulysses, clad in arms as then,
 Mix with these suitors, short his date of life
 To each, and bitter should his nuptials prove.
 But these events, whether he shall return 335
 To take just vengeance under his own roof,
 Or whether not, lie all in the Gods lap.
 Meantime I counsel thee, thyself to think
 By what means likeliest thou shalt expel
 These from thy doors. Now mark me: close attend. 340
 Tomorrow, summoning the Grecian Chiefs
 To council, speak to them, and call the Gods
 To witness that solemnity. Bid go
 The suitors hence, each to his own abode.
 Thy mother—if her purpose be resolved 345
 On marriage, let her to the house return
 Of her own potent father, who, himself,
 Shall furnish forth her matrimonial rites,
 And ample dow'r, such as it well becomes
 A darling daughter to receive, bestow. 350
 But hear me now; thyself I thus advise.
 The prime of all thy ships preparing, mann'd

With

With twenty rowers, voyage hence to seek
 Intelligence of thy long-absent Sire.
 Some mortal may inform thee, or a * word, 355
 Perchance, by Jove directed (safest source
 Of notice to mankind) may reach thine ear.
 First voyaging to Pylus, there enquire
 Of noble Nestor; thence to Sparta tend,
 To question Menelaus amber-hair'd, 360
 Latest arrived of all the host of Greece.
 There should'st thou learn that still thy father lives,
 And hope obtain of his return, although
 Distress'd, thou wilt be patient yet a year.
 But should'st thou there hear tidings that he breathes 365
 No longer, to thy native isle return'd,
 First heap his tomb; then with such pomp perform
 His funeral rites as his great name demands,
 And make thy mother's spoufals, next, thy care.
 These duties satisfied, deliberate last 370
 Whether thou shalt these troublers of thy house
 By stratagem, or by assault, destroy.
 For thou art now no child, nor longer may'st
 Sport like one. Hast thou not the proud report
 Heard, how Orestes hath renown acquired 375
 With all mankind, his father's murderer
 Ægisthus slaying, the deceiver base

* *ὦσα*—a word spoken, with respect to the speaker, casually; but with reference to the inquirer supposed to be sent for his information by the especial appointment and providential favour of the Gods.

Who

Who slaughter'd Agamemnon? Oh my friend!
 (For with delight thy vig'rous growth I view,
 And just proportion) be thou also bold, 380
 And merit praise from ages yet to come.
 But I will to my vessel now repair,
 And to my mariners, whom, absent long,
 I may perchance have troubled. Weigh thou well
 My counsel; let not my advice be lost. 385

To whom Telemachus discrete replied.
 Stranger! thy words bespeak thee much my friend,
 Who, as a father teaches his own son,
 Hast taught me, and I never will forget.
 But, though in haste thy voyage to pursue, 390
 Yet stay, that in the bath refreshing first
 Thy limbs now weary, thou may'st sprightlier seek
 Thy gallant bark, charged with some noble gift
 Of finish'd workmanship, which thou shalt keep
 As my memorial ever; such a boon 395
 As men confer on guests whom much they love.

Then Pallas thus, Goddess ærulean-eyed,
 Retard me not, for go I must; the gift
 Which liberal thou desirest to bestow,
 Give me at my return, that I may bear 400
 The treasure home; and, in exchange, thyself
 Expect some gift equivalent from me.

She spake, and as with eagle-wings upborne,
 Vanish'd incontinent, but him inspired
 With daring fortitude, and on his heart 405

D

Dearer

Dearer remembrance of his Sire impress'd
Than ever. Conscious of the wond'rous change,
Amazed he stood, and, in his secret thought
Revolving all, believed his guest a God.

The youthful Hero to the suitors then 410
Repair'd; they silent, listen'd to the song
Of the illustrious Bard; he the return
Deplorable of the Achaian host

From Ilium by command of Pallas, sang.
Penelope, Icarius' daughter, mark'd 415
Meantime the song celestial, where she sat
In the superior palace; down she came,
By all the num'rous steps of her abode;
Not sole, for two fair handmaids follow'd her.

She then, divinest of her sex, arrived 420
In presence of that lawless throng, beneath
The portal of her stately mansion stood,
Between her maidens, with her lucid veil
Her lovely features mantling. There, profuse
She wept, and thus the sacred bard bespake. 425

Phemius! for many a sorrow-soothing strain
Thou know'st beside, such as exploits record
Of Gods and men, the poet's frequent theme;
Give them of those a song, and let themselves
Their wine drink noiseless; but this mournful strain 430
Break off, unfriendly to my bosom's peace,
And which of all hearts nearest touches mine,
With such regret my dearest Lord I mourn,

Rememb'ring

Rememb'ring still an husband praised from side
To side, and in the very heart of Greece. 435

Then answer thus Telemachus return'd.
My mother! wherefore should it give thee pain
If the delightful bard that theme pursue
To which he feels his mind impell'd? the bard
Blame not, but rather Jove, who, as he wills, 440
Materials for poetic art supplies.

No fault is his, if the disastrous fate
He sing of the Achaians, for the song
Wins ever from the hearers most applause
That has been least in use. Of all who fought 445
At Troy, Ulysses hath not lost, alone,
His day of glad return; but many a Chief
Hath perish'd also. Seek thou then again
Thy own apartment, spindle ply and loom,
And task thy maidens; management belongs 450
To men of joys convivial, and of men
Especially to me, chief ruler here.

She heard astonish'd; and the prudent speech
Reposing of her son deep in her heart,
Again with her attendant maidens fought 455
Her upper chamber. There arrived, she wept
Her lost Ulysses, 'till Minerva bathed
Her weary lids in dewy sleep profound.
Then echoed through the palace dark-bedimm'd
With evening shades, the suitors boist'rous roar, 460
For each the royal bed burn'd to partake,

D 2

Whom

Whom thus Telemachus discrete address'd.
 . . All ye my mother's suitors, though addict
 To contumacious wrangling fierce, suspend
 Your clamour, for a course to me it seems 465
 More decent far, when such a bard as this,
 Godlike for sweetness, sings, to hear his song.
 Tomorrow meet we in full council all,
 That I may plainly warn you to depart
 From this our mansion. Seek ye where ye may 470
 Your feasts; consume your own, alternate fed
 Each at the other's cost; but if it seem
 Wifest in your account and best, to eat
 Voracious thus the patrimonial goods
 Of one man, rend'ring * no account of all, 475
 Bite to the roots; but know that I will cry
 Ceaseless to the eternal Gods, in hope
 That Jove, for retribution of the wrong,
 Shall doom you, where ye have intruded, there
 To bleed, and of your blood ask * no account. 480
 He ended, and each gnaw'd his lip, aghast
 At his undaunted hardiness of speech.
 Then thus Antinous spake, Eupithes' son.
 Telemachus! the Gods, methinks, themselves.
 Teach thee sublimity, and to pronounce 485
 Thy matter fearless. Ah forbid it, Jove!

* There is in the Original an evident stress laid on the word *Nῆμενος*, which is used in both places. It was a sort of Lex Talionis which Telemachus hoped might be put in force against them; and that Jove would demand no satisfaction for the lives of those, who made him none for the waste of his property.

That

That one so eloquent should with the weight
Of kingly cares in Ithaca be charged,
A realm, by claim hereditary, thine.

Then prudent thus Telemachus replied. 490

Although my speech Antinoüs may, perchance,
Provoke thee, know that I am not averse
From kingly cares, if Jove appoint me such.
Seems it to thee a burthen to be fear'd
By men above all others? trust me, no. 495

There is no ill in royalty; the man
So station'd, waits not long ere he obtain
Riches and honour. But I grant that Kings
Of the Achæians may no few be found
In sea-girt Ithaca both young and old, 500
Of whom since great Ulysses is no more,
Reign who so may; but King, myself, I am
In my own house, and over all my own
Domesticks, by Ulysses gained for me.

To whom Eurymachus replied, the son 505
Of Polybus. What Grecian Chief shall reign
In sea-girt Ithaca, must be referr'd

To the Gods will, Telemachus! meantime
Thou hast unquestionable right to keep
Thy own, and to command in thy own house. 510
May never that man on her shores arrive,

While an inhabitant shall yet be left
In Ithaca, who shall by violence wrest
Thine from thee. But permit me, noble Sir!

To

To ask thee of thy guest. Whence came the man? 515
What country claims him? Where are to be found
His kindred and his patrimonial fields?
Brings he glad tidings of thy Sire's approach
Homeward? or came he to receive a debt
Due to himself? How swift he disappear'd! 520
Nor opportunity to know him gave
To those who wish'd it; for his face and air
Him speak not of Plebeian birth obscure.

Whom answer'd thus Telemachus discrete.
Eurymachus! my father comes no more. 525
I can no longer, now, tidings believe,
If such arrive; nor heed I more the song
Of sooth-sayers whom my mother may consult.
But this my guest hath known in other days
My father, and he came from Taphos; son 530
Of brave Anchialus, Mentès by name,
And Chief of the sea-practis'd Taphian race.

So spake Telemachus, but in his heart
Knew well his guest a Goddess from the skies.
Then they to dance and heart-enlivening song 535
Turn'd joyous, waiting the approach of eve,
And dusky evening found them joyous still.
Then each, to his own house retiring, sought
Needful repose. Meantime Telemachus
To his own lofty chamber, built in view 540
Of the wide hall, retired; but with a heart
In various musings occupied intense.

Sage

Sage Euryclea, bearing in each hand
A torch, preceded him; her fire was Ops,
Pisenor's son, and, in her early prime, 545
At his own cost Laertes made her his,
Paying with twenty beeves her purchase-price.
Nor in less honour than his spotless wife
He held her ever, but his consort's wrath
Fearing, at no time call'd her to his bed. 550
She bore the torches, and with truer heart
Loved him than any of the female train,
For she had nurs'd him in his infant years.
He open'd his broad chamber-valves, and sat
On his couch-side; then, putting off his vest 555
Of softest texture, placed it in the hands
Of the attendant dame discrete, who first
Folding it with exactest care, beside
His bed suspended it, and, going forth,
Drew by its silver ring the portal close, 560
And fasten'd it with bolt and brace secure.
There lay Telemachus, on finest wool
Repos'd, contemplating all night his course
Prescribed by Pallas to the Pylian shore. 564

A R G U-

A R G U M E N T
O F . T H E
S E C O N D B O O K.

Telemachus having convened an assembly of the Grecians, publicly calls on the Suitors to relinquish the house of Ulysses. During the continuance of the Council he has much to suffer from the petulance of the Suitors, from whom, having informed them of his design to undertake a voyage in hope to obtain news of Ulysses, he asks a ship, with all things necessary for the purpose. He is refused, but is afterwards furnished with what he wants by Minerva, in the form of Mentor. He embarks in the evening without the privity of his mother, and the Goddess sails with him.

B O O K II.

AURORA, rosy daughter of the dawn,
Now ting'd the East, when, habited again,
Uprose Ulysses' offspring from his bed.
Athwart his back his faulchion keen he flung,
His sandals bound to his unsullied feet,
And, godlike, issued from his chamber-door.
At once the clear-voiced heralds he enjoin'd
To call the Greeks to council; they aloud
Gave forth the summons, and the throng began.
When all were gather'd, and th' assembly full,

10
Himself,

Himself, his hand arm'd with a brazen spear,
Went also; nor alone he went; his hounds
Fleet-footed follow'd him, a faithful pair.

O'er all his form Minerva largely shed

Majestic grace divine, and, as he went,

15

The whole admiring concourse gazed on him.

The seniors gave him place, and down he sat

On his paternal Throne. Then grave arose

The Hero, old Ægyptius; bow'd with age

Was he, and by experience deep-inform'd.

20

His son had with Ulysses, godlike Chief,

On board his fleet to steed-famed Ilium gone,

The warrior Antiphus, whom in his cave

The savage Cyclops flew, and on his flesh

At ev'ning made obscene his last regale.

25

Three sons he had beside, a suitor one,

Eurynomus; the other two, employ

Found constant managing their Sire's concerns.

Yet he forgot not, father as he was

Of these, his absent eldest, whom he mourn'd

30

Ceaseless, and thus his speech, weeping, began.

Hear me, ye men of Ithaca, my friends!

Nor council here nor session hath been held

Since great Ulysses left his native shore.

Who now convenes us? what especial need

35

Hath urged him, whether of our youth he be,

Or of our senators by age matured?

Have tidings reach'd him of our host's return,

E

Which

Which here he would divulge? or brings he aught
Of public import on a different theme? 40

I deem him, whoso'er he be, a man
Worthy to prosper, and may Jove vouchsafe
The full performance of his chief desire!

He ended, and Telemachus rejoiced
In that good omen. Ardent to begin, 45
He sat not long, but, moving to the midst,
Received the sceptre from Pisenor's hand,
His prudent herald, and addressing, next,
The hoary Chief Ægyptius, thus began.

Not far remote, as thou shalt soon thyself 50
Perceive, oh venerable Chief! he stands,
Who hath convened this council. I, am He.
I am in chief the sufferer. Tidings none
Of the returning host I have received,

Which here I would divulge, nor bring I aught 55
Of public import on a different theme,

But my own trouble, on my own house fall'n,
And two-fold fall'n. One is, that I have lost
A noble father, who, as fathers rule

Benign their children, govern'd once yourselves; 60
The other, and the more alarming ill,

With ruin threatens my whole house, and all
My patrimony with immediate waste.

Suitors, (their children who in this our isle
Hold highest rank) importunate besiege 65

My mother, though desirous not to wed,

And

And rather than resort to her own Sire
 Icarius, who might give his daughter dow'r,
 And portion her to whom he most approves,
 (A course which, only named, moves their disgust). 74
 They chuse, assembling all within my gates
 Daily to make my beeves, my sheep, my goats
 Their banquet, and to drink without restraint
 My wine; whence ruin threatens us and ours;
 For I have no Ulysses to relieve 75
 Me and my family from this abuse.
 Ourselves are not sufficient; we, alas!
 Too feeble should be found, and yet to learn
 How best to use the little force we own;
 Else, had I pow'r, I would, myself, redress 80
 The evil; for it now surpasses far
 All suff'rance, now they ravage uncontroul'd,
 Nor show of decency vouchsafe me more.
 Oh be * ashamed yourselves; blush at the thought
 Of such reproach as ye shall sure incur 85
 From all our neighbour states, and fear beside
 The wrath of the Immortals, lest they call
 Yourselfs one day to a severe account.
 I pray you by Olympian Jove, by her
 Whose voice convenes all councils, and again 90
 Dissolves them, Themis, that henceforth ye cease,

* The reader is to be reminded that this is not an assembly of the suitors only, but a general one, which affords Telemachus an opportunity to apply himself to the feelings of the Ithacans at large.

That ye permit me, oh my friends ! to wear
 My days in solitary grief away,
 Unless Ulysses, my illustrious Sire,
 Hath in his anger any Greecian wrong'd, 95
 Whose wrongs ye purpose to avenge on me,
 Inciting these to plague me. Better far
 Were my condition, if yourselves consumed
 My substance and my revenue; from you
 I might obtain, perchance, righteous amends 100
 Hereafter; you I might with vehement suit
 O'ercome, from house to house pleading aloud
 For recompense, till I at last prevail'd.
 But now, with darts of anguish ye transfix
 My inmost soul, and I have no redress. 105

He spake impassion'd, and to earth cast down
 His sceptre, weeping. Pity at that sight
 Seiz'd all the people; mute the assembly sat
 Long time, none dared to greet Telemachus
 With answer rough, till of them all, at last, 110
 Antinoüs, sole arising, thus replied.

Telemachus, intemp'rate in harangue,
 High-sounding orator ! it is thy drift
 To make us all odious ; but the offence
 Lies not with us the suitors ; she alone 115
 Thy mother, who in subtlety excels,
 And deep-wrought subterfuge, deserves the blame.
 It is already the third year, and soon
 Shall be the fourth, since with delusive art

Practising

Practising on their minds, she hath deceived 120
The Grecians; message after message sent
Brings hope to each, by turns, and promise fair,
But she, meantime, far otherwise intends.
Her other arts exhausted all, she framed
This stratagem; a web of amplest size 125
And subtlest woof beginning, thus she spake.
Princes, my suitors! since the noble Chief
Ulysses is no more, press not as yet
My nuptials, wait 'till I shall finish, first,
A fun'ral robe (lest all my threads decay) 130
Which for the antient Hero I prepare,
Laertes, looking for the mournful hour
When fate shall snatch him to eternal rest;
Else, I the censure dread of all my sex,
Should he, so wealthy, want at last a shroud. 135
So spake the Queen, and unsuspecting, we
With her request complied. Thenceforth, all day
She wove the ample web, and by the aid
Of torches ravell'd it again at night.
Three years by such contrivance she deceived 140
The Grecians; but when (three whole years elaps'd)
The fourth arrived, then, conscious of the fraud,
A damsel of her train told all the truth,
And her we found rav'ling the beauteous work.
Thus, through necessity she hath, at length, 145
Perform'd the task, and in her own despight.
Now therefore, for the information clear.

Of.

Of thee thyself, and of the other Greeks,
 We answer. Send thy mother hence, with charge
 That him she wed on whom her father's choice 150
 Shall fall, and whom she shall, herself, approve.
 But if by long procrastination still
 She persevere, wearing our patience out,
 Attentive only to display the gifts
 By Pallas so profusely dealt to her, 155
 Works of surpassing skill, ingenious thought,
 And subtle shifts, such as no beauteous Greek
 (For aught that we have heard) in antient times
 E'er practised, Tyro, or Alcmena fair,
 Or fair Mycene, of whom none in art 160
 E'er match'd Penelope, although we yield
 To this her last invention little praise,
 Then know, that these her suitors will consume
 So long thy patrimony and thy goods,
 As she her present purpose shall indulge, 165
 With which the Gods inspire her. Great renown
 She to herself insures, but equal woe
 And devastation of thy wealth to thee;
 For neither to our proper works at home
 Go we, of that be sure, nor yet elsewhere, 170
 Till him she wed, to whom she most inclines.

Him prudent, then, answer'd Telemachus.
 Antinous! it is not possible
 That I should thrust her forth against her will,
 Who both produced and reared me. Be he dead, 175

Or

Or still alive, my Sire is far remote,
 And should I, voluntary, hence dismiss
 My mother to Icarius, I must much
 Refund, which hardship were and loss to me.
 So doing, I should also wrath incur
 From my offended Sire, and from the Gods
 Still more; for she, departing, would invoke
 Erynnis to avenge her, and reproach
 Beside would follow me from all mankind.
 That word I, therefore, never will pronounce.
 No, if ye judge your treatment at her hands
 Injurious to you, go ye forth yourselves,
 Forfake my mansion; seek where else ye may
 Your feasts; consume your own; alternate feed
 Each at the other's cost. But if it seem
 Wifest in your account and best to eat
 Voracious thus the patrimonial goods
 Of one man, rend'ring no account of all,
 Bite to the roots; but know that I will cry
 Ceaseless to the eternal Gods, in hope
 That Jove, in retribution of the wrong,
 Shall doom you, where ye have intruded, there
 To bleed, and of your blood ask no account.

180

185

190

195

So spake Telemachus, and while he spake,
 The Thund'rer from a lofty mountain-top
 Turn'd off two eagles; on the winds, awhile,
 With outspread pinions ample side by side
 They floated; but, ere long, hov'ring aloft,

200

Right

Right o'er the midst of the assembled Chiefs
They wheel'd around, clang'd all their num'rous plumes,
And with a downward look eyeing the throng, 206
Death boded, ominous; then rending each
The other's face and neck, they sprang at once
Toward the right, and darted through the town.
Amazement universal, at that sight, 210
Seized the assembly, and with anxious thought
Each scann'd the future; amidst whom arose
The Hero Halitherses, antient Seer,
Offspring of Mastor; for in judgment he
Of portents augural, and in forecast 215
Unerring, his coevals all excell'd,
And prudent thus the multitude bespake.
Ye men of Ithaca, give ear! hear all!
Though chief my speech shall to the suitors look,
For, on their heads devolved, comes down the woe. 220
Ulysses shall not from his friends, henceforth,
Live absent long, but, hasting to his home,
Comes even now, and as he comes, designs
A bloody death for these, whose bitter woes
No few shall share, inhabitants with us 225
Of pleasant Ithaca; but let us frame
Effectual means maturely to suppress
Their violent deeds, or rather let themselves
Repentant cease; and soonest shall be best.
Not inexpert, but well-inform'd I speak 230
The future, and the accomplishment announce

Of

Of all which when Ulysses with the Greeks
 Embark'd for Troy, I to himself foretold.
 I said that, after many woes, and lufs,
 Of all his people, in the twentieth year,
 Unknown to all, he should regain his home,
 And my prediction shall be now fulfill'd.
 Him, then, Eurymachus thus answered rough
 The son of Polybus, Hence to thy house,
 Thou hoary dotard! there, prophetic, teach
 Thy children to escape woes like to come.
 Birds num'rous flutter in the beams of day,
 Not all predictive, Death, far hence remote
 Hath found Ulysses, and I would to heav'n
 That, where he died, thyself had perish'd too.
 Thou hadst not then run o'er with prophecy
 As now, nor provocation to the wrath
 Giv'n of Telemachus, in hope to win,
 Perchance, for thine some favour at his hands.
 But I to thee foretell, skilled as thou art
 In legends old, (nor shall my threat be vain)
 That if by artifice thou move to wrath
 A younger than thyself, no matter whom,
 Woe first, the heavier on himself shall fall,
 Nor shalt thou profit him by thy attempt,
 And we will charge thee also with a mulct,
 Which thou shalt pay with difficulty, and bear
 The burthen of it with an aching heart.

As for Telemachus, I him advise,
 Myself, and press the measure on his choice 260
 Earnestly, that he send his mother hence
 To her own father's house, who shall, himself,
 Set forth her nuptial rites, and shall endow
 His daughter sumptuously, and as he ought.
 For this expensive wooing, as I judge, 265
 Till then shall never cease; since we regard
 No man—not Telemachus, although
 In words exuberant; neither fear we aught
 Thy vain prognosticks; venerable sir!
 But only hate thee for their sake the more. 270
 Waste will continue and disorder long
 Unremedied; so long as she shall hold
 The suitors in suspense, for, day by day,
 Our emulation goads us to the strife,
 Nor shall we, going hence, seek to espouse 275
 Each his own comfort suitable elsewhere:
 To whom, discreet, Telemachus replied
 Eurymachus, and ye the suitor train
 Illustrious, I have spoken; ye shall hear
 No more this supplication urged by me. 280
 The Gods, and all the Greeks, now know the truth.
 But give me instantly a gallant bark
 With twenty rowers, skill'd their course to win
 To whatsoever haven; for I go
 To sandy Pylus, and shall hasten thence 285
 To Lacedemon, tidings to obtain

Of

Of my long-absent Sire, or from the lips
 Of man, or by a word from Jove vouchsafed
 Himself, best source of notice to mankind.
 If, there inform'd that still my father lives 290
 I hope conceive of his return, although
 Distress'd, I shall be patient yet a year;
 But should I learn, haply, that he survives
 No longer, then, returning, I will raise
 At home his tomb, will with such pomp perform 295
 His fun'ral rites, as his great name demands,
 And give my mother's hand to whom I may.

This said, he sat, and after him arose
 Mentor, illustrious Ulysses' friend,
 To whom, embarking thence, he had consign'd 300
 All his concerns, that the old Chief might rule
 His family, and keep the whole secure.
 Arising, thus the senior sage, began.

Hear me, ye Ithacans! be ye even King
 Henceforth, benevolent, gracious, humane 305
 Or righteous, but let every sceptred hand
 Rule merciless, and deal in wrong alone,
 Since none of all his people, whom he sway'd
 With such paternal gentleness and love,
 Remembers the divine Ulysses more! 310
 That the imperious suitors thus should weave
 The web of mischief and atrocious wrong,
 I grudge not; since at hazard of their heads
 They make Ulysses' property a prey,

Persuaded that the Hero comes no more: 315
 But much the people move me; how ye sit,
 All mute, and though a multitude, yourselves,
 Opposed to few, risque not a single word
 To check the license of these bold intruders!

Then thus Liocritus, Ector's son, 320
 Injurious Mentor! headlong orator!
 How dar'st thou move the populace against
 The suitors? Trust me they should find it hard,
 Numerous as they are, to cope with us,
 A feast the prize: Or should the King himself 325
 Of Ithaca, returning, undertake
 To expell the jovial suitors from his house,
 Much as Penelope his absence mourns,
 His presence should afford her little joy;
 For fighting sole with many, he should meet 330
 A dreadful death. Thou, therefore, speakst amiss.
 As for Telemachus, let Mentor him
 And Halytherfes furnish forth, the friends
 Long valued of his Sire, with all dispatch;
 Though him I judge far likelier to remain 335
 Long-time contented an enquirer here,
 Than to perform the voyage now proposed.
 Thus saying, Liocritus dissolved in haste
 The council, and the scattered concourse sought
 Their severl homes, while all the suitors flock'd 340
 Thence to the palace of their absent King.
 Meantime, Telemachus from all resort

Retiring,

Retiring, in the surf of the gray Deep
First laved his hands, then, thus to Pallas pray'd,

O Goddess! who wast yesterday a guest 345
Beneath my roof, and didst enjoin me then
A voyage o'er the fable Deep in quest
Of tidings of my long-regretted Sire!
Which voyage, all in Ithaca, but most
The haughty suitors, obstinate impede, 350
Now hear my suit and gracious interpose!

Such pray'r he made; then Pallas, in the form,
And with the voice of Mentor, drawing nigh,
In accents wing'd, him kindly thus bespake.

Telemachus! thou shalt hereafter prove 355
Nor base, nor poor in talents. If, in truth,
Thou have received from heav'n thy father's force
Instill'd into thee, and resemblest him
In promptness both of action and of speech,
Thy voyage shall not useless be, or vain. 360
But if Penelope produced thee not
His son, I, then, hope not for good effect
Of this design which, ardent, thou pursuest:
Few sons their fathers equal; most appear
Degenerate; but we find, though rare, sometimes 365
A son superior even to his Sire.
And since thyself shalt neither base be found
Nor spiritless, nor altogether void
Of talents, such as grace thy royal Sire,
I therefore hope success of thy attempt. 370

Heed

Heed not the suitors' projects; neither wife
 Are they, nor just, nor ought suspect the doom
 Which now approaches them, and in one day
 Shall overwhelm them all: No long suspense
 Shall hold thy purpos'd enterprize in doubt, 375
 Such help from me, of old thy father's friend,
 Thou shalt receive, who with a bark well-boar'd
 Will serve thee, and myself attend thee forth.
 But haste, join thou the suitors, and provide
 In separate vessels, stow'd, all needful stores;
 Wine in thy jars, and stur, the strength of man,
 In skins close-seam'd. I will, meantime, select
 Such as shall voluntary share thy toils;
 In sea-girt Ithaca new ships and oars
 Abound, and I will choose, myself, for thee 385
 The prime of all, which without more delay
 We will launch out into the spacious Deep.

Thus Pallas spake, daughter of Jove; nor long
 So greeted by the voice divine, remain'd
 Telemachus, but to his palace went 390
 Distress'd in heart. He found the suitors there
 Goats flaying in the hall, and fatted swine
 Roasting; when with a laugh Antinous flew
 To meet him, fasten'd on his hand, and said,

Telemachus, in eloquence sublime, 395
 And of a spirit not to be controul'd!
 Give harbour in thy breast on no account
 To after-grudge or enmity, but eat,

Far

Far rather, cheerfully as heretofore,
 And freely drink; committing all thy cares
 To the Achæians, who shall furnish forth
 A gallant ship and chosen crew for thee,
 That thou may'st hence to Pylus with all speed,
 Tidings to learn of thy illustrious Sire.

400

To whom Telemachus, discrete, replied.

405

Antinous! I have no heart to feast
 With guests so insolent, nor can indulge
 The pleasures of a mind at ease, with you.
 Is't not enough, suitors, that ye have used
 My noble patrimony as your own

410

While I was yet a child! now, grown mature,
 And competent to understand the speech
 Of my instructors, feeling, too, a mind
 Within me conscious of augmented powers;

I will attempt your ruin, be assured,

415

Whether at Pylus, or continuing here.

I go, indeed, (nor shall my voyage prove

Of which I speak, bootless or vain) I go

An humble passenger, who neither bark

Nor rowers have to boast my own, denied

420

That honour (so ye judg'd it best) by you.

He said, and from Antinous' hand his own

Drew sudden. Then their delicate repast

The busy suitors on all sides prepared;

Still taunting as they toil'd, and with sharp speech

425

Sarcastic wantoning, of whom a youth,

Arrogant

Arrogant as his fellows, thus began,

“I see it plain, Telemachus intends

Our slaughter; either he will aids procure

From sandy Pylus, or will bring them arm’d

430.

From Sparta; such is his tremendous drift.

Even to fruitful Ephyre, perchance,

He will proceed, seeking some baneful herb:

Which cast into our cup, shall drug us all.

To whom some haughty suitor thus replied,

435/

Who knows but that himself, wand’ring the sea

From all his friends and kindred far remote,

May perish like Ulysses? Whence to us

Should double toil ensue, on whom the charge

To parcel out his wealth would then devolve,

440

And to endow his mother with the house

For his abode whom she should chance to wed.

So sported they; but he, ascending, sought

His father’s lofty chamber, where his heaps

He kept of brags and gold, garments in chests,

445

And oils of fragrant scent, a copious store.

There many a cask with season’d nectar fill’d

The grapes pure juice divine, beside the wall

Stood orderly arranged, waiting the hour

(Should e’er such hour arrive) when, after woes,

450

Num’rous, Ulysses should regain his home.

Secure that chamber was with folding doors

Of massy planks compact, and, night and day,

Within it antient Euryclea dwelt,

Guardian

Guardian discrete of all the treasures there, 455
Whom, thither call'd, Telemachus address'd.

Nurse! draw me forth sweet wine into my jars,
Delicious next to that which thou reserv'st
For our poor wand'rer; if escaping death
At last, divine Ulysses e'er return. 460

Fill twelve, and stop them close; pour also meal
Well-mill'd (full twenty measures) into skins
Close-seam'd, and mention what thou do'st to none.
Place them together; for at even-tide
I will convey them hence, soon as the Queen, 465
Retiring to her couch, shall seek repose.

For hence to Sparta will I take my course,
And sandy Pylus, tidings there to hear
(If hear I may) of my lov'd Sire's return.
He ceas'd, then wept his gentle nurse that found 470
Hearing, and in wing'd accents thus replied.

My child! ah, wherefore hath a thought so rash
Possess'd thee? whither, only and belov'd,
Seek'st thou to ramble, travelling, alas!
To distant climes? Ulysses is no more; 475

Dead lies the Hero in some land unknown,
And thou no sooner shalt depart, than these
Will plot to slay thee, and divide thy wealth.
No, stay with us who love thee. Need is none
That thou should'st on the barren Deep distress 480
Encounter, roaming without hope or end.

G

Whom,

Whom, prudent, thus answer'd Telemachus.
 Take courage, nurse! for not without consent
 Of the Immortals I have thus resolved.
 But swear, that 'till eleven days be past,
 Or twelve, or, 'till enquiry made, she learn
 Herself my going, thou wilt nought impart
 Of this my purpose to my mother's ear,
 Lest all her beauties fade by grief impair'd.

485

He ended, and the antient matron swore
 Solemnly by the Gods; which done, she fill'd
 With wine the vessels and the skins with meal,
 And he, returning, join'd the throng below.

490

Then Pallas, Goddess azure-eyed, her thoughts
 Elsewhere directing, all the city ranged
 In semblance of Telemachus, each man
 Exhorting, at the dusk of eve, to seek
 The gallant ship, and from Noëmon, son
 Renown'd of Phronius, ask'd, herself, a bark,
 Which soon as ask'd, he promis'd to supply.

495

500

Now set the sun, and twilight dimm'd the ways,
 When, drawing down his bark into the Deep,
 He gave her all her furniture, oars, arms
 And tackle, such as well-built galleys bear,
 Then moor'd her in the bottom of the bay.
 Meantime, his mariners in haste repair'd
 Down to the shore, for Pallas urg'd them on.
 And now, on other purposes intent,
 The Goddess sought the palace, where with dew

505

Of

Of slumber drenching ev'ry suitor's eye, 510

She fool'd the drunkard multitude, and dash'd

The goblets from their idle hands away.

They through the city reeled, happy to leave

The dull carousal, when the slumb'rous weight

Oppressive on their eye-lids once had fall'n. 515

Next, Pallas azure-eyed in Mentor's form

And with the voice of Mentor, summoning

Telemachus abroad, him thus bespake.

Telemachus ! already at their oars

Sit all thy fellow-voyagers, and wait 520

Thy coming ; linger not, but haste away.

This said, Minerva led him thence, whom he

With nimble steps follow'd, and, on the shore

Arrived, found all his mariners prepared,

Whom thus the princely voyager address'd. 525

Haste, my companions ! bring we down the stores

Already sort'd and set forth ; but nought

My mother knows, or any of her train

Of this design, one matron sole except.

He spake, and led them ; they, obedient, brought 530

All down, and, as Ulysses' son enjoin'd,

Within the gallant bark the charge bestow'd.

Then, led by Pallas, went the prince on board,

Where down they sat, the Goddess in the stern,

And at her side Telemachus. The crew 535

Cast loose the hawfers, and, embarking, fill'd

The benches. Blue-eyed Pallas from the West

Call'd forth propitious breezes; fresh they curled
The fable Deep, and, sounding, swept the waves.
He loud-exhorting them, his people bade 540
Hand, brisk, the tackle; they, obedient, reared
The pine-tree mast, which in its socket deep
They lodg'd, then strain'd the cordage, and with thongs.
Well-twisted, drew the shining sail aloft.
A land-breeze fill'd the canvas, and the flood 545
Roar'd as she went against the steady bark
That ran with even course her liquid way.
The rigging, thus, of all the galley set,
Their beakers crowning high with wine, they hail'd
The ever-living Gods, but above all 550
Minerva, daughter azure-eyed of Jove.
Thus, all night long the galley, and till dawn
Had brighten'd into day, cleaved swift the flood.

A R G U M E N T

O F T H E

T H I R D B O O K.

Telemachus arriving at Pylus, enquires of Nestor concerning Ulysses. Nestor relates to him all that he knows or has heard of the Grecians since their departure from the siege of Troy, but not being able to give him any satisfactory account of Ulysses, refers him to Menelaus. At evening Minerva quits Telemachus, but discovers herself in going. Nestor sacrifices to the Goddess, and the solemnity ended, Telemachus sets forth for Sparta in one of Nestor's chariots, and accompanied by Nestor's son Pisistratus.

B O O K H I.

THE sun, emerging from the lucid waves,
 Ascended now the brazen vault with light
 For the inhabitants of earth and heav'n,
 When in their bark at Pylus they arrived,
 City of Neleus. On the shore they found
 The people sacrificing; bulls they slew
 Black without spot, to Neptune azure-hair'd.
 On ranges nine of seats they sat; each range
 Received five hundred, and to each they made
 Allotment equal of nine fable bulls.
 The feast was now begun; these eating fat.

The

The entrails, those stood off'ring to the God
 The thighs, his portion, when the Ithacans
 Push'd right ashore, and, furling close the sails,
 And making fast their moorings, disembark'd. 15

Forth came Telemachus by Pallas led,
 Whom thus the Goddess azure-eyed address'd.
 Telemachus! there is no longer room
 For bashful fear, since thou hast cross'd the flood
 With purpose to enquire what land conceals 20
 Thy father, and what fate hath follow'd him.

Advance at once to the equestrian Chief
 Nestor, within whose bosom lies, perhaps,
 Advice well worthy of thy search; entreat
 Himself, that he will tell thee only truth, 25
 Who will not lye, for he is passing wise.

To whom Telemachus discrete replied.
 Ah Mentor! how can I advance, how greet
 A Chief like him, unpractis'd as I am
 In manag'd phrase? Shame bids the youth beware 30
 How he accosts the man of many years.

But him the Goddess answer'd azure-eyed,
 Telemachus! Thou wilt, in part, thyself
 Fit speech devise, and heav'n will give the rest;
 For thou wast neither born, nor hast been train'd 35
 To manhood, under unpropitious Pow'rs.

So saying, Minerva led him thence, whom he
 With nimble steps attending, soon arrived
 Among the multitude. There Nestor sat,

And

And Nestor's sons, while, busily the feast 40
 Tending, his num'rous followers roasted, some,
 The viands, some, transfix'd them with the spits.
 They seeing guests arrived, together all
 Advanced, and, grasping courteously their hands,
 Invited them to sit; but first, the son 45
 Of Nestor, young Pisistratus, approach'd,
 Who, fast'ning on the hands of both, beside
 The banquet placed them, where the beach was spread
 With fleeces, and where Thrasymedes sat
 His brother, and the hoary Chief his Sire. 50
 To each, a portion of the inner parts
 He gave, then fill'd a golden cup with wine,
 Which, tasted first, he to the daughter bore
 Of Jove the Thund'rer, and her thus bespake.

Oh guest! the King of Ocean now adore! 55
 For ye have chanced on Neptune's festival;
 And, when thou hast, thyself, libation made
 Duly, and pray'r, deliver to thy friend
 The gen'rous juice, that he may also make
 Libation; for he, doubtless, seeks in prayer 60
 The Immortals, of whose favour all have need.
 But, since he younger is, and with myself
 Coeval, first I give the cup to thee.

He ceas'd, and to her hand consign'd the cup,
 Which Pallas gladly from a youth received 65
 So just and wise, who to herself had first
 The golden cup presented, and in pray'r

Fervent

Fervent the Sov'reign of the Seas adored.

Hear, earth-encircler Neptune! O vouchsafe
 To us thy suppliants the desired effect 70
 Of this our voyage; glory, first, bestow
 On Nestor and his offspring both, then grant
 To all the Pylians such a gracious boon
 As shall requite their noble offering well.
 Grant also to Telemachus and me 75
 To voyage hence, possess'd of what we fought
 When hither in our fable bark we came.

So Pallas pray'd, and her own pray'r herself
 Accomplish'd. To Telemachus she gave
 The splendid goblet next, and in his turn 80
 Like pray'r Ulysses' son also preferr'd.
 And now (the banquet from the spits withdrawn)
 They, next, distributed sufficient share
 To each, and all were sumptuously regaled.
 At length (both hunger satisfied and thirst) 85
 Thus Nestor, the Gerenian Chief, began.

Now with more seemliness we may enquire,
 After repast, what guests we have received.
 Our guests! who are ye? Whence have ye the waves
 Plough'd hither? Come ye to transact concerns 90
 Commercial, or at random roam the Deep
 Like pirates, who with mischief charged and woe
 To foreign States, oft hazard life themselves?

Him answer'd, bolder now, but still discrete,
 Telemachus. For Pallas had his heart 95
 With

With manly courage arm'd, that he might ask
From Nestor tidings of his absent Sire,
And win, himself, distinction and renown.

Oh Nestor, Neleus' son, glory of Greece!
Thou askest whence we are. I tell thee whence. 100
From Ithaca, by the umbrageous woods
Of Neritus o'erhung, by private need,
Not publick, urged, we come. My errand is
To seek intelligence of the renown'd
Ulysses; of my noble father, prais'd 105
For dauntless courage, whom report proclaims
Conqueror, with thine aid, of sacred Troy.
We have already learn'd where other Chiefs
Who fought at Ilium, died; but Jove conceals
Even the death of my illustrious Sire 110
In dull obscurity; for none hath heard
Or confident can answer, where he dy'd;
Whether he on the continent hath fall'n
By hostile hands, or by the waves o'erwhelm'd
Of Amphitrite, welters in the Deep. 115
For this cause, at thy knees suppliant, I beg
That thou would'st tell me his disastrous end,
If either thou beheld'st that dread event
Thyself, or from some wanderer of the Greeks
Hast heard it; for my father at his birth 120
Was, sure, destin'd to no common woes.
Neither through pity, or o'erstrain'd respect
Flatter me, but explicit all relate

H

Which

Which thou hast witness'd. If my noble Sire
 E'er gratified thee by performance just 125
 Of word or deed at Ilium, where ye fell
 So num'rous slain in fight, oh, recollect
 Now his fidelity, and tell me true.

Then Nestor thus Gerenian Hero old.
 Young friend ! since thou remind'st me, speaking thus, 130
 Of all the woes which indefatigable
 We sons of the Achaians there sustain'd,
 Both those which wand'ring on the Deep we bore
 Wherever by Achilles led in quest
 Of booty, and the many woes beside 135
 Which under royal Priam's spacious walls
 We suffer'd, know, that there our bravest fell.
 There warlike Ajax lies, there Peleus' son ;
 There, too, Patroclus, like the Gods themselves
 In council, and my son beloved there, 140
 Brave, virtuous, swift of foot, and bold in fight,
 Antilochus. Nor are these sorrows all ;
 What tongue of mortal man could all relate ?
 Should'st thou, abiding here, five years employ
 Or six, enquiring of the woes endured 145
 By the Achaians, ere thou should'st have learn'd
 The whole, thou would'st depart, tir'd of the tale.
 For we, nine years, stratagems of all kinds
 Devis'd against them, and Saturnian Jove
 Scarce crown'd the difficult attempt at last. 150
 There, no competitor in wiles well-plann'd

Ulysses

Ulysses found, so far were all surpass'd
In shrewd invention by thy noble Sire,
If thou indeed art his, as sure thou art,
Whose sight breeds wonder in me, and thy speech 155
His speech resembles more than might be deem'd
Within the scope of years so green as thine.
There, never in opinion, or in voice
Illustrious Ulysses and myself
Divided were, but, one in heart, contrived 160
As best we might, the benefit of all.
But after Priam's lofty city sack'd,
And the departure of the Greeks on board
Their barks, and when the Gods had scatter'd them,
Then Jove imagin'd for the Argive host 165
A sorrowful return; for neither just
Were all, nor prudent, therefore many found
A fate disastrous through the vengeful ire
Of Jove-born Pallas, who between the sons
Of Atreus sharp contention interposed. 170
They both, irregularly, and against
Just order, summoning by night the Greeks
To council, of whom many came with wine
Oppress'd, promulgated the cause for which
They had convened the people. Then it was 175
That Menelaus bade the general host
Their thoughts bend homeward-o'er the sacred Deep,
Which Agamemnon in no sort approved.
His counsel was to stay them yet at Troy,

That so he might assuage the dreadful wrath 180
Of Pallas, first, by sacrifice and pray'r.

Vain hope! he little thought how ill should speed
That fond attempt, for, once provok'd, the Gods
Are not with ease conciliated again.

Thus stood the brothers, altercation hot 185
Maintaining, 'till at length, uprose the Greeks
With deaf'ning clamours, and with diff'ring minds.
We slept the night, but teeming with disgust
Mutual, for Jove great woe prepar'd for all.

At dawn of day we drew our gallies down 190
Into the sea, and, hasty, put on board
The spoils and female captives. Half the host,
With Agamemnon, son of Atreus, stay'd
Supreme commander, and, embarking, half
Push'd forth. Swift course we made, for Neptune smoooth'd
The waves before us of the monstrous Deep. 196

At Tenedos, arriv'd, we there perform'd
Sacrifice to the Gods, ardent to reach
Our native land, but unpropitious Jove,
Not yet designing our arrival there, 200
Involved us in dissention fierce again.

For all the crews, followers of the King,
Thy noble Sire, to gratify our Chief,
The son of Atreus, chose a diff'rent course,
And steer'd their oary barks again to Troy. 205

But I, assured that evil from the Gods
Impended, gath'ring all my gallant fleet,

Fled

Fled thence in haste, and warlike Diomede
Exhorting his attendants, also fled.

At length, the Hero Menelaus join'd 210

Our fleets at Lesbos; there he found us held
In deep deliberation on the length

Of way before us, whether we should steer
Above the craggy Chios to the isle

Pfyria, that island holding on our left, 215

Or under Chios by the wind-swept heights
Of Mimas. Then we ask'd from Jove a sign,

And by a sign vouchsafed he bade us cut

The wide sea to Eubœa sheer athwart,
So soonest to escape the threat'ned harm. 220

Shrill fang the rising gale, and with swift prows
Cleaving the fishy flood, we reach'd by night

Geræstus, where arrived, we burn'd the thighs
Of num'rous bulls to Neptune, who had safe
Conducted us through all our perilous course. 225

The fleet of Diomede in safety moor'd
On the fourth day at Argos, but myself
Held on my course to Pylus, nor the wind
One moment thwarted us, or died away,
When Jove had once commanded it to blow. 230

Thus, uninform'd, I have arrived, my son!
Nor of the Grecians, who are saved have heard,
Or who have perish'd; but what news so'er
I have obtain'd since my return, with truth
I will relate, nor aught conceal from thee. 235

The

The spear-famed Myrmidons, as rumour speaks,
 By Neoptolemus, illustrious son
 Of brave Achilles led, have safe arrived;
 Safe, Philoctetes also, son renown'd
 Of Pæas; and Idomeneus at Crete 240
 Hath landed all his followers who survive
 The bloody war, the waves have swallow'd none.
 Ye have yourselves doubtless, although remote,
 Of Agamemnon heard, how he return'd,
 And how Ægisthus cruelly contrived 245
 For him a bloody welcome, but himself
 Hath with his own life paid the murth'rous deed.
 Good is it, therefore, if a son survive
 The slain, since Agamemnon's son hath well
 Avenged his father's death, slaying, himself, 250
 Ægisthus, foul assassin of his Sire.
 Young friend! (for pleas'd thy vig'rous youth I view,
 And just proportion) be thou also bold,
 That thine like his may be a deathless name.
 Then, prudent, him answer'd Telemachus. 255
 Oh Nestor, Neleus' son, glory of Greece!
 And righteous was that vengeance; *his* renown
 Achaia's sons shall far and wide diffuse,
 To future times transmitting it in song.
 Ah! would that such ability the Gods 260
 Would grant to me, that I, as well, the deeds
 Might punish of our suitors, whose excess
 Enormous, and whose bitter taunts I feel

Continual,

Continual, object of their subtle hate.

But not for me such happiness the Gods 265

Have twined into my thread; no, not for me

Or for my father. Patience is our part.

To whom Gerenian Nestor thus replied.

Young friend! (since thou remind'st me of that theme)

Fame here reports that num'rous suitors haunt 270

Thy palace for thy mother's sake, and there

Much evil perpetrate in thy despight.

But say, endur'st thou willing their controul

Imperious, or because the people, sway'd

By some response oracular, incline 275

Against thee? But who knows? the time may come

When to his home restored, either alone,

Or aided by the force of all the Greeks,

Ulysses may avenge the wrong; at least,

Should Pallas azure-eyed thee love, as erst 280

At Troy, the scene of our unnumber'd woes,

She lov'd Ulysses (for I have not known

The Gods assisting so apparently

A mortal man, as him Minerva there)

Should Pallas view thee also with like love 285

And kind solicitude, some few of those

Should dream, perchance, of wedlock never more.

Then answer thus Telemachus return'd.

That word's accomplishment I cannot hope;

It promises too much; the thought alone 290

O'erwhelms me; an event so fortunate

Would,

Would, unexpected on my part, arrive,
Although the Gods themselves should purpose it.

But Pallas him answer'd cærulean-eyed.

Telemachus ! what word was that which leap'd 295

The iv'ry * guard that should have fenced it in ?

A God, so willing, could with utmost ease

Save any man, how'er remote. Myself,

I had much rather, many woes endured,

Revisit home, at last, happy and safe, 300

Than, sooner coming, die in my own house,

As Agamemnon perish'd by the arts

Of base Ægisthus and the subtle Queen.

Yet not the Gods themselves can save from death

All-levelling, the man whom most they love, 305

When Fate ordains him once to his last sleep.

To whom Telemachus, discrete, replied.

How'er it interest us, let us leave

This question, Mentor ! He, I am assured,

Returns no more, but hath already found 310

A sad, sad fate by the decree of heav'n.

But I would now interrogate again

Nestor, and on a different theme, for him

In human rights I judge, and laws expert,

And in all knowledge beyond other men ; 315

For he hath govern'd, as report proclaims,

* *Ἐπος ὀδύρην*. Prior alluding to this expression, ludicrously renders it

" When words like these in vocal breath

" Burst from his twofold hedge of teeth."

Three generations; therefore in my eyes
He wears the awful impress of a God.

Oh Nestor, son of Neleus, tell me true;
What was the manner of Atrides' death,
Wide-ruling Agamemnon? Tell me where
Was Menelaus? By what means contrived
Ægisthus to inflict the fatal blow,

320

Slaying so much a nobler than himself?
Had not the brother of the Monarch reach'd
Achaian Argos yet, but, wand'ring still
In other climes, by his long absence gave
Ægisthus courage for that bloody deed?

325

Whom answer'd the Gerenian Chief renown'd.
My son! I will inform thee true; meantime
Thy own suspicions border on the fact.

330

Had Menelaus, Hero amber-hair'd,
Ægisthus found living at his return
From Ilium, never on *his* bones the Greeks
Had heap'd a tomb, but dogs and rav'ning fowls
Had torn him lying in the open field

335

Far from the town, nor him had woman wept
Of all in Greece, for he had foul transgress'd.

But we, in many an arduous task engaged,
Lay before Ilium; he, the while, secure
Within the green retreats of Argos, found
Occasion apt by flatt'ry to delude

340

The spouse of Agamemnon; she, at first,
(The royal Clytemnestra) firm refused

The deed dishonourable (for she bore
A virtuous mind, and at her side a bard
Attended ever, whom the King, to Troy
Departing, had appointed to the charge.)
But when the Gods had purposed to ensnare
Ægisthus, then dismissing far remote
The bard into a desert isle, he there
Abandon'd him to rav'ning fowls a prey,
And to his own home, willing as himself
Led Clytemnestra. Num'rous thighs he burn'd
On all their hallow'd altars to the Gods,
And hung with tap'stry, images, and gold
Their shrines, his great exploit past hope atchiev'd.
We (Menelaus and myself) had failed
From Troy together, but when we approach'd
Sunium, headland of th' Athenian shore,
There Phoebus, sudden, with his gentle shafts
Slew Menelaus' pilot while he steer'd
The volant bark, Phrontis, Onetor's son,
A mariner past all expert, whom none
In steerage match'd, what time the tempest roar'd.
Here, therefore, Menelaus was detained,
Giving his friend due burial, and his rites
Funereal celebrating, though in haste
Still to proceed. But when, with all his fleet
The wide sea traversing, he reach'd at length
Malea's lofty foreland in his course,
Rough passage, then, and perilous he found.

Shrill

Shrill blasts the Thund'rer pour'd into his sails,
And wild waves sent him mountainous. His ships
There scatter'd, some to the Cydonian coast 375
Of Crete he push'd, near where the Jordan flows.

Beside the confines of Gortyna stands,
Amid the gloomy flood, a smooth rock, steep
Toward the sea, against whose leftward point
Phæstus by name, the South wind rolls the furge 380
Amain, which yet the rock, though small, repells.
Hither with part he came, and scarce the crews
Themselves escaped, while the huge billows broke
Their ships against the rocks; yet five he saved,
Which winds and waves drove to the Ægyptian shore.

Thus he, provision gath'ring as he went 386
And gold abundant, roam'd to distant lands
And nations of another tongue. Meantime,
Ægisthus these enormities at home.
Devising, flew Atrides, and supreme 390
Ruled the subjected land; sev'n years he reign'd
In opulent Mycenæ, but the eighth
From Athens brought renown'd Orestes home
For his destruction, who of life bereaved
Ægisthus, base assassin of his Sire. 395

Orestes, therefore, the funeral rites
Performing to his shameless mother's shade
And to her lustful paramour, a feast
Gave to the Argives; on which self-same day
The warlike Menelaus, with his ships 400

All treasure-laden to the brink, arrived.

And thou, young friend! from thy forsaken home
Rove not long time remote, thy treasures left
At mercy of those proud, lest they divide
And waste the whole, rend'ring thy voyage vain. 405

But hence to Menelaus is the course
To which I counsel thee; for he hath come
Of late from distant lands, whence to escape
No man could hope, whom tempests first had driv'n
Devious into so wide a sea, from which 410

Themselfes the birds of heaven could not arrive
In a whole year, so vast is the expanse.

Go, then, with ship and shipmates, or if more
The land delight thee, steeds thou shalt not want
Nor chariot, and my sons shall be thy guides. 415
To noble Lacedemon, the abode
Of Menelaus; ask from him the truth,

Who will not lye, for he is passing wise.

While thus he spake, the sun declined, and night
Approaching, blue-eyed Pallas interposed. 420

Oh antient King! well hast thou spoken all.
But now delay not. Cut * ye forth the tongues,
And mingle wine, that (Neptune first invoked
With due libation, and the other Gods)
We may repair to rest; for even now 425

* It is said to have been customary in the days of Homer, when the Greeks retired from a banquet to their beds, to cut out the tongues of the victims, and offer them to the Gods in particular who presided over conversation.

The fun is funk, and it becomes us not
Long to protract a banquet to the Gods
Devote, but in fit season to depart.

So spake Jove's daughter; they obedient heard.
The heralds, then, pour'd water on their hands, 430
And the attendant youths, filling the cups,
Served them from left to right. Next all the tongues
They cast into the fire, and ev'ry guest
Arising, pour'd libation to the Gods.
Libation made, and all with wine sufficed, 435
Godlike Telemachus and Pallas both
Would have return'd, incontinent, on board,
But Nestor urged them still to be his guests.

Forbid it, Jove, and all the Pow'rs of heav'n!
That ye should leave me to repair on board 440
Your vessel, as I were some needy wretch
Cloakless and destitute of fleecy stores
Wherewith to spread the couch soft for myself,
Or for my guests. No: I have garments warm
An ample store, and rugs of richest dye; 445
And never shall Ulysses' son lov'd,
My friend's own son, sleep on a galley's plank
While I draw vital air; grant also, heav'n,
That, dying, I may leave behind me sons
Glad to accommodate whatever guest! 450

Him answer'd then Pallas cærulean-eyed:
Old Chief! thou hast well said, and reason bids.
Telemachus thy kind commands obey.

Let:

Let *him* attend thee hence, that he may sleep
Beneath thy roof, but I return on board 455
Myself, to instruct my people, and to give
All needful orders; for among them none
Is old as I, but they are youths alike,
Coevals of Telemachus, with whom
They have embark'd for friendship's sake alone. 460
I therefore will repose myself on board
This night, and to the Caucons bold in arms
Will fail to-morrow, to demand arrears
Long time unpaid, and of no small amount.
But, since he is become thy guest, afford 465
My friend a chariot, and a son of thine
Who shall direct his way, nor let him want
Of all thy steeds the swiftest and the best.

So saying, the blue-eyed Goddess as upborne
On eagles wings, vanish'd; amazement seized 470
The whole assembly, and the antient King
O'erwhelm'd with wonder at that sight, the hand
Grasp'd of Telemachus, whom he thus bespake.

My friend! I prophecy that thou shalt prove
Nor base nor dastard, whom, so young, the Gods 475
Already take in charge; for of the Pow'rs
Inhabitants of heav'n, none else was this
Than Jove's own daughter Pallas, who among
The Grecians honour'd most thy gen'rous Sire.

But thou, O Queen! compassionate us all, 480
Myself, my sons, my comfort; give to each

A glorious

A glorious name, and I to thee will give
For sacrifice an heifer of the year,
Broad-fronted, one that never yet hath borne
The yoke, and will incase her horns with gold. 485

So Nestor pray'd, whom Pallas gracious heard.
Then the Gerenian warrior old, before
His sons and sons in law, to his abode
Magnificent proceeded; they arrived
Within the splendid palace of the King) 490
On thrones and couches fat in order ranged,
Whom Nestor welcom'd, charging high the cup
With wine of richest sort, which she who kept
That treasure, now, in the eleventh year
First broach'd, unsealing the delicious juice. 495
With this the hoary Senior fill'd a cup,
And to the daughter of Jove ægis-arm'd
Pouring libation, offer'd fervent pray'r.

When all had made libation, and no wish
Remain'd of more, then each to rest retired, 500
And Nestor the Gerenian warrior old
Led thence Telemachus to a carved couch
Beneath the founding portico prepared.
Beside him he bade sleep the spearman bold,
Pisistratus, a gallant youth, the sole 505
Unwedded in his house of all his sons.
Himself in the interior palace lay,
Where couch and coving for her ancient spouse
The consort Queen had diligent prepar'd.

But

But when Aurora, daughter of the dawn, 510
 Had tinged the East, arising from his bed,
 Gerenian Nestor issued forth, and sat
 Before his palace-gate on the white stones
 Resplendent as with oil, on which of old
 His father Neleus had been wont to sit, 515
 In council like a God; but he had fought,
 By destiny dismiss'd long since, the shades,
 On those stones therefore now, Nestor himself,
 Achaia's guardian, sat, sceptre in hand,
 Where soon his num'rous sons, leaving betimes 520
 The place of their repose, also appeared,
 Echephron, Stratius, Perseus, Thrasymedes,
 Aretus and Pisistratus. They placed
 Godlike Telemachus at Nestor's side,
 And the Gerenian Hero thus began. 525
 Sons be ye quick—execute with dispatch
 My purpose, that I may propitiate first
 Of all the Gods Minerva, who herself
 Hath honour'd manifest our hallow'd feast.
 Haste, one, into the field, to order thence 530
 An ox, and let the herdsman drive it home.
 Another, hasting to the fable bark
 Of brave Telemachus, bring hither all
 His friends, save two, and let a third command
 Laerceus, that he come to enwrap with gold 535
 The victim's horns. Abide ye here, the rest,
 And bid my female train (for I intend

A banquet)

A banquet) with all diligence provide
Seats, stores of wood, and water from the rock.

He said, whom instant all obey'd. The ox 540
Came from the field, and from the gallant ship
The ship-mates of the brave Telemachus;
Next, charged with all his implements of art,
His mallet, anvil, pincers, came the smith
To give the horns their gilding; also came 545
Pallas herself to her own sacred rites.

Then Nestor, hoary warrior, furnish'd gold,
Which, hammer'd thin, the artist wrapp'd around
The victim's horns, that seeing him attired
So costly, Pallas might the more be pleas'd. 550
Stratius and brave Echephron introduced
The victim by his horns; Aretus brought
A laver, in one hand, with flow'rs emboss'd,
And in his other hand a basket stored
With cakes, while warlike Thraſymedes, arm'd 555
With his long-hafted ax, prepared to smite
The ox, and Perſeus to receive the blood.

The hoary Nestor consecrated first
Both cakes and water, and with earnest pray'r
To Pallas, gave the forelock to the flames. 560

When all had worſhipp'd, and the broken cakes
Sprinkled, then godlike Thraſymedes drew
Close to the ox, and smote him. Deep the edge
Enter'd, and senseless on the floor he fell.
Then Nestor's daughters, and the consorts all 565

Of Nestor's sons, with his own consort, chaste
Eurydice, the daughter eldest-born
Of Clymenus, in one shrill orison
Vociferous join'd, while they, lifting the ox,
Held him supported firmly, and the prince 570
Of men, Pisistratus, his gullet pierced.
Soon as the sable blood had ceased, and life
Had left the victim, spreading him abroad,
With nice address they parted at the joint
His thighs, and wrapp'd them in the double cawl, 575
Which with crude slices thin they overspread.
Nestor burn'd incense, and libation pour'd
Large on the hissing brands, while, him beside,
Busy with spit and prong, stood many a youth
Train'd to the task. The thighs consumed, each took
His portion of the maw, then, flashing well 581
The remnant, they transpierced it with the spits
Neatly, and held it reeking at the fire.
Meantime the youngest of the daughters fair
Of Nestor, beauteous Polycaste, laved, 585
Anointed, and in vest and tunic cloathed
Telemachus, who, so refresh'd, stepp'd forth
From the bright laver graceful as a God,
And took his seat at antient Nestor's side.
The viands dress'd, and from the spits withdrawn, 590
They sat to share the feast, and princely youths
Arising, gave them wine in cups of gold.
When neither hunger now nor thirst remain'd

Unfated,

Unfated, thus Gerenian Nestor spake.

My sons, arise ! lead forth the sprightly steeds, 595
And yoke them, that Telemachus may go.

So spake the Chief, to whose command his sons,
Obedient, yoked in haste the rapid steeds,
And the intendant matron of the stores
Dispos'd meantime within the chariot, bread 600

And wine, with dainties, such as princes eat.
Telemachus into the chariot first
Ascended, and beside him, next, his place
Pisistratus the son of Nestor took,
Then seiz'd the reins, and lash'd the courfers on. 605
They, nothing loth, into the open plain
Flew, leaving lofty Pylus soon afar.

Thus, journeying, they shook on either side
The yoke all day, and now the setting sun
To dusky evening had resign'd the roads, 610
When they to Pheræ came, and the abode
Reach'd of Diocles, whose illustrious Sire
Orilochus from Alpheus drew his birth,
And there, with kindness entertain'd, they slept.

But when Aurora, daughter of the dawn, 615
Look'd rosy from the East, yoking the steeds,
They in their sumptuous chariot sat again.
The son of Nestor plied the lash, and forth
Through vestibule and founding portico
The royal courfers, not unwilling, flew. 620

A corn-invested land receiv'd them next,
And there they brought their journey to a close,
So rapidly they moved; and now the fun
Went down, and even-tide dimm'd all the ways.

A R G U-

A R G U M E N T

OF THE

F O U R T H B O O K.

Telemachus, with Pifistratus, arrives at the palace of Menelaus, from whom he receives some fresh information concerning the return of the Grecians, and is in particular told on the authority of Proteus, that his father is detained by Calypso. The suitors, plotting against the life of Telemachus, lie in wait to intercept him in his return to Ithaca. Penelope being informed of his departure, and of their designs to slay him, becomes inconsolable, but is relieved by a dream sent to her from Minerva.

B O O K IV.

IN hollow Lacedæmon's spacious vale
Arriving, to the house they drove direct
Of royal Menelaus; him they found
In his own palace, all his num'rous friends
Regaling at a nuptial banquet giv'n
Both for his daughter and the prince his son.
His daughter to renown'd Achilles' heir
He sent, to whom he had at Troy engaged
To give her, and the Gods now made her his.
With chariots and with steeds he sent her forth

5

10
To

To the illustrious city where the prince,
Achilles' offspring, ruled the Myrmidons.
But to his son he gave a Spartan fair,
Alector's daughter; from an handmaid sprang
That son to Menelaus in his age, 15
Brave Megapenthes; for the Gods no child
To Helen gave, made mother, once, of her
Who vied in perfect loveliness of form
With golden Venus' self, Hermione.

Thus all the neighbour princes and the friends! 20
Of noble Menelaus, feasting fat
Within his spacious palace, among whom
A sacred bard sang sweetly to his harp,
While, in the midst, two dancers smote the ground
With measur'd steps responsive to his song. 25

And now the Heroes, Nestor's noble son
And young Telemachus arrived within
The vestibule, whom, issuing from the hall,
The noble Eteoneus of the train
Of Menelaus, saw; at once he ran 30
Across the palace to report the news
To his Lord's ear, and, standing at his side,
In accents wing'd with haste thus greeted him.

Oh Menelaus! Heav'n-descended Chief!
Two guests arrive, both strangers, but the race 35
Of Jove supreme resembling each in form.
Say, shall we loose, ourselves, their rapid steeds,
Or hence dismiss them to some other host?

But

But Menelaus, Hero golden-hair'd,
 Indignant answer'd him. Boethe's son!
 Thou wast not, Eteoneus, heretofore,
 A babbler, who now pratest as a child.
 We have ourselves arrived indebted much
 To hospitality of other men,
 If Jove shall, even here, some pause at last
 Of woe afford us. Therefore loose, at once,
 Their steeds, and introduce them to the feast.

He said, and, issuing, Eteoneus call'd
 The brisk attendants to his aid, with whom
 He loos'd their foaming coursers from the yoke.
 Them first they bound to mangers, which with oats
 And mingled barley they supplied, then thrust
 The chariot sidelong to the splendid * wall.
 Themselves he, next, into the royal house
 Conducted, who survey'd, wond'ring, the abode
 Of the heav'n-favour'd King; for on all sides
 As with the splendour of the sun or moon
 The lofty dome of Menelaus blazed.
 Sate, at length, with wonder at that sight,
 They enter'd each a bath, and by the hands
 Of maidens laved, and oil'd, and cloath'd again.
 With shaggy mantles and resplendent vests,
 Sat both enthroned at Menelaus' side.
 And now a maiden charged with golden ew'r,

* Hesychius tells us, that the Grecians ornamented with much attention the front wall of their courts for the admiration of passengers.

And.

And with an argent laver, pouring first 65
 Pure water on their hands, supplied them next,
 With a bright table, which the maiden, chief
 In office, furnish'd plentifully with bread
 And dainties, remnants of the last regale.
 Then came the few'r, who with delicious meats 70
 Dish after dish, served them, and placed beside
 The chargers cups magnificent of gold,
 When Menelaus grasp'd their hands, and said.

Eat and rejoice, and when ye shall have shared
 Our nuptial banquet, we will, then, inquire 75
 Who are ye both; for, certain, not from those
 Whose generation perishes are ye,
 But rather of some race of sceptred Chiefs
 Heav'n-born; the base have never sons like you.

So saying, he from the board lifted his own 80
 Distinguish'd portion, and the fatted chine
 Gave to his guests; the fav'ry viands they
 With outstretch'd hands assail'd, and when the force
 No longer now of appetite they felt,
 Telemachus, inclining close his head 85
 To Nestor's son, lest others should his speech
 Witness, in whisper'd words him thus address'd.

Dearest Pifistratus, observe, my friend!
 How all the echoing palace with the light
 Of beaming brass, of gold and amber shines 90
 Silver and ivory! for radiance such
 Th' interior mansion of Olympian Jove.

I deem.

I deem. What wealth, how various, how immense
Is here! astonish'd I survey the sight!

But Menelaus, golden-hair'd, his speech 95
O'erhearing, thus in accents wing'd replied.

My children! let no mortal man pretend
Comparison with Jove; for Jove's abode
And all his stores are incorruptible.

But whether mortal man with me may vie 100

In the display of wealth, or whether not,
This know, that after many toils endured,
And perilous wand'rings wide, in the eighth year
I brought my treasures home. Remote I roved

To Cyprus, to Phoenice, to the shores 105

Of Ægypt; Æthiopia's land I reach'd,

Th' Erempi, the Sidonians, and the coasts

Of Lybia, where the lambs their foreheads shew

At once with horns defended, soon as year'd.

There, thrice within the year the flocks produce, 110

Nor master, there, nor shepherd ever feels

A dearth of cheese, of flesh, or of sweet milk

Delicious, drawn from udders never dry.

While, thus, commodities on various coasts

Gath'ring I roam'd, another, by the arts 115

Of his pernicious spouse aided, of life

Bereav'd my brother privily, and when least

He fear'd to lose it. Therefore little joy

To me results from all that I possess.

Your fathers (be those fathers who they may) 120

L

These

These things have doubtless told you; for immense
 Have been my sufferings, and I have destroy'd
 A palace well inhabited and stored
 With precious furniture in ev'ry kind;
 Such, that I would to heav'n! I own'd at home 125
 Though but the third of it, and that the Greeks
 Who perish'd then, beneath the walls of Troy
 Far from steed-pastured Argos, still survived.
 Yet while, sequester'd here, I frequent mourn
 My slaughter'd friends, by turns I sooth my soul 130
 With tears shed for them, and by turns again
 I cease; for grief soon fatiates free indulged.
 But of them all, although I all bewail,
 None mourn I so as one, whom calling back
 To memory, I both sleep and food abhor. 135
 For, of Achaia's sons none ever toiled
 Strenuous as Ulysses; but his lot
 Was woe, and unremitting sorrow mine
 For his long absence, who, if still he live,
 We know not aught, or be already dead. 140
 Him doubtless, old Laertes mourns, and him
 Discrete Penelope, nor less his son
 Telemachus, born newly when he sail'd.
 So saying, he kindled in him strong desire
 To mourn his father; at his father's name 145
 Fast fell his tears to ground, and with both hands
 He spread his purple cloak before his eyes;
 Which Menelaus marking, doubtful sat

If he should leave him leisure for his tears,
Or question him, and tell him all at large. 150

While thus he doubted, Helen (as it chanced)
Leaving her fragrant chamber, came, august
As Diana, goddess of the golden bow.
Adrastra, for her use, set forth a throne,
Alcippe with soft arras cover'd it, 155
And Philo brought her silver basket, gift
Of fair Alcandra, wife of Polybus,
Whose mansion in Ægyptian Thebes is rich
In untold treasure, and who gave, himself,
Ten golden talents, and two silver baths 160
To Menelaus, with two splendid tripods
Beside the noble gifts which, at the hand
Of his illustrious spouse, Helen receiv'd;
A golden spindle, and a basket wheel'd,
Itself of silver, and its lip of gold. 165

That basket Philo, her own handmaid, placed
At beauteous Helen's side, charged to the brim
With slender threads, on which the spindle lay,
With wool of purple lustre wrapp'd around.
Approaching, on her foot-stool'd throne she sat, 170
And, instant, of her royal spouse enquired.

Know we, my Menelaus, dear to Jove!
These guests of ours, and whence they have arrived?
Erroneous I may speak, yet speak I must;
In man or woman never have I seen 175
Such likeness to another (wonder-fixt

I gaze) as in this stranger to the son
 Of brave Ulysses, whom that Hero left
 New-born at home, when (shameless as I was)
 For my unworthy sake the Grecians sailed 180
 To Ilium, with fierce rage of battle fired.

Then Menelaus, thus, the golden-hair'd.
 I also such resemblance find in him
 As thou; such feet, such hands, the cast * of eye
 Similar, and the head and flowing locks. 185

And even now, when I Ulysses named,
 And his great sufferings mention'd, in my cause,
 The bitter tear dropp'd from his lids, while broad
 Before his eyes his purple cloak he spread.

To whom the son of Nestor thus replied. 190
 Atrides! Menelaus! Chief renown'd!

He is in truth his son, as thou hast said,
 But he is modest, and would much himself
 Condemn, if, at his first arrival here,
 He should loquacious seem and bold to thee, 195

To whom we listen, captived by thy voice,
 As if some God had spoken. As for me,
 Nestor, my father, the Gerenian Chief
 Bade me conduct him hither, for he wish'd
 To see thee, promising himself from thee 200
 The benefit of some kind word or deed.

For, destitute of other aid, he much
 His father's tedious absence mourns at home.

* Οφθαλμῶν τε βολαί.

So fares Telemachus; his father strays
Remote, and, in his stead, no friend hath he 205
Who might avert the mischiefs that he feels.

To whom the Hero amber-hair'd replied.
Ye Gods! the offspring of indeed a friend
Hath reach'd my house, of one who hath endured
Arduous conflicts num'rous for my sake; 210

And much I purpos'd, had Olympian Jove
Vouchsaf'd us prosperous passage o'er the Deep,
To have receiv'd him with such friendship here
As none beside. In Argos I had then
Founded a city for him, and had rais'd 215

A palace for himself; I would have brought
The Hero hither, and his son, with all
His people, and with all his wealth, some town
Evacuating for his sake, of those
Ruled by myself, and neighb'ring close my own. 220

Thus situate, we had often interchanged
Sweet converse, nor had other cause at last
Our friendship terminated or our joys,
Than death's black cloud o'ershadowing him or me.
But such delights could only envy move 225
Ev'n in the Gods, who have, of all the Greeks,
Amerced *him* only of his wish'd return.

So saying, he kindled the desire to weep
In ev'ry bosom. Argive Helen wept
Abundant, Jove's own daughter; wept as fast 230
Telemachus and Menelaus both;

Nor

Nor Nestor's son with tearless eyes remain'd,
 Calling to mind Antilochus* by the son †
 Illustrious of the bright Aurora slain,
 Rememb'ring whom, in accents wing'd he said. 235

Atrides! antient Nestor, when of late
 Conversing with him, we remember'd thee,
 Pronounced thee wise beyond all human-kind.
 Now therefore, let not even my advice
 Displease thee. It affords me no delight 240
 To intermingle tears with my repast,
 And soon, Aurora, daughter of the dawn,
 Will tinge the orient. Not that I account
 Due lamentation of a friend deceased.
 Blameworthy, since, to sheer the locks and weep, 245
 Is all we can for the unhappy dead.
 I also have my grief, call'd to lament
 One, not the meanest of Achaia's sons,
 My brother; him I cannot but suppose
 To thee well-known, although unknown to me 250
 Who saw ‡ him never; but report proclaims
 Antilochus superior to the most,
 In speed superior, and in feats of arms.

To whom, the Hero of the yellow locks.
 O friend belov'd! since nought which thou hast said 255
 Or recommended now, would have disgraced

* Antilochus was his brother.
 † Antilochus, was Memnon.
 ‡ Because Pylæus was born after Antilochus
 had sailed to Troy.

† The son of Aurora, who slew Anti-
 lochus.
 ‡ Because Pylæus was born after Antilochus

A man of years maturer far than thine,
 (For wise thy father is, and such art thou,
 And easy is it to discern the son
 Of such a father, whom Saturnian Jove 260
 In marriage both and at his birth ordain'd
 To great felicity; for he hath giv'n
 To Nestor gradually to sink at home
 Into old age, and, while he lives, to see
 His sons past others wife, and skill'd in arms) 265
 The sorrow into which we sudden fell
 Shall pause. Come—now remember we the feast;
 Pour water on our hands, for we shall find,
 (Telemachus and I) no dearth of themes
 For mutual converse when the day shall dawn. 270

He ended; then, Asphalion, at his word,
 Servant of glorious Menelaus, poured
 Pure water on their hands, and they the feast
 Before them with keen appetite assail'd.
 But Jove-born Helen otherwise, meantime, 275
 Employ'd, into the wine of which they drank
 A drug infused, antidote to the pains
 Of grief and anger, a most potent charm
 For ills of ev'ry name. Whoe'er his wine
 So medicated drinks, he shall not pour 280
 All day the tears down his wan cheek, although
 His father and his mother both were dead,
 Nor even though his brother or his son
 Had fall'n in battle, and before his eyes.

Such

Such drugs Jove's daughter own'd, with skill prepared,
And of prime virtue, by the wife of Thone, 286
Ægyptian Polydamna, given her.

For Ægypt teems with drugs, yielding no few
Which, mingled with the drink, are good, and many
Of baneful juice, and enemies to life. 290

There ev'ry man in skill medicinal
Excells, for they are sons of Pæon all.
That drug infused, she bade her servant pour
The bev'rage forth, and thus her speech resumed.

Atrides! Menelaus! dear to Jove! 295

These also are the sons of Chiefs renown'd,
(For Jove, as pleases him, to each assigns
Or good or evil, whom all things obey)
Now therefore, feasting at your ease reclined,
Listen with pleasure, for myself, the while, 300
Will matter feasonable interpose.

I cannot all rehearse, nor even name,
(Omitting none) the conflicts and exploits
Of brave Ulysses; but with what address
Successful, one atchievement he perform'd 305

At Ilium, where Achaia's sons endured
Such hardship, will I speak. Inflicting wounds
Dishonourable on himself, he took
A tatter'd garb, and like a serving-man
Enter'd the spacious city of your foes. 310

So veil'd, some mendicant he seem'd, although
No Grecian less deserved that name than he.

In

In such disguise he enter'd; all alike
Misdeem'd him; me alone he not deceived
Who challeng'd him, but, shrewd, he turn'd away. 315
At length, however, when I had myself
Bathed him, anointed, cloath'd him, and had sworn
Not to declare him openly in Troy
'Till he should reach again the camp and fleet,
He told me the whole purpose of the Greeks. 320
Then, (many a Trojan slaughter'd,) he regain'd
The camp, and much intelligence he bore
To the Achaians. Oh what wailing then
Was heard of Trojan women! but my heart
Exulted, alter'd now, and wishing home; 325
For now my crime committed under force
Of Venus' influence I deplored, what time
She led me to a country far remote,
A wand'rer from the matrimonial bed,
From my own child, and from my rightful Lord 330
Alike unblemish'd both in form and mind.

Her answer'd then the Hero golden-hair'd.
Helen! thou hast well spoken. All is true.
I have the talents fathom'd and the minds
Of num'rous Heroes, and have travell'd far, 335
Yet never saw I with these eyes in man
Such firmness as the calm Ulysses own'd;
None such as in the wooden horse he proved,
Where all our bravest sat, designing woe.
And bloody havoc for the sons of Troy. 340

M

Thou

Thou thither cam'st, impell'd, as it should seem,
By some divinity inclined to give
Victory to our foes, and with thee came
Godlike Deiphobus. Thrice round about
The hollow ambush, striking with thy hand 345
Its sides thou went'st, and by his name didst call
Each prince of Greece, feigning his consort's voice.
Myself with Diomede, and with divine
Ulysses, seated in the midst, the call
Heard plain and loud; we (Diomede and I) 350
With ardour burn'd either to quit the horle
So summon'd, or to answer from within.
But, all impatient as we were, Ulysses
Controul'd the rash design; so there the sons
Of the Achaians silent sat and mute, 355
And of us all Anticlus would alone
Have answer'd; but Ulysses, with both hands
Compressing close his lips, saved us, nor ceased
Till Pallas thence conducted thee again.

Then thus, discrete, Telemachus replied: 360
Atrides! Menelaus! prince renown'd!
Hard was his lot, whom these rare qualities
Preserved not, neither had his dauntless heart
Been iron, had he scaped his cruel doom.
But haste, dismiss us hence, that on our beds 365
Reposed, we may enjoy sleep, needful now.

He ceas'd; then Argive Helen gave command
To her attendant maidens to prepare

Beds

Beds in the portico with purple rugs
 Resplendent, and with arras, overspread, 370
 And cover'd warm with cloaks of shaggy pile.
 Forth went the maidens, bearing each a torch,
 And spread the couches; next, the herald them
 Led forth, and in the vestibule the son
 Of Nestor and the youthful Hero slept, 375
 Telemachus; but in the interior house
 Atrides, with the loveliest of her sex
 Beside him, Helen of the sweeping stole.
 But when Aurora, daughter of the dawn,
 Glow'd in the East, then from his couch arose 380
 The warlike Menelaus, fresh attired;
 His faulchion o'er his shoulders slung, he bound
 His sandals fair to his unsoiled feet,
 And like a God issuing, at the side
 Sat of Telemachus, to whom he spake. 385

Hero! Telemachus! what urgent cause
 Hath hither led thee, to the land far-famed
 Of Lacedæmon o'er the spacious Deep?
 Public concern or private? Tell me true.

To whom Telemachus discrete replied. 390
 Atrides! Menelaus! prince renown'd!
 News seeking of my Sire, I have arrived.
 My household is devour'd, my fruitful fields
 Are desolated, and my palace fill'd
 With enemies, who while they mutual wage 395
 Proud competition for my mother's love,

My flocks continual slaughter, and my beeves.
 For this cause, at thy knees suppliant, I beg
 That thou wouldst tell me his disastrous end,
 If either thou beheld'st with thine own eyes 400
 His death, or from some wand'rer of the Greeks
 Hast heard it; for no common woes, alas!
 Was he ordain'd to share ev'n from the womb.
 Neither through pity or o'erstrain'd respect
 Flatter me, but explicit all relate. 405
 Which thou hast witness'd. If my noble Sire
 E'er gratified thee by performance just
 Of word or deed at Ilium, where ye fell
 So num'rous slain in fight, oh recollect
 Now his fidelity, and tell me true! 410

Then Menelaus, sighing deep, replied:
 Gods! their ambition is to reach the bed
 Of a brave man, however base themselves.
 But as it chances, when the hart hath lay'd
 Her fawns new-year'd and sucklings yet, to rest 415
 Within some dreadful lion's gloomy den,
 She roams the hills, and in the grassy vales
 Feeds heedless, 'till the lion, to his lair
 Return'd, destroys her and her little-ones,
 So them thy Sire shall terribly destroy. 420
 Jove, Pallas and Apollo! oh that such
 As erst in well-built Lesbos, where he strove
 With Philomelides, and threw him flat,
 A sight at which Achaia's sons rejoic'd,

Such,

Such, now, Ulysses might assail them all! 425

Short life and bitter nuptials should be theirs.

But thy enquiries neither indirect

Will I evade, nor give thee false reply,

But all that from the Antient* of the Deep

I have receiv'd will utter, hiding nought. 430

As yet the Gods on Ægypt's shore detained

Me wishing home, angry at my neglect

To heap their altars with slain hecatombs.

For they exacted from us evermore

Strict rev'rence of their laws. There is an isle 435

Amid the billowy flood; Pharos by name,

In front of Ægypt, distant from her shore

Far as a vessel by a sprightly gale

Impell'd, may push her voyage in a day;

The haven there is good, and many a ship 440

Finds wat'ring there from riv'lets on the coast.

There me the Gods kept twenty days, no breeze

Propitious granting, that might sweep the waves,

And usher to her home the flying bark.

And now had our provision, all consumed, 445

Left us exhausted, but a certain nymph

Pitying saved me. Daughter fair was she

Of mighty Proteus, Antient of the Deep,

Idothea named; her most my sorrows moved;

She found me from my followers all apart 450

Wand'ring (for they around the isle, with hooks

* Proteus.

The fishes snaring roamed, by famine urged)
And standing at my side, me thus bespake.

Stranger! thou must be idiot born, or weak
At least in intellect, or thy delight

455

Is in distress and mis'ry, who delay'st
To leave this island, and no egress hence
Canst find, although thy famish'd people faint.

So spake the Goddess, and I thus replied.

I tell thee, whosoever of the Pow'rs

460

Divine thou art, that I am prison'd here
Not willingly, but must have, doubtless, sinn'd
Against the deathless tenants of the skies.

Yet say (for the Immortals all things know)

What God detains me, and my course forbids

465

Hence to my country o'er the fishy Deep?

So I; to whom the Goddess all-divine,

Stranger! I will inform thee true. A fear

Oracular, the Antient of the Deep,

Immortal Proteus, the Ægyptian, haunts

470

These shores, familiar with all Ocean's gulphs,

And Neptune's subject. He is by report

My father; him if thou art able once

To seize and bind, he will prescribe the course

With all its measured distances, by which.

475

Thou shalt regain secure thy native shores.

He will, moreover, at thy suit declare,

Thou favour'd of the ~~skies~~ what good, what ill

Hath in thine house befall'n, while absent thou

Thy

Thy voyage difficult perform'ft and long.

480

She fpake, and I replied—Thyself reveal
By what effectual bands I may fecure
The antient Deity marine, left, warn'd
Of my approach, he fhun me and efcape.
Hard task for mortal hands to bind a God!

485

Then thus Idothea answer'd all-divine.
I will inform thee true. Soon as the fun
Hath climb'd the middle heav'n's, the prophet old,
Emerging while the breezy zephyr blows,
And cover'd with the fcum of ocean, seeks
His fpacious cove, in which outftretch'd he lies.
The phocæ* alfo, rifing from the waves,
Offspring of beauteous Halofydna, fleep
Around him, num'rous, and the fifhy fcant
Exhaling rank of the unfathom'd flood.
Thither conducting thee at peep of day
I will difpofe thee in fome fafe recess,
But from among thy followers thou fhalt chufe
The bravest three in all thy gallant fleet.
And now the artifices underftand
Of the old prophet of the fea. The fun
Of all his phocæ numb'ring duly firft,
He will pafs through them, and when all by fives
He counted hath, will in this midft repofe
Content, as fleeps the fhepherd with his flock.
When ye fhall fee him ftretch'd, then call to mind

490

495

500

505

* Seals, or fea-calves.

That

That moment all your prowess, and prevent,
Howe'er he strive impatient, his escape.

All changes trying, he will take the form
Of ev'ry reptile on the earth, will seem 510
A river now, and now devouring fire;

But hold him ye, and grasp him still the more.

And when himself shall question you, restored
To his own form in which ye found him first
Reposing, then from farther force abstain; 515

Then, Hero! loose the Antient of the Deep,

And ask him, of the Gods who checks thy course
Hence to thy country o'er the fishy flood.

So saying, she plunged into the billowy waste.

I then, in various musings lost, my ships 520

Along the sea-beach station'd, fought again,

And when I reach'd my galley on the shore

We supp'd, and sacred night falling from heav'n,

Slept all extended on the ocean-side.

But when Aurora, daughter of the dawn, 525

Look'd rosy forth, penfive beside the shore

I walk'd of Ocean, frequent to the Gods

Praying devout, then chose the fittest three

For bold assault, and worthiest of my trust.

Meantime the Goddess from the bosom wide 530

Of Ocean rising, brought us thence four skins

Of phocæ, and all newly-stript, a snare

Contriving subtle to deceive her Sire.

Four cradles in the sand she scoop'd, then sat

Expecting

Expecting us, who in due time approach'd; 535
She lodg'd us side by side, and over each
A raw skin cast. Horrible to ourselves
Proved that disguise, whom the pernicious scent
Of the sea-nourish'd phocæ sore annoy'd;
For who would lay him down at a whale's side? 540
But she a potent remedy devised
Herself to save us, who the nostrils sooth'd
Of each with pure ambrosia thither brought
Odorous, which the fishy scent subdued.
All morning, patient watchers, there we lay; 545
And now the num'rous phocæ from the Deep
Emerging, slept along the shore, and he
At noon came also, and perceiving there
His fatted monsters, through the flock his course
Took regular, and summ'd them; with the first 550
He number'd us, suspicion none of fraud
Conceiving, then couch'd also. We, at once,
Loud-shouting flew on him, and in our arms
Constrain'd him fast; nor the sea-prophet old
Call'd not incontinent his shifts to mind. 555
First he became a long-maned lion grim,
Then dragon, panther then, a savage boar,
A limpid stream, and an o'ershadowing tree.
We persevering held him, 'till at length
The Antient of the Deep, skill'd as he is 560
In wiles, yet weary, question'd me, and said.

N

Oh

Oh Atreus' son, by what confed'rate God
Instructed liest thou in wait for me,
To seize and hold me? what is thy desire?

So He; to whom thus answer I return'd. 565
Old Seer! thou know'st; why, fraudulent, should'st thou ask?
It is because I have been prison'd long
Within this isle, whence I have fought in vain
Deliv'rance, 'till my wonted courage fails.
Yet say (for the Immortals all things know) 570
What God detains me, and my course forbids
Hence to my country o'er the fishy Deep?

So I; when thus the old one of the waves.
* But thy plain duty was to have adored
Jove, first, in sacrifice, and all the Gods, 575
That then embarking, by propitious gales
Impell'd, thou might'st have reach'd thy country soon.
For thou art doom'd ne'er to behold again
Thy friends, thy palace, or thy native shores,
'Till thou have seen once more the hallow'd flood 580
Of Ægypt, and with hecatombs adored
Devout, the deathless tenants of the skies.
Then will they speed thee whither thou desir'st.

He ended, and my heart broke at his words,
Which bade me pass again the gloomy gulph 585

* From the abruptness of this beginning, Virgil, probably, who has copied the story, took the hint of his admired exordium

Nam quis te, juvenum confidentissime, nostras
Egit adire domos.

To Ægypt; tedious course, and hard to atchieve!
Yet, though in sorrow whelm'd, I thus replied.

Old prophet! I will all thy will perform.
But tell me, and the truth simply reveal;
Have the Achaïans with their ships arrived 590
All safe, whom Nestor left and I, at Troy?
Or of the Chiefs have any in their barks,
Or in their followers' arms found a dire death
Unlook'd for, since that city's siege we clos'd?

I spake, when answer thus the God return'd. 595
Atrides, why these questions? Need is none
That thou should'st all my secrets learn, which once
Reveal'd, thou would'st not long dry-eyed remain.
Of those no few have died, and many live;
But leaders, two alone, in their return 600
Have died (thou also hast had war to wage)
And one, still living, roams the boundless sea.

*Ajax, furrounded by his galleys, died.
Him Neptune, first, against the bulky rocks
The Gyræ drove, but saved him from the Deep; 605
Nor had he perish'd, hated as he was
By Pallas, but for his own impious boast
In frenzy utter'd, that he would escape
The billows, even in the Gods' despight.
Neptune that speech vain-glorious hearing, grasp'd 610
His trident, and the huge Gyræan rock
Smiting indignant, dash'd it half away;

* Son of Oileus.

Part flood; and part, on which the boaster sat
When, first, the brainfick fury seiz'd him, fell,
Bearing him with it down into the gulphs 615
Of Ocean, where he drank the brine, and died.
But thy own brother in his barks escaped
That fate, by Juno saved; yet when, at length,
He should have gain'd Malea's craggy shore,
Then, by a sudden tempest caught, he flew 620
With many a groan far o'er the fishy Deep
To the land's utmost point, where once his home
Thyestes had, but where Thyestes' son
Dwelt then, Ægisthus. Easy lay his course
And open thence, and, as it pleas'd the Gods, 625
The shifted wind soon bore them to their home.
He, high in exultation, trod the shore
That gave him birth, kiss'd it, and, at the sight,
The welcome sight of Greece, shed many a tear.
Yet not unseen he landed; for a spy, 630
One whom the shrewd Ægisthus had seduced
By promise of two golden talents, mark'd
His coming from a rock where he had watch'd
The year complete, lest, passing unperceived,
The King should reassert his right in arms. 635
Swift flew the spy with tidings to his Lord,
And He, incontinent, this project framed
Insidious. Twenty men, the boldest hearts
Of all the people, from the rest he chose,
Whom he in ambush placed, and others charged 640
Diligent

Diligent to prepare the festal board.

With horses, then, and chariots forth he drove
Full-fraught with mischief, and conducting home
The unsuspecting King, amid the feast
Slew him, as at his crib men slay an ox.

645

Nor of thy brother's train, nor of his train
Who slew thy brother, one survived, but all,
Welt'ring in blood together, there expired.

He ended, and his words beat on my heart
As they would break it. On the sands I sat
Weeping, nor life nor light desiring more.
But when I had in dust roll'd me, and wept
To full satiety, mine ear again
The oracle of Ocean thus address'd.

650

Sit not, O son of Atreus! weeping here
Longer, for remedy can none be found;
But quick arising, trial make, how best
Thou shalt, and soonest, reach thy home again.
For either him still living thou shalt find,
Or ere thou come, Orestes shalt have slain
The traitor, and thine eyes shall see his tomb.

655

He ceas'd, and I, afflicted as I was,
Yet felt my spirit at that word refresh'd,
And in wing'd accents answer thus return'd.

660

Of these I am inform'd; but name the third
Who, dead or living, on the boundless Deep
Is still detain'd; I dread, yet wish to hear.

665

So

So I; to whom thus Proteus in return.
Laertes' son, the Lord of Ithaca—
Him in an island weeping I beheld, 670
Guest of the nymph Calypso, by constraint
Her guest, and from his native land withheld
By sad necessity; for ships well-oar'd,
Or faithful followers hath he none, whose aid
Might speed him safely o'er the spacious flood. 675
But, Menelaus dear to Jove! thy fate
Ordains not thee the stroke of death to meet
In steed-famed Argos, but far hence the Gods
Will send thee to Elysium, and the earth's
Extremest bounds; (there Rhadamanthus dwells, 680
The golden-hair'd, and there the human kind
Enjoy the easiest life; no snow is there,
No biting winter, and no drenching show'r,
But zephyr always gently from the sea
Breathes on them, to refresh the happy race) 685
For that fair Helen is by nuptial bands
Thy own, and thou art son-in-law of Jove.
So saying, he plunged into the billowy waste.
I then, with my brave comrades to the fleet
Return'd, deep-musing as I went, and sad. 690
No sooner had I reach'd my ship beside
The ocean, and we all had supp'd, than night
From heav'n fell on us, and, at ease reposed
Along the margin of the sea, we slept.
But when Aurora, daughter of the dawn, 695
Look'd

Look'd rosy forth, drawing our galleys down
 Into the sacred Deep, we rear'd again
 The mast, unfurled the sail, and to our seats
 On board returning, thresh'd the foamy flood.
 Once more, at length, within the hallow'd stream 700
 Of Ægypt mooring, on the shore I flew
 Whole hecatombs, and (the displeasure thus
 Of the Immortal Gods appeased) I reared
 To Agamemnon's never-dying fame
 A tomb, and finishing it, sail'd again 705
 With such a gale from heaven vouchsafed, as sent
 My ships swift-scutting to the shores of Greece.
 But come—eleven days wait here, or twelve
 A guest with me, when I will send thee hence
 Nobly, and honour'd with illustrious gifts, 710
 With polish'd chariot, with three princely steeds,
 And with a gorgeous cup, that to the Gods
 Libation pouring ever while thou liv'st
 From that same cup, thou may'st remember me.
 Him, prudent, then answer'd Telemachus. 715
 Atrides, seek not to detain me here
 Long time; for though contented I could sit
 The year beside thee, nor regret my home
 Or parents, (so delightful thy discourse
 Sounds in my ear) yet, even now, I know, 720
 That my attendants to the Pylian shore
 Wish my return, whom thou thus long detain'st.

What

What boon soe'er thou giv'st me, be it such
As I may treasur'd keep; but horses none
Take I to Ithaca; them rather far 725
Keep thou, for thy own glory. Thou art Lord
Of an extended plain, where copious springs
The lotus, herbage of all favours, wheat,
Pulse, and white barley of luxuriant growth.
But Ithaca no level champaign owns, 730
A nursery of goats, and yet a land
Fairer than even pastures to the eye.
No sea-encircled isle of ours affords
Smooth course commodious, and expanse of meads,
But my own Ithaca transcends them all! 735

He said; the Hero Menelaus smiled,
And stroking tenderly his cheek, replied.
Dear youth! thy speech proclaims thy noble blood.
I can with ease supply thee from within
With what shall suit thee better, and the gift 740
Of all that I possess which most excels
In beauty, and the noblest shall be thine.
I give thee, wrought elaborate, a cup
Itself all silver, bound with lip of gold.
It is the work of Vulcan, which to me 745
The Hero Phædimus imparted, King
Of the Sidonians, when on my return
His house received me. That shall be thy own.

Thus they conferr'd; and now the busy train

Of

Of * menials culinary, at the gate 750
 Enter'd of Menelaus, Chief renown'd;
 They brought him sheep, with heart-ennobling wine,
 While all their wifes, their brows with frontlets bound,
 Came charg'd with bread. Thus busy they prepared
 A banquet in the mansion of the King. 755

Meantime, before Ulysses' palace gate.
 The suitors sported with the quoit and spear
 On the smooth area, customary scene
 Of all their strife and angry clamour loud.
 There sat Antinoüs, and the godlike youth 760
 Eurymachus, superior to the rest
 And Chiefs among them, to whom Phronius' son
 Noëmon drawing nigh, with anxious mien
 Question'd Antinoüs, and thus began.

Know we, Antinoüs! or know we not, 765
 When to expect Telemachus at home
 Again from Pylus? In my ship he went,
 Which now I need, that I may cross the sea
 To Elis, on whose spacious plain I feed
 Twelve mares, each suckling a mule-colt as yet 770
 Unbroken, but of which I purpose one
 To ferry thence, and break him into use.

He spake, whom they astonish'd heard; for him
 They deem'd not to Neliian Pylus gone,
 But haply into his own fields, his flocks 775

* *Δαιτυμναι*—generally signifies the founder of a feast; but we are taught by Eustathius to understand by it, in this place, the persons employed in preparing it.

To visit, or the steward of his swine.

Then thus, Eupithes' son, Antinoüs, spake.

Say true. When fail'd he forth? of all our youth,
Whom chose he for his followers? his own train
Of slaves and hirelings? Hath he pow'r to effect 780
This also? Tell me too, for I would learn—
Took he perforce thy fable bark away,
Or gav'st it to him at his first demand?

To whom Noïmon, Phronius' son, replied.
I gave it voluntary; what could'st thou, 785
Should such a prince petition for thy bark
In such distress? Hard were it to refuse.
Brave youths (our bravest youths except yourselves)
Attend him forth; and with them I observed
Mentor embarking, ruler o'er them all, 790
Or, if not him, a God; for such he seem'd.
But this much moves my wonder. Yester-morn
I saw, at day-break, noble Mentor here,
Whom shipp'd for Pylus I had seen before.

He ceas'd; and to his father's house return'd; 795
They, hearing, sat aghast. Their games meantime
Finish'd, the suitors on their seats repos'd,
To whom Eupithes' son, Antinoüs, next,
Much troubled spake; a black storm overcharged
His bosom, and his vivid eyes flash'd fire. 800

Ye Gods, a proud exploit is here atchieved,
This voyage of Telemachus, by us
Pronounced impracticable; yet the boy

In

In downright opposition to us all,
Hath headlong launched a ship, and, with a band 805
Selected from our bravest youth, is gone.

He soon will prove more mischievous, whose pow'r
Jove wither, ere we suffer its effects!

But give me a swift bark with twenty rowers,
That, watching his return within the streights 810
Of rocky Samos and of Ithaca,
I may surprize him; so shall he have fail'd
To seek his Sire, fatally for himself.

He ceased, and loud applause heard in reply,
With warm encouragement. Then, rising all, 815
Into Ulysses' house at once they throng'd.

Nor was Penelope left uninformed
Long time of their clandestine plottings deep,
For herald Medon told her all, whose ear
Their councils caught while in the outer-court 820
He stood, and they that project framed within.
Swift to Penelope the tale he bore,
Who as he pass'd the gate, him thus address'd.

For what cause, herald! have the suitors sent
Thee foremost? Wou'd they that my maidens lay 825
Their tasks aside, and dress the board for them?
Here end their wooing! may they hence depart
Never, and may the banquet now prepared,
This banquet prove your * last! who in such throngs

* This transition from the third to the second person belongs to the original, and is considered as a fine stroke of art in the poet, who represents Penelope in the warmth of her resentment, forgetting where she is, and addressing the suitors as if present.

Here meeting, waste the patrimony fair 830
 Of brave Telemachus; ye never, sure,
 When children, heard how gracious and how good
 Ulysses dwelt among your parents, none
 Of all his people, or in word or deed
 Injuring, as great princes oft are wont, 835
 By favour influenc'd now, now by disgust.
 He no man wrong'd at any time; but plain
 Your wicked purpose in your deeds appears,
 Who sense have none of benefits conferr'd.

Then Medon answer thus, prudent, return'd. 840
 Oh Queen! may the Gods grant this prove the worst.
 But greater far and heavier ills than this
 The suitors plan, whose counsels Jove confound!
 Their base desire and purpose are to slay
 Telemachus on his return; for he, 845
 To gather tidings of his Sire is gone
 To Pylus, or to Sparta's land divine.

He said; and where she stood, her trembling knees
 Fail'd under her, and all her spirits went.
 Speechless she long remain'd, tears fill'd her eyes, 850
 And inarticulate in its passage died.
 Her utterance, 'till at last with pain she spake.

Herald! why went my son? he hath no need.
 On board swift ships to ride, which are to man
 His steeds that bear him over seas remote. 855
 Went he, that, with himself, his very name
 Might perish from among mankind for ever?

Then

Then

Then answer, thus, Medon the wise return'd.
I know not whether him some God impell'd
Or his own heart to Pylus, there to hear 860
News of his Sire's return, or by what fate
At least he died, if he return no more.

He said, and traversing Ulysses' courts,
Departed; she, with heart-consuming woe
O'erwhelm'd, no longer could endure to take 865
Repose on any of her num'rous seats,
But on the threshold of her chamber-door
Lamenting sat, while all her female train
Around her moan'd, the antient and the young,
Whom, sobbing, thus, Penelope bespake. 870

Hear me, ye maidens! for of women born
Coeval with me, none hath e'er received
Such plenteous sorrow from the Gods as I,
Who first my noble-husband lost, endued
With courage lion-like, of all the Greeks 875
The Chief with ev'ry virtue most adorn'd,
A prince all-excellent, whose glorious praise
Through Hellas and all Argos flew diffused.
And now, my darling son,—him storms have snatch'd
Far hence inglorious, and I knew it not. 880
Ah treach'rous servants! conscious as ye were
Of his design, not one of you the thought
Conceived to wake me when he went on board.
For had but the report once reach'd my ear,
He either had not gone (how much soe'er. 885

He

He wish'd to leave me) or had left me dead.
 But haste ye,—bid my antient servant come,
 Dolion (whom when I left my father's house
 He gave me, and whose office is to attend
 My num'rous garden-plants) that he may seek
 At once Laertes, and may tell him all,
 Who may contrive some remedy, perchance,
 Or fit expedient, and shall come abroad
 To weep before the men who wish to slay
 Even the prince, godlike Ulysses' son.

890

895

Then thus the gentle Euryclea spake,
 Nurse of Telemachus. Alas! my Queen!
 Slay me, or spare, deal with me as thou wilt,
 I will confess the truth. I knew it all.
 I gave him all that he required from me,
 Both wine and bread, and, at his bidding, swore
 To tell thee nought in twelve whole days to come,
 Or 'till, enquiry made, thou should'st thyself
 Learn his departure, lest thou should'st impair
 Thy lovely features with excess of grief.
 But lave thyself, and, fresh attired, ascend
 To thy own chamber, there, with all thy train,
 To worship Pallas, who shall save, thenceforth,
 Thy son from death, what ills foe'er he meet.
 Add not fresh sorrows to the present woes
 Of the old King, for I believe not yet
 Arceias' race entirely by the Gods
 Renounced, but trust that there shall still be found

900

905

910

Among

Among them, who shall dwell in royal state,
And reap the fruits of fertile fields remote. 915

So saying, she hush'd her sorrow, and her eyes
No longer stream'd. Then, bathed and fresh attired,
Penelope ascended with her train
The upper palace, and a basket stored
With hallow'd cakes off'ring, to Pallas pray'd. 920

Hear matchless daughter of Jove ægis-arm'd !
If ever wife Ulysses offer'd here
The thighs of fatted kine or sheep to thee,
Now mindful of his piety, preserve
His darling son, and frustrate with a frown 925
The cruelty of these imperious guests !

She said, and wept aloud, whose earnest suit
Pallas received. And now the spacious hall
And gloomy passages with tumult rang
And clamour of that throng, when thus, a youth 930
Insolent as his fellows, dared to speak.

Much woo'd and long, the Queen at length prepares
* To chuse another mate, and nought suspects
The bloody death to which her son is doom'd.

So he ; but they, meantime, themselves remain'd 935
Untaught, what course the dread concern elsewhere
Had taken, whom Antinous thus address'd.

Sirs ! one and all, I counsel you, beware
Of such bold boasting unadvised ; lest one
O'erhearing you, report your words within. 940

* Mistaking, perhaps, the sound of her voice, and imagining that she sang.

Vide Barnes in loco.

No—rather thus, in silence, let us move
To an exploit so pleasant to us all.

He said, and twenty chose, the bravest there,
With whom he fought the galley on the shore,
Which drawing down into the Deep, they placed 945
The mast and sails on board, and, fitting, next,
Each oar in order to its proper groove,
Unfurl'd and spread their canvas to the gale.
Their bold attendants, then, brought them their arms,
And soon as in deep water they had moor'd 950
The ship, themselves embarking, sup'd on board,
And watch'd impatient for the dusk of eve.

But when Penelope, the palace stairs
Remounting, had her upper chamber reach'd,
There, unrefresh'd with either food or wine, 955
She lay'd her down, her noble soul the theme
Of all her thoughts, whether he should escape
His haughty foes, or perish by their hands.
Num'rous as are the lion's thoughts, who sees,
Not without fear, a multitude with toils 960
Encircling him around, such num'rous thoughts
Her bosom occupied, 'till sleep at length
Invading her, she sank in soft repose.

Then Pallas, teeming with a new design,
Set forth an airy phantom in the form 965
Of fair Iphthima, daughter of the brave
Icarius, and Eumelus' wedded wife
In Pheræ. Shaped like her the dream she sent
Into the mansion of the godlike Chief

Ulysses, with kind purpose to abate 970

The sighs and tears of sad Penelope.

Ent'ring the chamber-portal, where the bolt

Secured it, at her head the image stood,

And thus, in terms compassionate, began.

Sleep'st thou, distress'd Penelope? The Gods, 975

Happy in everlasting rest themselves,

Forbid thy sorrows. Thou shalt yet behold

Thy son again, who hath by no offence

Incurr'd at any time the wrath of heav'n.

To whom, sweet-slumb'ring in the shadowy gate 980

By which dreams pass, Penelope replied.

What cause, my sister, brings thee, who art seen

Unfrequent here, for that thou dwell'st remote?

And thou enjoin'st me a cessation too

From sorrows num'rous, and which, fretting, wear 985

My heart continual; first, my spouse I lost

With courage lion-like endow'd, a prince

All-excellent, whose never-dying praise

Through Hellas and all Argos flew diffus'd;

And now my only son; new to the toils 990

And hazards of the sea, nor less untaught.

The arts of traffic, in a ship is gone

Far hence, for whose dear cause I sorrow more

Than for his Sire himself, and even shake

With terrour, lest he perish by their hands 995

To whom he goes, or in the stormy Deep;.

For num'rous are his foes, and all intent
To slay him, ere he reach his home again.

Then answer thus the shadowy form return'd.
Take courage; suffer not excessive dread 1000
To overwhelm thee, such a guide he hath
And guardian, one whom many wish their friend,
And ever at their side, knowing her pow'r,
Minerva; she compassionates thy griefs,
And I am here, her harbinger, who speak 1005
As thou hast heard by her own kind command.

Then thus Penelope the wife replied.
Oh! if thou art a Goddess, and hast heard
A Goddess' voice, rehearse to me the lot
Of that unhappy one, if yet he live 1010
Spectator of the chearful beams of day,
Or if, already dead, he dwell below.

Whom answer'd thus the fleeting shadow vain.
I will not now inform thee if thy Lord
Live, or live not. Vain words are best unspoken. 1015

So saying, her egrefs swift beside the bolt
She made, and melted into air. Upsprang
From sleep Icarus' daughter, and her heart
Felt heal'd within her, by that dream distinct
Visited in the noiseless night serene. 1020

Meantime the suitors urged their wat'ry way,
To instant death devoting in their hearts
Telemachus. There is a rocky isle

In

In the mid fea, Samos the rude between
And Ithaca, not large, named Afteris.

1025

It hath commodious havens, into which
A passage clear opens on either side,
And there the ambush'd Greeks his coming watch'd.

A R G U M E N T

OF THE

F I F T H B O O K.

Mercury bears to Calypso a command from Jupiter that she dismiss Ulysses. She, after some remonstrances, promises obedience and furnishes him with implements and materials, with which he constructs a raft. He quits Calypso's island; is persecuted by Neptune with dreadful tempests, but by the assistance of a sea nymph, after having lost his raft, is enabled to swim to Phæacia.

B O O K V.

AURORA from beside her glorious mate
Tithonus now arose, light to dispense
Through earth and heav'n, when the assembled Gods
In council sat, o'er whom high-thund'ring Jove
Presided, mightiest of the Pow'rs above. 5
Amid them, Pallas on the num'rous woes
Descanted of Ulysses, whom she saw
With grief, still prison'd in Calypso's isle.

Jove, Father, hear me, and ye other Pow'rs
Who live for ever, hear! Be never King 10
Henceforth to gracious acts inclined, humane,
Or righteous, but let ev'ry sceptred hand

Rule

Rule merciless, and deal in wrong alone;
 Since none of all his people whom he sway'd
 With such paternal gentleness and love 15
 Remembers, now, divine Ulysses more:
 He, in your distant isle a sufferer lies
 Of hopeless sorrow, through constraint the guest
 Still of the nymph Calypso, without means
 Or pow'r to reach his native shores again, 20
 Alike of gallant barks and friends deprived,
 Who might conduct him o'er the spacious Deep.
 Nor this is all, but enemies combine
 To slay his son ere yet he can return
 From Pylus, whither he hath gone to learn 25
 There, or in Sparta, tidings of his Sire.

To whom the cloud-assembler God replied.
 What word hath pass'd thy lips, daughter lov'd?
 Hast thou not purpos'd that arriving soon
 At home, Ulysses shall destroy his foes? 30
 Guide thou, Telemachus, (for well thou canst)
 That he may reach secure his native coast,
 And that the suitors baffled may return.

He ceas'd, and thus to Hermes spake, his son.
 Hermes! (for thou art herald of our will 35
 At all times) to you bright-hair'd nymph convey
 Our fixt resolve, that brave Ulysses thence
 Depart, unaccompanied by God or man.
 Borne on a corded raft, and suffering woe
 Extreme, he on the twentieth day shall reach, 40

Not

Not sooner, Scherie the deep-foil'd, possess'd
By the Phæacians, kinsmen of the Gods.
They, as a God shall reverence the Chief,
And in a bark of theirs shall send him thence
To his own home, much treasure, brass and gold 45
And raiment giving him, to an amount
Surpassing all that, had he safe return'd,
He should by lot have shared of Ilium's spoil.
Thus Fate appoints Ulysses to regain
His country, his own palace, and his friends. 50

He ended, nor the Argicide refused,
Messenger of the skies; his sandals fair,
Ambrosial, golden, to his feet he bound,
Which o'er the moist wave, rapid as the wind,
Bear him, and o'er th' illimitable earth, 55
Then took his rod with which, at will, all eyes
He closes soft, or opes them wide again.
So arm'd, forth flew the valiant Argicide.
Alighting on Pieria, down he stoop'd
To Ocean, and the billows lightly skimm'd 60
In form a sea-mew, such as in the bays
Tremendous of the barren Deep her food
Seeking, dips oft in brine her ample wing.
In such disguise o'er many a wave he rode,
But reaching, now, that isle remote, forsook 65
The azure Deep, and at the spacious grot,
Where dwelt the amber-tressed nymph arrived,
Found her within. A fire on all the hearth

Blazed

Blazèd sprightly, and, afar-diffused, the scent
Of smooth-split cedar and of cypress-wood 70
Odorous, burning, cheer'd the happy isle.
She, busied at the loom, and plying fast
Her golden shuttle, with melodious voice
Sat chaunting there; a grove on either side,
Alder and poplar, and the redolent branch 75
Wide-spread of Cypress, skirted dark the cave.
There many a bird of broadest pinion built
Secure her nest, the owl, the kite, and daw
Long-tongued, frequenter of the sandy shores.
A garden-vine luxuriant on all sides 80
Mantled the spacious cavern, cluster-hung
Profuse; four fountains of sereneest lymph
Their sinuous course pursuing side by side,
Stray'd all around, and ev'ry where appear'd
Meadows of softest verdure, purpled o'er 85
With violets; it was a scene to fill
A God from heav'n with wonder and delight.
Hermes, Heav'n's messenger, admiring stood
That sight, and having all survey'd, at length
Enter'd the grotto; nor the lovely nymph 90
Him knew not soon as seen, for not unknown
Each to the other the Immortals are,
How far soever sep'rate their abodes.
Yet found he not within the mighty Chief
Ulysses; he sat weeping on the shore, 95
Forlorn, for there his custom was with groans

Of

Of sad regret t' afflict his breaking heart,
 Looking continual o'er the barren Deep.
 Then thus Calypso, nymph divine, the God
 Question'd, from her resplendent throne august. 100

Hermes ! possessor of the potent rod !
 Who, though by me much rev'renc'd and belov'd,
 So seldom com'st, say, wherefore comest now ?
 Speak thy desire ; I grant it, if thou ask
 Things possible, and possible to me. 105
 Stay not, but ent'ring farther, at my board
 Due rites of hospitality receive.

So saying, the Goddess with ambrosial food
 Her table cover'd, and with rosy juice
 Nectareous charged the cup. Then ate and drank 110
 The argicide and herald of the skies,
 And in his soul with that repast divine
 Refresh'd, his message to the nymph declared.

Questionest thou, a Goddess, me a God ?
 I tell thee truth, since such is thy demand. 115
 Not willing, but by Jove constrain'd, I come.
 For who would, voluntary, such a breadth
 Enormous measure of the salt expanse,
 Where city none is seen in which the Gods
 Are serv'd with chosen hecatombs and pray'r ? 120
 But no divinity may the designs
 Elude, or contravert, of Jove supreme.
 He saith, that here thou hold'st the most distress
 Of all those warriors who nine years assail'd

The

The city of Priam, and, (that city sack'd) 125
Departed in the tenth; but, going thence,
Offended Pallas, who with adverse winds
Opposed their voyage, and with boist'rous waves.
Then perish'd all his gallant friends, but him
Billows and storms drove hither; Jove commands 130
That thou dismiss him hence without delay,
For fate ordains him not to perish here
From all his friends remote, but he is doom'd
To see them yet again, and to arrive
At his own palace in his native land. 135

He said; divine Calypso at the sound
Shudder'd, and in wing'd accents thus replied.

Ye are unjust, ye Gods, and envious past
All others, grudging if a Goddess take
A mortal man openly to her arms! 140
So, when the rosy-finger'd Morning chose
Orion, though ye live yourselves at ease,
Yet ye all envied her, until the chaste
Diana from her golden throne dispatch'd
A silent shaft, which slew him in Ortygia. 145
So, when the golden-tressed Ceres, urged
By passion, took Ision to her arms
In a thrice-labour'd fallow, not untaught
Was Jove that secret long, and, hearing it,
Indignant, slew him with his candent bolt. 150
So also, O ye Gods, ye envy me
The mortal man, my consort. Him I saved

Q

Myself,

Myself, while solitary on his keel
 He rode, for with his fulph'rous arrow Jove
 Had cleft his bark amid the fable Deep. 155

Then perish'd all his gallant friends, but him
 Billows and storms drove hither, whom I lov'd
 Sincere, and fondly destin'd to a life
 Immortal, unobnoxious to decay.

But since no Deity may the designs 160

Elude or controvert of Jove supreme,
 Hence with him o'er the barren Deep, if such
 The Sov'reign's will, and such his stern command.

But undismis'd he goes by me, who ships
 Myself well-car'd and mariners have done 165

To send with him athwart the spacious flood;
 Yet freely, readily, my best advice
 I will afford him, that, escaping all
 Danger, he may regain his native shore.

Then Hermes thus, the messenger of heav'n. 170
 Act as thou say'st, fearing the frown of Jove,
 Lest, if provoked, he spare not even thee.

So saying, the dauntless Argicide withdrew,
 And she (Jove's mandate heard) all-graceful went,
 Seeking the brave Ulysses; on the shore: 175

She found him seated; tears succeeding tears
 Delug'd his eyes, while, hopeless of return,
 Life's precious hours to eating cares he gave
 Continual, with the nymph now charm'd no more.

Yet, cold as she was am'rous, still he pass'd 180

His

His nights beside her in the hollow grot,
 Constrain'd, and day by day the rocks among
 Which lined the shore heart-broken sat, and oft
 While wistfully he eyed the barren Deep,
 Wept, groan'd, desponded, sigh'd, and wept again. 185
 Then, drawing near, thus spake the nymph divine.

Unhappy! weep not here, nor life consume
 In anguish; go; thou hast my glad consent.
 Arise to labour; hewing down the trunks
 Of lofty trees, fashion them with the ax 190
 To a broad raft, which closely floor'd above,
 Shall hence convey thee o'er the gloomy Deep.
 Bread, water, and the red grape's cheering juice
 Myself will put on board, which shall preserve
 Thy life from famine; I will also give 195
 New raiment for thy limbs, and will dispatch
 Winds after thee to waft thee home unharm'd,
 If such the pleasure of the Gods who dwell
 In yonder boundless heav'n, superior far
 To me, in knowledge and in skill to judge: 200

She ceas'd; but horror at that sound the heart
 Chill'd of Ulysses, and in accents wing'd
 With wonder, thus the noble Chief replied.

Ah! other thoughts than of my safe return
 Employ thee, Goddess, now, who bid'st me pass 205
 The perilous gulph of Ocean on a raft,
 That wild expanse terrible, which even ships
 Pass not, though form'd to cleave their way with ease,

And joyful in propitious winds from Jove.
No—let me never, in despite of thee, 210
Embark on board a raft, nor 'till thou swear,
Oh Goddess! the inviolable oath,
That future mischief thou intend'st me none.

He said; Calypso, beauteous Goddess, smiled,
And, while she spake, stroaking his cheek, replied. 215

Thou dost asperse me rudely, and excuse
Of ignorance hast none, far better taught;
What words were these? How could'st thou thus reply?
Now hear me Earth, and the wide Heav'n above!
Hear, too, ye waters of the Stygian stream 220
Under the earth (by which the blessed Gods
Swear trembling, and revere the awful oath!)
That future mischief I intend thee none.

No, my designs concerning thee are such
As, in an exigence resembling thine, 225
Myself, most sure, should for myself conceive.
I have a mind more equal, not of steel
My heart is form'd, but much to pity inclined.

So saying, the lovely Goddess with swift pace
Led on, whose footsteps he as swift pursued. 230
Within the vaulted cavern they arrived,
The Goddess and the man; on the same throne
Ulysses sat, whence Hermes had aris'n,
And viands of all kinds, such as sustain
The life of mortal man, Calypso placed 235
Before him, both for bev'rage and for food.

She.

She opposite to the illustrious Chief
Reposed, by her attendant maidens served
With nectar and ambrosia. They their hands
Stretch'd forth together to the ready feast, 240
And when nor hunger more nor thirst remain'd
Unfated, thus the beauteous nymph began.

Laertes' noble son, for wisdom famed
And artifice ! oh canst thou thus resolve
To seek, incontinent, thy native shores ? 245
I pardon thee. Farewell ! but could'st thou guess
The woes which fate ordains thee to endure
Ere yet thou reach thy country, well-content
Here to inhabit, thou would'st keep my grot
And be immortal, howsoe'er thy wife 250
Engage thy ev'ry wish day after day.
Yet can I not in stature or in form
Myself suspect inferior aught to her,
Since competition cannot be between
Mere mortal beauties, and a form divine. 255

To whom Ulysses, ever-wise, replied.
Awful Divinity ! be not incensed.
I know that my Penelope in form
And stature altogether yields to thee,
For she is mortal, and immortal thou, 260
From age exempt ; yet not the less I wish
My home, and languish daily to return.
But should some God amid the sable Deep
Dash me again into a wreck, my soul

Shall

Shall bear *that* also; for, by practice taught, 265
I have learned patience, having much endured
By tempest and in battle both. Come then
This evil also! I am well prepared.

He ended, and the sun sinking, resign'd
The earth to darkness. Then in a recess 270
Interior of the cavern, side by side
Repos'd, they took their amorous delight.
But when Aurora, daughter of the dawn,
Look'd rosy forth, Ulysses then in haste
Put on his vest and mantle, and, the nymph 275
Her snowy vesture of transparent woof,
Graceful, redundant; to her waist she bound
Her golden zone, and veil'd her beauteous head,
Then, musing, plann'd the noble Chief's return.
She gave him, fitted to the grasp, an ax 280
Of iron, pond'rous, double edg'd, with haft
Of olive-wood, inserted firm, and wrought
With curious art. Then, placing in his hand
A polish'd adze, she led, herself, the way
To her isles' utmost verge, where tallest trees 285
But dry long since and sapless stood, which best
Might serve his purposes, as buoyant most,
The alder, poplar, and cloud-piercing fir.
To that tall grove she led and left him there,
Seeking her grot again. Then slept not He, 290
But, swinging with both hands the ax, his task
Soon finish'd; trees full twenty to the ground

He

He cast, which, dext'rous, with his adze he smooth'd,
 The knotted surface chipping by a line.
 Meantime the lovely Goddess to his aid 295
 Sharp augres brought, with which he bored the beams,
 Then, side by side placing them, fitted each
 To other, and with long cramps join'd them all.
 Broad as an artist, skill'd in naval works,
 The bottom of a ship of burthen spreads, 300
 Such breadth Ulysses to his raft assign'd.
 He deck'd her over with long planks, upborne
 On massy beams; He made the mast, to which
 He added suitable the yard;—he framed
 Rudder and helm to regulate her course, 305
 With wicker-work he border'd all her length
 For safety, and much ballast stow'd within.
 Meantime, Calypso brought him for a sail
 Fittest materials, which he also shaped,
 And to his sail due furniture annex'd 310
 Of cordage strong, foot-ropes and ropes aloft,
 Then heav'd her down with levers to the Deep.
 He finish'd all his work on the fourth day,
 And on the fifth, Calypso, nymph divine,
 Dismiss'd him from her isle, but lav'd him first, 315
 And cloath'd him in sweet-scented garments new.
 Two skins the Goddess also placed on board,
 One charg'd with crimson wine, and ampler one
 With water, nor a bag with food replete
 Forgot, nutritious, grateful to the taste, 320
 Nor

Nor yet, her latest gift, a gentle gale
 And manageable, which Ulysses spread,
 Exulting, all his canvas to receive.
 Beside the helm he sat, steering expert,
 Nor sleep fell ever on his eyes that watch'd 325
 Intent the Pleiads, tardy in decline
 Bootes, and the Bear, call'd else the Wain,
 Which, in his polar prison circling, looks
 Direct toward Orion, and alone
 Of these links never to the briny Deep. 330
 That star the lovely Goddess bade him hold
 Continual on his left through all his course.
 Ten days and sev'n, he, navigating, cleav'd
 The brine, and on the eighteenth day, at length,
 The shadowy mountains of Phæacia's land 335
 Descried, where nearest to his course it lay
 Like a broad buckler on the waves afloat.

But Neptune, now returning from the land
 Of Æthiopia, mark'd him on his raft
 Skimming the billows, from the mountain-tops 340
 Of distant Solyma*. With tenfold wrath
 Inflamed that sight he view'd, his brows he shook,
 And thus within himself, indignant, spake.

So then—new counsels in the skies, it seems,
 Propitious to Ulysses, have prevail'd 345
 Since Æthiopia hath been my abode.

* The Solymi were the antient inhabitants of Pisidia in Asia-Minor.

He sees Phæacia nigh, where he must leap
The bound'ry of his woes; but ere that hour
Arrive, I will ensure him many a groan.

So saying, he grasp'd his trident, gather'd dense 350
The clouds and troubled ocean; ev'ry storm
From ev'ry point he summon'd, earth and sea
Darkening, and the night fell black from heav'n.
The East, the South, the heavy-blowing West,
And the cold North-wind clear, assail'd at once 355
His raft, and heaved on high the billowy flood.
All hope, all courage, in that moment, lost,
The Hero thus within himself complain'd.

Wretch that I am, what destiny at last
Attends me! much I fear the Goddess' words 360
All true, which threaten'd me with num'rous ills
On the wide sea, ere I should reach my home.
Behold them all fulfill'd! with what a storm
Jove hangs the heav'ns, and agitates the Deep!
The winds combined beat on me. Now I sink! 365
Thrice blest, and more than thrice, Achaia's sons
At Ilium slain for the Atridæ' sake!

Ah, would to heav'n that, dying, I had felt
That day the stroke of fate, when me the dead
Achilles guarding, with a thousand spears 370
Troy's furious host assail'd! Funereal rites
I then had shared, and praise from ev'ry Greek,
Whom now the most inglorious death awaits,

R

While

While thus he spake, a billow on his head
Bursting impetuous, whirl'd the raft around, 375
And, dashing from his grasp the helm, himself
Plunged far remote. Then came a sudden gust
Of mingling winds, that in the middle snapp'd
His mast, and, hurried o'er the waves afar,
Both sail and sail-yard fell into the flood. 380
Long time submerged he lay, nor could with ease
The violence of that dread shock surmount,
Or rise to air again, so burthenfome
His drench'd apparel proved; but, at the last,
He rose, and, rising, sputter'd from his lips 385
The brine that trickled copious from his brows.
Not, harrafs'd as he was, resign'd he yet
His raft, but buffetting the waves aside
With desp'rate efforts, seized it, and again
Fast seated on the middle deck, escap'd. 390
Then roll'd the raft at random in the flood,
Wallowing unwieldy, tofs'd from wave to wave.
As when in autumn, Boreas o'er the plain
Conglomerated thorns before him drives,
They, tangled, to each other close adhere, 395
So her the winds drove wild about the Deep.
By turns the South consign'd her to be sport
For the rude North-wind, and, by turns, the East
Yielded her to the worrying West a prey.
But Cadmus' beauteous daughter (Ino once, 400
Now named Leucothea) saw him; mortal erst

Was

Was she, and trod the earth *, but nymph become
Of Ocean since, in honours shares divine.

She mark'd his anguish, and, while tofs'd he roam'd,
Pitied Ulysses; from the flood, in form

405

A cormorant, she flew, and on the raft
Close-corded perching, thus the Chief address'd.

Alas ! unhappy ! how hast thou incensed
So terribly the Shaker of the shores,

That he pursues thee with such num'rous ills ?

410

Sink thee he cannot, with it as he may.

Thus do (for I account thee not unwise).

Thy garments putting off, let drive thy raft

As the winds will, then, swimming, strive to reach
Phæacia, where thy doom is to escape.

415

Take this. This ribbon bind beneath thy breast,

Celestial texture. Thenceforth ev'ry fear

Of 'death dismiss, and, laying once thy hands

On the firm continent, unbind the zone,

Which thou shalt cast far distant from the shore

420

Into the Deep, turning thy face away.

So saying, the Goddess gave into his hand

The wond'rous zone, and, cormorant in form,

Plunging herself into the waves again

Headlong, was hidden by the closing flood.

425

But still Ulysses sat perplex'd, and thus

The toil-enduring Hero reason'd sad.

* The Translator finding himself free to chuse between *αὐνίσσα* and *ἰδνίσσα*, has preferred the latter.

Alas ! I tremble lest some God design
 T' ensnare me yet, bidding me quit the raft.
 But let me well beware how I obey 430
 Too soon that precept, for I saw the land
 Of my foretold deliverance far remote.
 Thus, therefore, will I do, for such appears
 My wiser course. So long as yet the planks
 Mutual adhere, continuing on board 435
 My raft, I will endure whatever woes,
 But when the waves shall shatter it, I will swim,
 My sole resource then left. While thus he mused,
 Neptune a billow of enormous bulk
 Hollow'd into an overwhelming arch 440
 On high up-heaving, smote him. As the wind
 Tempestuous, falling on some stubble-heap,
 The arid straws dissipates ev'ry way,
 So flew the timbers. He, a single beam
 Bestriding, oar'd it onward with his feet, 445
 As he had urged an horse. His raiment, then,
 Gift of Calypso, putting off, he bound
 His girdle on, and prone into the sea
 With wide-spread palms prepar'd for swimming, fell.
 Shore-shaker Neptune noted him; he shook 450
 His awful brows, and in his heart he said,
 Thus, suffering many mis'ries roam the flood,
 Till thou shalt mingle with a race of men
 Heav'n's special favourites; yet even there
 Fear not that thou shalt feel thy sorrows light. 455

He

He said, and scourging his bright steeds, arrived
At *Ægæ*, where his glorious palace stands.

But other thoughts *Minerva's* mind employ'd
Jove's daughter; ev'ry wind binding beside,
She hush'd them, and enjoin'd them all to sleep, 460
But roused swift *Boreas*, and the billows broke
Before *Ulysses*, that, deliver'd safe
From a dire death, the noble Chief might mix
With maritime *Phæacia's* sons renown'd.

Two nights he wander'd, and two days, the flood 465
Tempestuous, death expecting ev'ry hour;
But when *Aurora*, radiant-hair'd, had brought
The third day to a close, then ceas'd the wind,
And breathless came a calm; he, nigh at hand
The shore beheld, darting acute his sight; 470
Toward it, from a billow's tow'ring top.

Precious as to his children seems the life
Of some fond father through disease long-time
And pain stretch'd languid on his couch, the prey
Of some vindictive Pow'r, but now, at last, 475
By gracious heav'n to ease and health restored,
So grateful to *Ulysses'* fight appear'd
Forests and hills. Impatient with his feet
To press the shore, he swam; but when within
Such distance as a shout may fly, he came, 480
The thunder of the sea against the rocks
Then smote his ear; for hoarse the billows roard.
On the firm land, belch'd horrible abroad,

And

And the salt spray dimm'd all things to his view.
 For neither port for ships nor sheltering cove 485
 Was there, but the rude coast a headland bluff
 Presented, rocks and craggy masses huge.
 Then, hope and strength exhausted both, deep-groan'd
 The Chief, and in his noble heart complain'd.

Alas! though Jove hath given me to behold, 490
 Unhoped, the land again, and I have pass'd,
 Furrowing my way, these num'rous waves, there seems
 No egress from the hoary flood for me.
 Sharp stones hem in the waters; wild the surge
 Raves ev'rywhere; and smooth the rocks arise; 495
 Deep also is the shore, on which my feet
 No standing gain, or chance of safe escape.
 What if some billow catch me from the Deep
 Emerging, and against the pointed rocks
 Dash me conflicting with its force in vain? 500
 But should I, swimming, trace the coast in search
 Of sloping beach, haven or shelter'd creek,
 I fear lest, groaning, I be snatch'd again
 By stormy gusts into the fishy Deep,
 Or lest some monster of the flood receive 505
 Command to seize me, of the many such
 By the illustrious Amphitrite bred;
 For that the mighty Shaker of the shores
 Hates me implacable; too well I know.

While such discourse within himself he held, 510
 A huge wave heav'd him on the rugged coast,

Where

Where flay'd his flesh had been, and all his bones
Broken together, but for the infused
Good counsel of Minerva azure-eyed.

With both hands suddenly he seized the rock, 515
And, groaning, clench'd it 'till the billow pass'd.
So baffled he that wave; but yet again
The reflux flood rush'd on him, and with force
Resistless dash'd him far into the sea.

As pebbles to the hollow polypus 520
Extracted from his stony bed, adhere,
So he, the rough rocks clasping, stripp'd his hands
Raw, and the billows now whelm'd him again.

Then had the hapless Hero premature
Perish'd, but for sagacity inspired 525
By Pallas azure-eyed. Forth from the waves
Emerging, where the surf burst on the rocks,
He coasted (looking landward as he swam)

The shore, with hope of port or level beach.
But when, still swimming, to the mouth he came 530
Of a smooth-sliding river, there he deem'd
Safest th' ascent, for it was undeform'd
By rocks, and shelter'd close from ev'ry wind.
He felt the current, and thus, ardent, pray'd.

Oh hear, whate'er thy name, Sov'reign, who rushest 535
This river! at whose mouth, from all the threats
Of Neptune 'scap'd, with rapture I arrive.
Even the Immortal Gods the wand'rer's pray'r
Respect, and such am I, who reach, at length,

Thy

Thy stream, and clasp thy knees, after long toil. 540
I am thy suppliant. Oh King! pity me.

He said; the river God at once repress'd
His current, and it ceas'd; smooth he prepared
The way before Ulysses, and the land
Vouchsafed him easy at his channel's mouth. 545

There, once again he bent for ease his limbs
Both arms and knees, in conflict with the floods
Exhausted; swollen his body was all o'er,
And from his mouth and nostrils stream'd the brine.
Breathless and speechless, and of life well nigh 550
Bereft he lay, through dreadful toil immense.

But when, revived, his dissipated pow'rs
He recollected, loosing from beneath
His breast the zone divine, he cast it far
Into the brackish stream, and a huge wave 555
Returning bore it downward to the sea,
Where Ino caught it. Then, the river's brink
Abandoning, among the rushes prone
He lay, kiss'd oft the soil, and sighing, said,

Ah me! what sufferings must I now sustain, 560
What doom, at last, awaits me? If I watch
This woeful night, here, at the river's side,
What hope but that the frost and copious dews,
Weak as I am, my remnant small of life
Shall quite extinguish, and the chilly air 565
Breath'd from the river at the dawn of day?
But if, ascending, this declivity

I gain the woods, and in some think of sleep,
 (If sleep indeed can find me o'ertoid,
 And cold-benumb'd) then I have cause to fear
 Left I be torn by wild beasts, and devour'd.

Long time he mused, but, at the last, his course
 Bent to the woods, which not remote he saw
 From the sea-brink, conspicuous on a hill.
 Arrived, between two neighbour shrubs he crept, 575
 Both olives, this the fruitful, that the wild;
 A covert, which nor rough winds blowing moist
 Could penetrate, nor could the noon-day sun
 Smite through it, or unceasing show'rs pervade,
 So thick a roof the ample branches form'd 580
 Close interwoven; under these the Chief
 Retiring, with industrious hands a bed
 Collected broad of leaves, which there he found
 Abundant strew'd, such store as had sufficed
 Two travellers or three for cov'ring warm, 585
 Though winter's roughest blasts had rag'd the while.
 That bed with joy the suff'ring Chief renown'd
 Contemplated, and occupying soon
 The middle space, hillock'd it high with leaves.
 As when some swain hath hidden deep his torch 590
 Beneath the embers, at the verge extreme
 Of all his farm, where, having neighbours none,
 He saves a feed or two of future flame
 Alive, doom'd else to fetch it from afar,

S

So

So with dry leaves Ulysses overspread
His body, on whose eyes Minerva pour'd
The balm of sleep copious, that he might taste
Repose again, after long toil severe.

595

ARGU-

A R G U M E N T

O F T H E

S I X T H B O O K.

Minerva designing an interview between the daughter of Alcinoüs and Ulyſſes, admoniſhes her in a dream to carry down her cloaths to the river, that ſhe may waſh them, and make them ready for her approaching nuptials. That taſk performed, the Princeſs and her train amuſe themſelves with play; by accident they awake Ulyſſes; he comes forth from the wood, and applies himſelf with much addreſs to Nauficæa, who compaſſionating his diſtreſſed condition, and being much affected by the dignity of his appearance, intereſts herſelf in his favor, and conducts him to the city.

B O O K VI.

THERE then the noble ſuff'rer lay, by ſleep
 Oppreſs'd and labour; meantime, Pallas fought
 The populous city of Phæacia's ſons.
 They, in old time, in Hypereia dwelt
 The ſpacious, neighbours of a giant race
 The haughty Cyclops, who, endued with pow'r
 Superior, troubled them with frequent wrongs.
 Godlike Naufithoüs then aroſe, who thence
 To Scheria led them, from all nations verſed
 In arts of cultivated life, remote;

5

10

S 2

With

With bulwarks strong their city he enclosed,
Built houses for them, temples to the Gods,
And gave to each a portion of the soil.

But he, already by decree of fate

Had journey'd to the shades, and in his stead 15
Alcinous, by the Gods instructed, reign'd.

To his abode Minerva azure-eyed

Repair'd, neglecting nought which might advance
Magnanimous Ulysses' safe return.

She sought the sumptuous chamber where, in form 20

And feature perfect as the Gods, the young

Nausicaa, daughter of the King, repos'd.

Fast by the pillars of the portal lay

Two damsels, one on either side, adorn'd

By all the Graces, and the doors were shut. 25

Soft as a breathing air, she stole toward

The royal virgin's couch, and at her head

Standing, address'd her. Daughter she appear'd

Of Dymas, famed for maritime exploits,

Her friend and her coeval; so disguised 30

Cærulean-eyed Minerva thus began.

Nausicaa! wherefore hath thy mother borne

A child so negligent? Thy garments share,

Thy most magnificent, no thought of thine.

Yet thou must marry soon, and must provide 35

Robes for thyself, and for thy nuptial train.

Thy fame, on these concerns, and honour stand;

These managed well, thy parents shall rejoice.

The

The dawn appearing, let us to the place
Of washing, where thy work-mate I will be 40
For speedier riddance of thy task, since soon
The days of thy virginity shall end;
For thou art woo'd already by the prime
Of all Phæacia, country of thy birth.
Come then—solicit at the dawn of day 45
Thy royal father, that he send thee forth
With mules and carriage for conveyance hence
Of thy best robes, thy mantles and thy zones.
Thus, more commodiously thou shalt perform
The journey, for the cisterns lie remote. 50

So saying, Minerva, Goddess azure-eyed,
Rose to Olympus, the reputed seat
Eternal of the Gods, which never storms
Disturb, rains drench, or snow invades, but calm
The expanse and cloudless shines with purest day. 55
There the inhabitants divine rejoice
For ever, and (her admonition giv'n)
Cærulean-eyed Minerva thither flew.

Now came Aurora bright-enthroned, whose rays
Awaken'd fair Nausicaa; she her dream 60
Remember'd wond'ring, and her parents sought
Anxious to tell them. Them she found within.
Beside the hearth her royal mother sat,
Spinning soft fleeces with sea-purple dyed.
Among her menial maidens, but she met 65
Her father, whom the Nobles of the land

Had

Had summon'd, issuing abroad to join
The illustrious Chiefs in council. At his side
She stood, and thus her filial suit preferr'd.

* Sir! wilt thou lend me of the royal wains 70
A sumpter-carriage? for I wish to bear
My costly cloaths but sullied and unfit
For use, at present, to the river-side.
It is but seemly that thou should'st repair
Thyself to consultation with the Chiefs 75
Of all Phæacia, clad in pure attire;
And my own brothers five, who dwell at home,
Two wedded, and the rest of age to wed,
Are all desirous, when they dance, to wear
Raiment new bleach'd; all which is my concern. 80

So spake Nauficaa; for she dared not name
Her own glad nuptials to her father's ear,
Who, conscious yet of all her drift, replied.

I grudge thee neither mules, my child, nor aught 85
That thou canst ask beside. Go, and my train
Shall furnish thee a sumpter-carriage forth
High-built, strong-wheel'd, and of capacious size.

So saying, he issued his command, whom quick
His grooms obey'd. They in the court prepared
The sumpter-carriage, and adjoin'd the mules. 90
And now the virgin from her chamber, charged

* In the Original, she calls him, pappa! a more natural stile of address, and more endearing. But antient as this appellative is, it is also so familiar in modern use, that the Translator feared to hazard it.

With

With raiment, came, which on the car she placed,
And in the carriage-chest, meantime, the Queen,
Her mother, viands of all kinds disposed,
And fill'd a skin with wine. Nausicaa rose 95
Into her seat; but, ere she went, received
A golden cruse of oil from the Queen's hand
For unction of herself and of her maids.
Then, seizing scourge and reins, she lash'd the mules.
They trampled loud the soil, straining to draw 100
Herself with all her vesture; nor alone
She went, but follow'd by her virgin train.
At the delightful rivulet arrived
Where those perennial cisterns were prepared
With purest chrystal of the fountain fed 105
Profuse, sufficient for the deepest stains,
Loosing the mules, they drove them forth to browse
On the sweet herb beside the dimpled flood.
The carriage, next, light'ning, they bore in hand
The garments down to the unfullied wave, 110
And thrust them heap'd into the pools, their task
Dispatching brisk, and with an emulous haste.
When they had all purified, and no spot
Could now be seen or blemish more, they spread
The raiment orderly along the beach 115
Where dashing tides had cleansed the pebbles most,
And laving, next, and smoothing o'er with oil
Their limbs, all seated on the river's bank,
They took repast, leaving the garments, stretch'd

In

In noon-day fervour of the sun, to dry
 Their hunger satisfied, at once arose
 The mistress and her train, and putting off
 Their head-attire, play'd wanton with the ball,
 The princess singing to her maids the while.
 Such as shaft-arm'd Diana roams the hills,
 Taygetus sky-capt, or Erymanth,
 The wild boar chasing, or fleet-footed hind,
 All joy; the rural nymphs, daughters of Jove,
 Sport with her, and Latona's heart exults;
 She high her graceful head above the rest
 And features lifts divine, though all be fair,
 With ease distinguishable from them all;
 So, all her train, she, virgin pure, surpass'd.

But when the hour of her departure thence
 Approach'd (the mules now yoked again, and all
 Her elegant apparel folded neat)
 Minerva azure-eyed mused how to wake
 Ulysses, that he might behold the fair
 Virgin, his destin'd guide into the town.
 The Princess, then, casting the ball toward
 A maiden of her train, erroneous threw
 And plunged it deep into the dimpling stream.
 All shriek'd; Ulysses at the sound awoke,
 And, sitting, meditated thus the cause.

Ah me! what mortal race inhabit here?
 Rude are they, contumacious and unjust?
 Or hospitable, and who fear the Gods?

So

So shrill the cry and feminine of nymphs
 Fills all the air around, such as frequent
 The hills, clear fountains, and herbaceous meads. 150
 Is this a neighbourhood of men endued
 With voice articulate? But what avails
 To ask? I will myself go forth and see.

So saying, divine Ulysses from beneath
 His thicket crept, and from the leafy wood 155
 A spreading branch pluck'd forcibly, design'd
 A decent skreen effectual, held before.
 So forth he went, as goes the lion forth,
 The mountain-lion, conscious of his strength,
 Whom winds have vex'd and rains; fire fills his eyes,
 And whether herds or flocks, or woodland deer 161
 He find, he rends them, and, adust for blood,
 Abstains not even from the guarded fold,
 Such sure to seem in virgin eyes, the Chief,
 All naked as he was, left his retreat, 165
 Reluctant, by necessity constrain'd.
 Him foul with sea-foam horror-struck they view'd,
 And o'er the jutting shores fled all dispersed.

Nausicaa alone fled not; for her
 Pallas courageous made, and from her limbs, 170
 By pow'r divine, all tremour took away.
 Firm she expected him; he doubtful stood,
 Or to implore the lovely maid, her knees
 Embracing, or, aloof standing, to ask
 In gentle terms discrete the gift of cloaths, 175

T

And

And guidance to the city where she dwelt.
Him so deliberating, most, at length,
This counsel pleas'd; in suppliant terms aloof
To sue to her, lest if he clasp'd her knees,
The virgin should that bolder course resent. 180
Then gentle, thus, and well-advised he spake.

Oh Queen! thy earnest suppliant I approach.
Art thou some Goddess, or of mortal race?
For if some Goddess, and from heaven arrived,
Diana, then, daughter of mighty Jove 185
I deem thee most, for such as hers appear
Thy form, thy stature, and thy air divine.
But, if, of mortal race, thou dwell below,
Thrice happy then, thy parents I account,
And happy thrice thy brethren. Ah! the joy 190
Which always, for thy sake, their bosoms fills,
When thee they view, all lovely as thou art,
Ent'ring majestic on the graceful dance.
But him beyond all others blest I deem,
The youth, who, wealthier than his rich compeers, 195
Shall win and lead thee to his honour'd home.
For never with these eyes a mortal form
Beheld I comparable aught to thine,
In man or woman. Wonder-rapt I gaze.
Such erst, in Delos, I beheld a palm 200
Beside the altar of Apollo, tall,
And growing still; (for thither too I sail'd,
And num'rous were my followers in a voyage

Ordain'd

Ordain'd my ruin) and as then I view'd
 That palm long time amazed, for never grew 205
 So strait a shaft, so lovely from the ground,
 So, Princess! thee with wonder I behold,
 Charm'd into fixt astonishment, by awe
 Alone forbidden to embrace thy knees,
 For I am one on whom much woe hath fall'n. 210
 Yesterday I escaped (the twentieth day
 Of my distress by sea) the dreary Deep;
 For, all those days, the waves and rapid storms
 Bore me along, impetuous, from the isle
 Ogygia; 'till at length the will of heav'n 215
 Cast me, that I might also here sustain
 Affliction, on your shore; for rest, I think,
 Is not for me. No. The immortal Gods
 Have much to accomplish ere that day arrive.
 But, oh Queen, pity me! who after long 220
 Calamities endured, of all who live
 Thee first approach, nor mortal know beside
 Of the inhabitants of all the land.
 Shew me your city; give me, although coarse,
 Some cov'ring (if coarse cov'ring *thou* canst give) 225
 And may the Gods thy largest wishes grant,
 House, husband, concord! for of all the gifts
 Of heav'n, more precious none I deem, than peace
 'Twixt wedded pair, and union undissolved;
 Envy torments their enemies, but joy 230
 Fills ev'ry virtuous breast, and most their own.

To whom Nauficæa the fair replied.
Since, stranger! neither base by birth thou seem'st,
Nor unintelligent, (but Jove, the King
Olympian, gives to good and bad alike 235
Prosperity according to his will,
And grief to thee, which thou must patient bear)
Now, therefore, at our land and city arrived,
Nor garment thou shalt want, nor aught beside
Due to a suppliant guest like thee forlorn. 240
I will both show thee where our city stands,
And who dwell here. Phæacia's sons possess
This land; but I am daughter of their King
The brave Alcinoüs, on whose sway depends
For strength and wealth the whole Phæacian race. 245

She said, and to her beauteous maidens gave
Instant commandment—My attendants, stay!
Why flee ye thus, and whither, from the sight
Of a mere mortal? Seems he in your eyes
Some enemy of ours? The heart beats not, 250
Nor shall it beat hereafter, which shall come
An enemy to the Phæacian shores,
So dear to the immortal Gods are we.
Remote, amid the billowy Deep, we hold
Our dwelling, utmost of all human-kind, 255
And free from mixture with a foreign race:
This man, a miserable wand'rer comes,
Whom we are bound to cherish, for the poor
And stranger are from Jove, and trivial gifts

To

To such are welcome. Bring ye therefore food 260
And wine, my maidens, for the guest's regale,
And lave him where the stream is shelter'd most.

She spake; they stood, and by each other's words
Encouraged, placed Ulysses where the bank
O'erhung the stream, as fair Nauficæa bade, 265
Daughter of King Alcinoüs the renown'd.
Apparel also at his side they spread,
Mantle and vest, and, next, the limpid oil
Presenting to him in the golden cruse,
Exhorted him to bathe in the clear stream. 270
Ulysses then the maidens thus bespake.

Ye maidens, stand apart, that I may cleanse,
Myself, my shoulders from the briny surf,
And give them oil which they have wanted long:
But in your presence I bathe not, ashamed 275
To show myself uncloath'd to female eyes.

He said; they went, and to Nauficæa told
His answer; then the Hero in the stream
His shoulders laved, and loins incrust'd rough
With the salt spray, and with his hands the scum 280
Of the wild ocean from his locks express'd.
Thus wash'd all over, and refresh'd with oil,
He put the garments on, Nauficæa's gift:
Then Pallas, progeny of Jove, his form
Dilated more, and from his head diffused 285
His curling locks like hyacinthine flowers.
As when some artist, by Minerva made

And:

And Vulcan wife to execute all tasks
 Ingenious, binding with a golden verge
 Bright silver, finishes a graceful work, 290
 Such grace the Goddess o'er his ample chest
 Copious diffused, and o'er his manly brows.
 Retiring, on the beach he sat, with grace
 And dignity illumed, where, viewing him,
 The virgin Princess, with amazement mark'd 295
 His beauty, and her damsels thus bespake.

My white-arm'd maidens, listen to my voice !
 Not hated, sure, by all above, this man
 Among Phæacia's godlike sons arrives.
 At first I deem'd him of plebeian sort 300
 Dishonourable, but he now assumes
 A near resemblance to the Gods above.
 Ah ! would to heav'n it were my lot to call
 Husband, some native of our land like him
 Accomplish'd, and content to inhabit here ! 305
 Give him, my maidens, food, and give him wine.

She ended ; they, obedient to her will,
 Both wine and food, dispatchful, placed, and, glad,
 Before Ulysses ; he rapacious ate,
 Toil-suffring Chief, and drank, for he had lived 310
 From taste of aliment long time estranged.

On other thoughts meantime intent, her charge
 Of folded vestments neat the Princess placed
 Within the royal wain, then yoked the mules,
 And to her seat herself ascending, call'd 315
 Ulysses

Ulysses to depart, and thus she spake.

Up, stranger! seek the city. I will lead
Thy steps toward my royal Father's house,
Where all Phæacia's Nobles thou shalt see.
But thou (for I account thee not unwise) 320

This course pursue. While through the fields we pass,
And labours of the rural hind, so long
With my attendants follow fast the mules
And sumpter-carriage. I will be thy guide:

But, once the summit gain'd, on which is built 325
Our city with proud bulwarks fenced around,

And laved on both sides by its pleasant port
Of narrow entrance, where our gallant barks
Line all the road, each station'd in her place,
And where, adjoining close the splendid fane 330

Of Neptune, stands the forum with huge stones
From quarries thither drawn, constructed strong,
In which the rigging of their barks they keep
Sail-cloth and cordage, and make smooth their oars;
(For bow and quiver the Phæacian race 335

Heed not, but masts and oars, and ships well-poised,
With which exulting they divide the flood):

Then, cautious, I would shun their bitter taunts
Disgustful, lest they mock me as I pass;

For of the meaner people some are coarse 340
In the extreme, and it may chance that one,

The basest there, seeing us shall exclaim—
What handsome stranger of athletic form.

Attends

Attends the Princess? Where had she the chance
 To find him? We shall see them wedded soon. 345
 Either she hath received some vagrant guest
 From distant lands; (for no land neighbours ours).
 Or by her pray'rs incessant won, some God
 Hath left the heav'ns to be for ever hers.
 'Tis well if she have found, by her own search, 350
 An husband for herself, since she accounts
 The Nobles of Phæacia, who her hand
 Solicit num'rous, worthy to be scorn'd—
 Thus will they speak, injurious: I should blame
 A virgin guilty of such conduct much, 355
 Myself, who reckless of her parents will,
 Should so familiar with a man consort,
 Ere celebration of her spousal rites.
 But mark me, stranger! following my advice,
 Thou shalt the sooner at my father's hands 360
 Obtain safe conduct and conveyance home.
 Sacred to Pallas a delightful grove
 Of poplars skirts the road, which we shall reach
 Ere long; within that grove a fountain flows,
 And meads encircle it; my father's farm 365
 Is there, and his luxuriant garden-plot;
 A shout might reach it from the city-walls.
 There wait, 'till in the town arrived, we gain
 My father's palace, and when reason bids.
 Suppose us there, then entering thou the town, 370
 Ask where Alcinoüs dwells, my valiant Sire:

Well

Well known is his abode, so that with ease,
 A child might lead thee to it, for in nought
 The other houses of our land the house
 Resemble, in which dwells the Hera, King.
 Alcinoüs. Once within the court received
 Pause not, but, with swift pace advancing, seek
 My mother: she beside a column sits
 In the hearth's blaze, twirling her fleecy threads
 Tinged with sea-purple, bright, magnificent;
 With all her maidens orderly behind.
 There also stands my father's throne, on which
 Seated, he drinks and banquets like a God.
 Pass that; then suppliant clasp my mother's knees,
 So shalt thou quickly win a glad return
 To thy own home, however far remote.
 Her favour, once, and her kind aid secured,
 Thenceforth thou may'st expect thy friends to see,
 Thy dwelling, and thy native soil again.

So saying, she with her splendid scourge the mules
 Lash'd onward. They (the stream soon left behind)
 With even footsteps graceful smote the ground;
 But so she ruled them, managing with art
 The scourge, as not to leave afar, although
 Following on foot, Ulysses and her train.
 The sun had now declined, when in that grove
 Renown'd, to Pallas sacred, they arrived,
 In which Ulysses sat, and fervent thus
 Sued to the daughter of Jove ægis-arm'd.

U

Daughter

Daughter invincible of Jove supreme! 400
 Oh, hear me! Hear me now, because when erst
 The mighty Shaker of the shores incensed
 Toss'd me from wave to wave, thou heard'st me not.
 Grant me, among Phæacia's sons, to find
 Benevolence and pity of my woes! 405

He spake, whose pray'r well-pleas'd the Goddess heard,
 But, rev'rencing the * brother of her fire,
 Appear'd not to Ulysses yet, whom he
 Pursued with fury to his native shores.

* Neptune.

ARGUMENT

A R G U M E N T

S E V E N T H B O O K.

Nausicaa returns from the river, whom Ulysses follows. He halts, by her direction, at a small distance from the palace, which at a convenient time he enters. He is well received by Alcinoüs and his Queen; and having related to them the manner of his being cast on the shore of Scheria, and received from Alcinoüs the promise of safe conduct home, retires to rest.

22

Ulysses is received by Alcinoüs and his Queen.

BOOK VII.

Ulysses is received by Alcinoüs and his Queen.

SUCH was Ulysses, toil-worn Chief renowned,
To Pallas made; meantime the virgin, drawn
By her stout mules, Phœnicia's city reach'd,
And, at her father's house, arrived, the car
Stay'd in the vestibule; her brothers five,
All godlike youths, assembling quick around;
Released the mules, and bore the raiment in.
Meantime, to her own chamber she return'd,
Where, soon as she arriv'd, an ancient dame
Eurymedusa, by peculiar charge
Attendant on that service, kindled fire.
Sea-rovers her had from Epirus brought

11

U 2

Long

Long since, and to Alcinoüs she had fall'n
By public gift, for that he ruled, supreme,
Phæacia, and as oft as he harangued
The multitude, was rev'renced as a God.

15

She waited on the fair Nauficæa, she
Her fuel kindled, and her food prepared.

And now Ulysses from his seat arose

To seek the city, around whom, his guard

20

Benevolent, Minerva, cast a cloud,

Left, haply, some Phæacian should presume

T'insult the Chief, and question whence he came,

But ere he enter'd yet the pleasant town,

Minerva azure-eyed met him, in form

25

A blooming maid, bearing her pitcher forth.

She stood before him, and the noble Chief

Ulysses, of the Goddess thus enquired.

Daughter dost thou direct me to the house

30

Of brave Alcinoüs, whom this land obeys?

For I have here arrived, after long toil,

And from a country far remote, I quest

To all who in Phæacia dwell, unknown.

To whom the Goddess of the azure eyes

The mansion of thy search, stranger, reveals;

35

Myself will show thee; for not distant dwells

Alcinoüs from my father's rown abode

But hush! be silent—I will lead the way;

Mark no man; question no man; for the sight

Of strangers is unusual here, and cold

40

The

The welcome by this people shown to such.
They, trusting in swift ships, by the free grant
Of Neptune traverse his wide waters, borne
As if on wings, or with the speed of thought.

So spake the Goddess, and with nimble pace 45
Led on, whose footsteps he, as quick, pursued.
But still the seaman-throng through whom he pass'd
Perceiv'd him not; Minerva, Goddess dread,
That fight forbidding them, whose eyes she dimm'd
With darkness shed miraculous around 50

Her fav'rite Chief. Ulysses, wond'ring, mark'd
Their port, their ships, their forum, the resort
Of Heroes, and their battlements sublime
Fenced with sharp stakes around, a glorious show;
But when the King's august abode he reach'd, 55
Minerva azure-eyed, then, thus began.

My father! thou behold'st the house to which
Thou bad'st me lead, then; Thou shalt find our Chiefs
And high-born Princes banquetting within.

But enter fearing-nought, for boldest men 60
Speed ever best, come whencesoe'er they may.

First thou shalt find the Queen, known by her name
Areta; lineal in descent from those

Who gave Alcinoüs birth, her royal spouse.

Neptune begat Naufithoüs, at the first, 65

On Peribæa, loveliest of her sex;

Latest-born daughter of Eurymedon,

Heroic King of the proud giant race,

But

Who, losing all his impious people, shared
 The same dread fate himself. Her Neptune lov'd, 70
 To whom she bore a son, the mighty prince
 Naufithous; in his day King of the land.
 Naufithous himself two sons begat,
 Rhexenor and Alcinoüs. Phoebus flew
 Rhexenor at his home, a bridegroom yet, 75
 Who, father of no son, one daughter left,
 Areta, wedded to Alcinoüs now,
 And whom the Sov'reign in such honour holds,
 As woman none enjoys of all on earth
 Existing, subjects of an husband's power. 80
 Like veneration she from all receives
 Unfeign'd, from her own children, from himself
 Alcinoüs, and from all Phæacia's race,
 Who, gazing on her as she were divine,
 Shout when she moves in progress through the town. 85
 For she no wisdom wants, but sits, herself,
 Arbitress of such contests as arise
 Between her fav'rites, and decides aright.
 Her count'nance once and her kind aid secured,
 Thou may'st thenceforth expect thy friends to see, 90
 Thy dwelling, and thy native soil again.

So Pallas spake, Goddess cerulean-eyed,
 And, o'er the untillable and barren Deep
 Departing, Scheria left, land of delight,
 Whence reaching Marathon, and Athens next, 95
 She pass'd into Erechtheus' fair abode.

Ulysses,

Ulysses, then, toward the palace moved
 Of King Alcinoüs, but immersed in thought
 Stood, first, and paused, ere with his foot he press'd
 The brazen threshold; for a light he saw 100
 As of the sun or moon illuming clear
 The palace of Phæacia's mighty King.
 Walls plated bright with brass, on either side
 Stretch'd from the portal to th' interior house,
 With azure cornice crown'd; the doors were gold 105
 Which shut the palace fast; silver the posts
 Rear'd on a brazen threshold, and above,
 The lintels, silver, architraved with gold.
 Mastiffs, in gold and silver, lined the approach
 On either side, by art celestial framed 110
 Of Vulcan, guardians of Alcinoüs gate
 For ever, unobnoxious to decay.
 Sheer from the threshold to the inner house
 Fixt thrones the walls, through all their length, adorn'd,
 With mantles overspread of subtlest warp 115
 Transparent, work of many a female hand.
 On these the princes of Phæacia sat,
 Holding perpetual feasts, while golden youths
 On all the sumptuous altars stood, their hands
 With burning torches charg'd, which, night by night,
 Shed radiance over all the festive throng. 121
 Full fifty female menials serv'd the King
 In household offices; the rapid mills
 These turning, pulverize the mellow'd grain,
 120
 Those,

Those, seated orderly, the purple fleece . . . 125
 Wind off, or ply the loom, restless as leaves
 Of lofty poplars fluttering in the breeze;
 * Bright as with oil the new-wrought texture shone.
 Far as Phæacian mariners all else
 Surpass, the swift ship urging through the floods, 130
 So far in tissue-work the women pass
 All others, by Minerva's self endow'd
 With richest fancy and superior skill.
 Without the court, and to the gates adjoin'd
 A spacious garden lay, fenced all around. 135
 Secure, four acres measuring complete.
 There grew luxuriant many a lofty tree,
 Pomegranate, pear, the apple blushing bright,
 The honied fig, and unctuous olive smooth.
 Those fruits, nor winter's cold nor summer's heat 140
 Fear ever, fail not, wither not, but hang
 Perennial, while unceasing zephyr breathes
 Gently on all, enlarging these, and those
 Maturing genial; in an endless course
 Pears after pears to full dimensions swell, 145
 Figs follow figs, grapes clustering grow again
 Where clusters grew, and (ev'ry apple stript)
 The boughs soon tempt the gath'rer as before.

* Καίρεσίων δ' ὀθενίων ἀπολείβεται ὕγρον ἔλαιον.

Pope has given no translation of this line in the text of his work, but has translated it in a note. It is variously interpreted by commentators; the sense which is here given of it is that recommended by Eustathius.

There

There too, well-rooted, and of fruit profuse,
His vineyard grows; part, wide-extended, basks 150
In the sun's beams; the arid level glows;
In part they gather, and in part they tread
The wine-press, while, before the eye, the grapes
Here put their blossom forth, there, gather fast
Their blackness. On the garden's verge extreme 155
Flow'rs of all hues smile all the year, arranged
With neatest art judicious, and amid
The lovely scene two fountains welling forth,
One visits, into ev'ry part diffused,
The garden-ground, the other soft beneath 160
The threshold steals into the palace-court,
Whence ev'ry citizen his vase supplies.

Such were the ample blessings on the house
Of King Alcinoüs by the Gods bestow'd.

Ulysses wond'ring stood, and when, at length, 165
Silent he had the whole fair scene admired,
With rapid step enter'd the royal gate.
The Chiefs he found and Senators within
Libation pouring to the vigilant spy
Mercurius, whom with wine they worshipp'd last 170
Of all the Gods, and at the hour of rest.
Ulysses, toil-worn Hero, through the house
Pass'd undelaying, by Minerva thick
With darkness circumfus'd, 'till he arrived
Where King Alcinoüs and Areta sat. 175
Around Areta's knees his arms he cast,

And, in that moment, broken clear away
The cloud all went, shed on him from above.
Dumb sat the guests, seeing the unknown Chief,
And wond'ring gazed. He thus his suit preferr'd. 180

Areta, daughter of the Godlike Prince
Rhexenor! suppliant at thy knees I fall,
Thy royal spouse imploring, and thyself,
(After ten thousand toils) and these your guests,
To whom heav'n grant felicity, and to leave 185
Their treasures to their babes, with all the rights
And honours, by the people's suffrage, theirs!
But oh vouchsafe me, who have wanted long
And ardent wish'd my home, without delay
Safe conduct to my native shores again! 190

Such suit he made, and in the ashes sat
At the hearth-side; they mute long time remain'd,
Till, at the last, the antient Hero spake
Echeneus, eldest of Phæacia's sons,
With eloquence beyond the rest endow'd, 195
Rich in traditionary lore, and wise
In all, who thus, benevolent, began.

Not honourable to thyself, O King!
Is such a sight, a stranger on the ground
At the hearth-side seated, and in the dust. 200
Meantime, thy guests, expecting thy command,
Move not; thou therefore raising by his hand
The stranger, lead him to a throne, and bid
The heralds mingle wine, that we may pour

To

To thunder-bearing Jove, the suppliant's friend.

205

Then let the cat'refs for thy gueſt produce

Supply, a ſupper from the laſt regale.

Soon as thoſe words Alcinoüs heard, the King,

Upraiſing by his hand the prudent Chief

Ulyſſes from the hearth, he made him fit

210

On a bright throne, diſplacing for his ſake

Laodamas his ſon, the virtuous youth

Who ſat beſide him, and whom moſt he lov'd.

And now, a maiden charg'd with golden ew'r

And with an argent laver, pouring, firſt,

215

Pure water on his hands, ſupply'd him, next,

With a reſplendent table, which the chaſte

Directreſs of the ſtores furniſh'd with bread

And dainties, remnants of the laſt regale.

Then ate the Hero toil-intured, and drank,

220

And to his herald thus Alcinoüs ſpoke.

Pontonoüs ! mingling wine, bear it around

To ev'ry gueſt in turn, that we may pour

To thunder-bearer Jove, the ſtranger's friend,

And guardian of the ſuppliant's ſacred rights.

225

He ſaid ; Pontonoüs, as he bade, the wine

Mingled delicious, and the cups diſpenſed

With diſtribution regular to all.

When each had made libation, and had drunk

Sufficient, then, Alcinoüs thus began.

230

Phæacian Chiefs and Senators, I ſpeak

The dictates of my mind, therefore attend !

Ye all have feasted—To your homes and sleep.

We will assemble at the dawn of day.

More senior Chiefs, that we may entertain 235

The stranger here, and to the Gods perform

Due sacrifice; the convoy that he asks

Shall next engage our thoughts, that free from pain

And from vexation, by our friendly aid

He may revisit, joyful and with speed, 240

His native shore, however far remote.

No inconvenience let him feel or harm,

Ere his arrival; but, arrived, thenceforth

He must endure whatever lot the Fates

Spun for him in the moment of his birth. 245

But should he prove some Deity from heav'n

Descended, then the Immortals have in view

Designs not yet apparent; for the Gods

Have ever from of old reveal'd themselves

At our solemnities, have on our seats 250

Sat with us evident, and shared the feast;

And even if a single traveller

Of the Phæacians meet them, all reserve

They lay aside; for with the Gods we boast

As near affinity as do themselves 255

* The Cyclops, or the Giant race profane.

* The Scholiast explains the passage thus—We resemble the Gods in righteousness as much as the Cyclops and Giants resembled each other in impiety. But in this sense of it there is something intricate and contrary to Homer's manner. We have seen that they derived themselves from Neptune, which sufficiently justifies the above interpretation.

To

To whom Ulysses, ever-wise, replied.
 Alcinoüs! think not so. Resemblance none
 In figure or in lineaments I bear
 To the immortal tenants of the skies, 260
 But to the sons of earth; if ye have known
 A man afflicted with a weight of woe
 Peculiar, let me be with him compared;
 Woes even passing his could I relate,
 And all inflicted on me by the Gods. 265
 But let me eat, comfortless as I am,
 Uninterrupted; for no call is loud
 As that of hunger in the ears of man;
 Importunate, unreas'nable, it constrains
 His notice, more than all his woes beside, 270
 So, I much sorrow feel, yet not the less
 Hear I the blatant appetite demand
 Due sustenance, and with a voice that drowns
 E'en all my sufferings, 'till itself be fill'd.
 But expedite ye at the dawn of day 275
 My safe return into my native land,
 After much mis'ry; and let life itself
 Forfake me, may I but once more behold
 All that is mine, in my own lofty abode,

He spake, whom all applauded, and advised, 280
 Unanimous, the guest's conveyance home,
 Who had so fitly spoken. When, at length,
 All had libation made, and were sufficed,
 Departing to his house, each sought repose.

But

But still Ulysses in the hall remain'd, 285
 Where, godlike King, Alcinoüs at his side
 Sat, and Areta; the attendants clear'd
 Meantime the board, and thus the Queen white-arm'd,
 (Marking the vest and mantle which he wore,
 And which her maidens and herself had made) 290
 In accents wing'd with eager haste began.

Stranger! the first enquiry shall be mine;
 Who art, and whence? From whom receiv'dst thou these?
 Saidst not—I came a wand'rer o'er the Deep?

To whom Ulysses, ever-wise, replied. 295
 Oh Queen! the task were difficult to unfold
 In all its length the story of my woes,
 For I have num'rous from the Gods receiv'd;
 But I will answer thee as best I may.
 There is a certain isle, Ogygia, placed 300
 Far distant in the Deep; there dwells, by man
 Alike unvisited, and by the Gods,
 Calypso, beauteous nymph, but deeply skill'd
 In artifice, and terrible in power,
 Daughter of Atlas. Me alone my fate 305
 Her miserable inmate made, when Jove
 Had riv'n asunder with his radiant bolt
 My bark in the mid-sea. There perish'd all
 The valiant partners of my toils, and I
 My vessel's keel embracing day and night. 310
 With folded arms, nine days was borne along.
 But on the tenth dark night, as pleas'd the Gods,

They

They drove me to Ogygia, where resides
Calypso, beauteous nymph, dreadful in pow'r;
She rescued, cherish'd, fed me, and her wish 315
Was to confer on me immortal life,
Exempt for ever from the sap of age.
But me her offer'd boon sway'd not. Sev'n years
I there abode continual, with my tears
Bedewing ceaseless my ambrosial robes, 320
Calypso's gift divine; but when, at length,
(Sev'n years elaps'd) the circling eighth arrived,
She then, herself, my quick departure thence
Advised, by Jove's own mandate overaw'd,
Which even her had influenced to a change. 325
On a well-corded raft she sent me forth
With num'rous presents; bread she put and wine
On board, and cloath'd me in immortal robes;
She sent before me also a fair wind
Fresh-blowing, but not dang'rous. Sev'nteen days 330
I sail'd the flood continual, and descried,
On the eighteenth, your shadowy mountains tall,
When my exulting heart sprang at the sight,
All wretched as I was, and still ordain'd
To strive with difficulties many and hard 335
From adverse Neptune; he the stormy winds
Exciting opposite, my wat'ry way
Impeded, and the waves heav'd to a bulk
Immeasurable, such as robb'd me soon
Deep-groaning, of the raft, my only hope; 340
For

For her the tempest scatter'd, and myself
This ocean measured swimming, 'till the winds
And mighty waters cast me on your shore.
Me there emerging, the huge waves had dash'd
Full on the land, where, incontinuous moat, 345
The shore presented only roughest rocks,
But, leaving it, I swam the Deep again,
'Till now, at last, a river's gentle stream
Receiv'd me, by no rocks deform'd, and where
No violent winds the shelter'd bank annoy'd. 350
I flung myself on shore, exhausted, weak,
Needing repose; ambrosial night came on,
When from the Jove-descended stream withdrawn,
I in a thicket lay'd me down on leaves
Which I had heap'd together, and the Gods 355
O'erwhelm'd my eye-lids with a flood of sleep.
There under wither'd leaves, forlorn, I slept
All the long night, the morning and the noon,
But balmy sleep, at the decline of day,
Broke from me; then, your daughter's train I heard 360
Sporting, with whom she also sported, fair
And graceful as the Gods. To her I kneel'd.
She, following the dictates of a mind
Ingenuous, pass'd in her behaviour all
Which even ye could from an age like hers
Have hoped; for youth is ever indiscrete. 366
She gave me plenteous food, with richest wine
Refresh'd my spirit, taught me where to bathe,

And

And cloath'd me as thou seest; thus, though a prey
To many sorrows, I have told thee truth. 370

To whom Alcinoüs answer thus return'd.
My daughter's conduct, I perceive, hath been
In this erroneous, that she led thee not
Hither, at once, with her attendant train,
For thy first suit was to herself alone. 375

Thus then Ulysses, wary Chief, replied.
Blame not, O Hero, for so slight a cause
Thy faultless child; she bade me follow them,
But I refused, by fear and awe restrain'd,
Lest thou should'st feel displeasure at that sight 380
Thyself; for we are all, in ev'ry clime;
Suspicious, and to worst constructions prone.

So spake Ulysses, to whom thus the King.
I bear not, stranger! in my breast an heart
Causeless irascible; for at all times 385
A temp'rate equanimity is best.

And oh, I would to heav'n, that, being such
As now thou art, and of one mind with me,
Thou would'st accept my daughter, would'st become
My son-in-law, and dwell contented here! 390

House would I give thee, and possessions too,
Were such thy choice; else, if thou chuse it not,
No man in all Phæacia shall by force
Detain thee. Jupiter himself forbid!

For proof, I will appoint thee convoy hence 395
To-morrow; and while thou by sleep subdued

Y.

Shalt

Shalt on thy bed repose, they with their oars

Shall brush the placid flood, 'till thou arrive

At home, or at what place soe'er thou would'st,

Though far more distant than Euboea lies, 400

Remotest isle from us, by the report

Of ours, who saw it when they thither bore

Golden-hair'd Rhadamanthus o'er the Deep,

To visit earth-born Tityus. To that isle

They went; they reach'd it, and they brought him thence

Back to Phæacia, in one day, with ease. 406

Thou also shalt be taught what ships I boast

Unmatch'd in swiftness, and how far my crews

Excell, upturning with their oars the brine.

He ceas'd; Ulysses toil-inur'd his words 410

Exulting heard, and, praying, thus replied.

Eternal Father! may the King perform

His whole kind promise! grant him in all lands

A never-dying name, and grant to me

To visit safe my native shores again! 415

Thus they conferr'd; and now Arete bade

Her fair attendants dress a fleecy couch

Under the portico, with purple rugs

Resplendent, and with arras spread beneath,

And over all with cloaks of shaggy pile. 420

Forth went the maidens, bearing each a torch,

And, as she bade, prepared in haste a couch

Of depth commodious, then, returning, gave

Ulysses welcome summons to repose.

Stranger!

Stranger! thy couch is spread. Hence to thy rest.
 So they—Thrice grateful to his soul the thought 426
 Seem'd of repose. There slept Ulysses, then,
 On his carv'd couch, beneath the portico,
 But in the inner-house Alcinoüs found
 His place of rest, and hers with royal state 430
 Prepared, the Queen his consort, at his side.

Y. 3

ARGU-

A R G U M E N T

OF THE

E I G H T H B O O K.

The Phæacians consult on the subject of Ulysses. Preparation is made for his departure. Antinoüs entertains them at his table. Games follow the entertainment. Demodocus the bard, sings, first the loves of Mars and Venus, then the introduction of the wooden horse into Troy. Ulysses, much affected by his song, is questioned by Alcinoüs, whence, and who he is, and what is the cause of his sorrow.

B O O K V I I I.

BUT when Aurora, daughter of the dawn,
Blush'd in the East, then from his bed arose
The sacred might of the Phæacian King.
Then uprose also, city-waster Chief,
Ulysses, whom the King Alcinoüs
Led forth to council at the ships convened.
There, side by side, on polish'd stones they sat
Frequent; meantime, Minerva in the form
Of King Alcinoüs' herald ranged the town,
With purpose to accelerate the return
Of brave Ulysses to his native home,

5

10

And

And thus to ev'ry Chief the Goddess spake.

Phæacian Chiefs and Senators, away !

Haste all to council on the stranger held,

Who hath of late beneath Alcinoüs' roof

15

Our King arrived, a wand'rer o'er the Deep,

But, in his form, majestic as a God.

So saying, she roused the people, and at once

The seats of all the senate-court were fill'd

With fast-assembling throngs, no few of whom

20

Had mark'd Ulysses with admiring eyes.

Then, Pallas o'er his head and shoulders broad

Diffusing grace celestial, his whole form

Dilated, and to statelier height advanced,

That worthier of all rev'rence he might seem

25

To the Phæacians, and might many a feat

Atchieve, with which they should assay his force.

When, therefore, the assembly now was full,

Alcinoüs, them addressing, thus began.

Phæacian Chiefs and Senators ! I speak

30

The dictates of my mind, therefore attend.

This guest, unknown to me, hath, wand'ring, found

My palace, either from the East arrived,

Or from some nation on our western side.

Safe conduct home he asks, and our consent

35

Here wishes ratified, whose quick return

Be it our part, as usual, to promote ;

For at no time the stranger, from what coast

Soe'er, who hath resorted to our doors,

Hath

Hath long complain'd of his detention here. 40
Haste—draw ye down into the sacred Deep
A vessel of prime speed, and, from among
The people, fifty and two youths select,
Approved the best; then, lashing fast the oars,
Leave her, that at my palace ye may make 45
Short feast, for which myself will all provide.
Thus I enjoin the crew; but as for those
Of sceptred rank, I bid them all alike
To my own board, that here we may regale
The stranger nobly, and let none refuse. 50
Call, too, Demodocus, the bard divine,
To share my banquet, whom the Gods have blest
With pow'rs of song delectable, unmatch'd
By any, when his genius once is fired.
He ceas'd, and led the way, whom follow'd all 55
The sceptred senators, while to the house
An herald hasted of the bard divine.
Then, fifty mariners and two, from all
The rest selected, to the coast repair'd,
And, from her station on the sea-bank, launched 60
The galley down into the sacred Deep.
They placed the canvas and the mast on board,
Arranged the oars, unfurl'd the shining sail,
And, leaving her in depth of water moor'd,
All fought the palace of Alcinoüs. 65
There, soon, the portico, the court, the hall
Were fill'd with multitudes of young and old,

For

For whose regale the mighty monarch flew
 Two beeves, twelve sheep, and twice four fatted brawns.
 They flay'd them first, then busily their task 70
 Administ'ring, prepared the joyous feast.
 And now the herald came, leading with care
 The tuneful bard; dear to the muse was he,
 Who yet appointed him both good and ill;
 Took from him sight, but gave him strains divine. 75
 For him, Pontonoüs in the midst disposed
 An argent-studded throne, thrusting it close
 To a tall column, where he hung his lyre
 Above his head, and taught him where it hung.
 He set before him, next, a polish'd board 80
 And basket, and a goblet fill'd with wine
 For his own use, and at his own command.
 Then, all assail'd at once the ready feast,
 And when nor hunger more nor thirst they felt,
 Then came the muse, and roused the bard to sing 85
 Exploits of men renown'd; it was a song,
 In that day, to the highest heav'n extoll'd.
 He sang of a dispute kindled between
 The son of Peleus, and Laertes'* son,
 Both feated at a feast held to the Gods. 90
 That contest Agamemnon, King of men,

* Agamemnon having inquired at Delphos, at what time the Trojan war should end, was answered, that the conclusion of it should happen at a time when a dispute should arise between two of his principal commanders. That dispute occurred at the time here alluded to, Achilles recommending force as most likely to reduce the city, and Ulysses stratagem.

Between

Between the noblest of Achaia's host
 Hearing, rejoiced; for when in Pytho erst
 He pass'd the marble threshold to consult
 The oracle of Apollo, such dispute
 The voice divine had to his ear announced;
 For then it was that, first, the storm of war
 Came rolling on, ordain'd long time to afflict
 Troy and the Grecians, by the will of Jove.

95

So sang the bard illustrious; then his robe
 Of purple dye with both hands o'er his head
 Ulysses drew, behind its ample folds
 Veiling his face, through fear to be observed
 By the Phæacians weeping at the song;
 And ever as the bard harmonious ceased,
 He wiped his tears, and, drawing from his brows
 The mantle, pour'd libation to the Gods.
 But when the Chiefs (for they delighted heard
 Those sounds) solicited again the bard,
 And he renew'd the strain, then cov'ring close
 His count'nance, as before, Ulysses wept.
 Thus, unperceiv'd by all, the Hero mourn'd,
 Save by Alcinous; he alone his tears,
 (Beside him seated) mark'd, and his deep sighs
 O'erhearing, the Phæacians thus bespake.

100

105

110

115

Phæacia's Chiefs and Senators, attend!
 We have regaled sufficient, and the harp
 Heard to satiety, companion sweet
 And seasonable of the festive hour.

Now

Now go we forth for honourable proof 120
 Of our address in games of ev'ry kind,
 That this our guest may to his friends report,
 At home arriv'd, that none like us have learn'd
 To leap, to box, to wrestle, and to run.

So saying, he led them forth, whose steps the guests
 All follow'd, and the herald hanging high 126
 The sprightly lyre, took by his hand the bard
 Demodocus, whom he the self-same way
 Conducted forth, by which the Chiefs had gone
 Themselves, for that great spectacle prepared. 130
 They fought the forum; countless swarm'd the throng
 Behind them as they went, and many a youth
 Strong and courageous to the strife arose.
 Upstood Acroneus and Ocyalus,
 Elatreus, Nauteus, Prymneus, after whom 135
 Anchialus with Anabeesineus
 Arose, Eretmeus, Ponteus, Proreus bold,
 Amphialus and Thöon. Then arose,
 In aspect dread as homicidal Mars,
 Euryalus, and for his graceful form 140
 (After Laodamas) distinguish'd most
 Of all Phæacia's sons, Naubolides.
 Three also from Alcinoüs sprung, arose,
 Laodamas, his eldest; Halius, next,
 His second-born; and godlike Clytoneus. 145
 Of these, some started for the runner's prize.

Z

They

* They gave the race its limits. All at once
 Along the dusty champaign swift they flew.
 But Clytoneus, illustrious youth, outstripp'd
 All competition ; far as mules surpass 150
 Slow oxen furrowing the fallow ground,
 So far before all others he arrived
 Victorious, where the throng'd spectators stood.
 Some tried the wrestler's toil severe, in which
 Euryalus superior proved to all. 155
 In the long leap Amphialus prevail'd ;
 Elatreus most successful hurl'd the quoit,
 And at the † cestus, last, the noble son
 Of Scheria's King, Laodamas excell'd.
 When thus with contemplation of the games 160
 All had been gratified, Alcinoüs' son
 Laodamas, arising, them address'd.

Friends ! ask we now the stranger, if he boast
 Proficiency in aught. His figure seems
 Not ill ; in thighs, and legs, and arms he shews 165
 Much strength, and in his brawny neck ; nor youth
 Hath left him yet, though batter'd he appears
 With num'rous troubles, and misfortune-flaw'd.
 Nor know I hardships in the world so sure
 To break the strongest down, as those by sea. 170

* Τοῖσι δ' ἀπο δούσης τετατο δρῶμας—This expression is by the commentators generally understood to be significant of the effort which they made at starting, but it is not improbable that it relates merely to the measurement of the course, otherwise, *καταλίμωσι ἐπείτατο*—will be tautologous.

† In boxing.

Then

Then answer thus Euryalus return'd.
Thou hast well said, Laodamas; thyself
Approaching, speak to him, and call him forth.

Which when Alcinous' noble offspring heard,
Advancing from his seat, amid them all 175
He stood, and to Ulysses thus began.

Stand forth, oh guest, thou also; prove thy skill
(If any such thou boast) in games like ours,
Which, likeliest, thou hast learn'd; for greater praise
Hath no man, while he lives, than that he know 180
His feet to exercise and hands aright.

Come, then; make trial; scatter wide thy cares;
We will not hold thee long; the ship is launch'd
Already, and the crew stand all prepared.

To whom replied the wily Chief renown'd. 185
Wherefore, as in derision, have ye call'd
Me forth, Laodamas, to these exploits?
No games have I, but many a grief, at heart,
And with far other struggles worn, here sit
Desirous only of conveyance home, 190
For which both King and people I implore.

Then him Euryalus aloud reproach'd.
I well believ'd it, friend! in thee the guise
I see not of a man expert in feats
Athletic, of which various are perform'd 195
In ev'ry land; thou rather seem'st with ships
Familiar; one, accustom'd to controul
Some crew of trading mariners; well-learn'd

In stowage, pilotage, and wealth acquired
By rapine, but of no gymnastic pow'rs. 200

To whom Ulysses, frowning dark, replied.
Thou hast ill spoken, sir, and like a man
Regardless whom he wrongs. Therefore the Gods
Give not endowments graceful in each kind,
Of body, mind, and utt'rance, all to one. 205

This man in figure less excels, yet Jove
Crowns him with eloquence; his hearers charm'd
Behold him, while with modest confidence
He bears the prize of fluent speech from all,
And in the streets is gazed on as a God! 210

Another, in his form the Pow'rs above
Resembles, but no grace around his words
Twines itself elegant. So, thou in form
Hast excellence to boast; a God, employ'd
To make a master-piece in human shape, 215

Could but produce proportions just as thine;
Yet hast thou an untutor'd intellect.
Thou much hast moved me; thy unhandsome phrase
Hath roused my wrath; I am not, as thou say'st,
A novice in these sports, but took the lead 220

In all, while youth and strength were on my side.
But I am now in bands of sorrow held,
And of misfortune, having much endured
In war, and buffetting the boist'rous waves.
Yet, though with mis'ry worn, I will essay 225

My strength among you; for thy words had teeth
Whose

Whose bite hath pinch'd and pain'd me to the proof.

He said; and mantled as he was, a quoit
Upstarting, seized; in bulk and weight all those
Transcending far, by the Phæacians used. 230

Swiftly he swung, and from his vig'rous hand
Sent it. Loud sang the stone, and as it flew
The maritime Phæacians low inclined
Their heads beneath it; over all the marks,
And far beyond them, sped the flying rock. 235

Minerva in a human form, the cast
Prodigious measur'd, and aloud exclaim'd.

Stranger! the blind himself might with his hands
Feel out the 'vantage here. Thy quoit disdains
Fellowship with a crowd; borne far beyond. 240
Fear not a losing game; Phæacian none
Will reach thy measure, much less overcast.

She ceased; Ulysses, hardy Chief, rejoiced
That in the circus he had found a judge
So favorable, and with brisker tone, 245
As less in wrath, the multitude address'd.

Young men reach this, and I will quickly heave
Another such, or yet a heavier quoit.
Then, come the man whose courage prompts him forth
To box, to wrestle with me, or to run; 250
For ye have chafed me much, and I decline.
No strife with any here, but challenge all
Phæacia, save Laodamas alone.
He is mine host. Who combats with his friend?

To

To call to proof of hardiment the man 255
Who entertains him in a foreign land,
Would but evince the challenger a fool,
Who, so, should cripple his own interest there.
As for the rest, I none refuse, scorn none,
But wish for trial of you, and to match 260
In opposition fair my force with yours.
There is no game athletic in the use
Of all mankind, too difficult for me;
I handle well the polish'd bow, and first
Amid a thousand foes strike whom I mark, 265
Although a throng of warriors at my side
Imbattled, speed their shafts at the same time.
Of all Achaia's sons who erst at Troy
Drew bow, the sole who bore the prize from me
Was Philoctetes; I resign it else 270
To none now nourish'd with the fruits of earth.
Yet mean I no comparison of myself
With men of antient times, with Hercules,
Or with Oechalian Eurytus, who, both,
The Gods themselves in archery defied. 275
Soon, therefore, died huge Eurytus, ere yet
Old age he reach'd; him, angry to be call'd
To proof of archership, Apollo slew.
But if ye name the spear, mine flies a length
By no man's arrow reach'd; I fear no foil 280
From the Phæacians, save in speed alone;
For I have suffer'd hardships, dash'd and drench'd

By

By many a wave, nor had I food on board
At all times, therefore am I much unstrung,

He spake, and silent the Phæacians sat,
Of whom alone Alcinoüs thus replied.

285

Since, stranger, not ungraceful is thy speech,
Who hast but vindicated in our ears

Thy question'd prowess, angry that this youth
Reproach'd thee in the presence of us all,

290

That no man qualified to give his voice
In public, might affront thy courage more;
Now mark me, therefore, that in time to come,
While feasting with thy children and thy spouse,
Thou may'st inform the Heroes of thy land
Even of our proficiency in arts

295

By Jove enjoin'd us in our father's days.

We boast not much the boxer's skill, nor yet
The wrestler's; but light-footed in the race
Are we, and navigators well-inform'd.

300

Our pleasures are the feast, the harp, the dance,
Garments for change; the tepid bath; the bed.

Come, ye Phæacians, beyond others skill'd
To tread the circus with harmonious steps,

Come, play before us; that our guest, arrived
In his own country, may inform his friends.

305

How far in seamanship we all excell,

In running, in the dance, and in the song.

Haste! bring ye to Demodocus his lyre

Clear-toned, left somewhere in our hall at home.

310

So

So spake the godlike King, at whose command
 The herald to the palace quick return'd
 To seek the charming lyre. Meantime arose
 Nine arbiters, appointed to intend
 The whole arrangement of the public games, 315
 To smoothe the circus-floor, and give the ring
 Its compass, widening the attentive throng.
 Ere long the herald came, bearing the harp,
 With which Demodocus supplied, advanced
 Into the middle area, around whom 320
 Stood blooming youths, all skilful in the dance.
 With footsteps justly timed all smote at once
 The sacred floor; Ulysses wonder-fixt,
 The ceaseless play of twinkling* feet admired.
 Then, tuning his sweet chords, Demodocus 325
 A jocund strain began, his theme, the loves
 Of Mars and Cytherea chaplet-crown'd;
 How first, clandestine, they embraced beneath
 The roof of Vulcan; her, by many a gift
 Seduced, Mars won, and with adult'rous lust 330
 The bed dishonour'd of the King of fire.
 The sun, a witness of their amorous sport,
 Bore swift the tale to Vulcan; he, apprized
 Of that foul deed, at once his smithy sought,

* The Translator is indebted to Mr. Grey for an epithet more expressive of the original (*Μαρμαρυγας*) than any other, perhaps, in all our language. See the Ode on the Progress of Poetry.

"To brisk notes in cadence beating,

"Glance their *many-twinkling* feet."

In secret darkness of his inmost soul
 Contriving vengeance; to the stock he heav'd
 His anvil huge, on which he forged a snare
 Of bands indissoluble, by no art
 To be untied, durance for ever firm.
 The net prepared, he bore it, fiery-wroth,
 To his own chamber and his nuptial couch,
 Where, stretching them from post to post, he wrapp'd
 With those fine meshes all his bed around,
 And hung them num'rous from the roof, diffused
 Like spiders' filaments, which not the Gods
 Themselves could see, so subtle were the toils.
 When thus he had encircled all his bed
 On ev'ry side, he feign'd a journey thence
 To Lemnos, of all cities that adorn
 The earth, the city that he favours most.
 Nor kept the God of the resplendent reins
 Mars, drowsy watch, but seeing that the famed
 Artificer of heav'n had left his home,
 Flew to the house of Vulcan, hot to enjoy
 The Goddess with the wreath-encircled brows.
 She, newly from her potent Sire return'd
 The son of Saturn, late Mars, entering, seiz'd
 Her hand, hung on it; and thus urg'd his suit.
 To bed, my fair, and let us love! for lo!
 Thine husband is from home, to Lemnos gone,
 And to the Sintians, men of barb'rous speech.

He

He spake, nor she was loth, but bedward too
 Like him inclined; so then, to bed they went,
 And as they lay'd them down, down stream'd the net
 Around them, labour exquisite of hands 365
 By ingenuity divine inform'd.
 Small room they found, so prison'd; not a limb
 Could either lift, or move, but felt at once
 Entanglement from which was no escape.
 And now the glorious artist, ere he yet 370
 Had reach'd the Lemnian isle, limping, return'd
 From his feign'd journey, for his spy the sun
 Had told him all. With aching heart he sought
 His home, and, standing in the vestibule,
 Frantic with indignation roard to heav'n, 375
 And roard again, summoning all the Gods.—
 Oh Jove! and all ye Powers for ever blest!
 Here; hither look, that ye may view a sight
 Ludicrous, yet too monstrous to be borne,
 How Venus always with dishonour loads 380
 Her cripple spouse, doating on fiery Mars!
 And wherefore? for that he is fair in form
 And sound of foot, I ricket-boned and weak.
 Whose fault is this? Their fault, and theirs alone
 Who gave me being; ill-employ'd were they 385
 Begetting me, one, better far unborn.
 See where they couch together on my bed
 Lascivious! ah, sight hateful to my eyes!
 Yet cooler wishes will they feel, I ween,

To

To press my bed hereafter; here to sleep: 390

Will little please them, fondly as they love.

But these my toils and tangles will suffice.

To hold them here, 'till Jove shall yield me back

Complete, the sum of all my nuptial gifts

Paid to him for the shameless strumpet's sake 395

His daughter; as incontinent as fair.

He said, and in the brazen-floor'd abode

Of Jove the Gods assembled. Neptune came

Earth-circling Pow'r; came Hermes friend of man,

And, regent of the far-commanding bow, 400

Apollo also came; but chaste reserve

Bashful kept all the Goddesses at home.

The Gods, by whose beneficence all live,

Stood in the portal; infinite arose

The laugh of heav'n, all looking down intent 405

On that shrewd project of the smith divine,

And, turning to each other, thus they said.

Bad works speed ill. The slow o'ertakes the swift.

So Vulcan, tardy as he is, by craft

Hath outfripped Mars, although the fleetest far 410

Of all who dwell in heav'n, and the light-heel'd

Must pay the adult'rer's forfeit to the lame.

So spake the Pow'rs immortal; then the King

Of radiant shafts thus question'd Mercury.

Jove's son, heaven's herald, Hermes, bounteous God!

Would'st thou such stricture close of bands endure 415

For golden Venus lying at thy side?

Whom answer'd thus the messenger of heav'n.
 Archer divine! yea, and with all my heart;
 And be the bands which wind us round about 420
 Thrice these, innumerable, and let all
 The Gods and Goddesses in heav'n look on,
 So I may clasp Vulcan's fair spouse, the while.

He spake; then laugh'd the Immortal pow'rs again.
 But not so Neptune; he, with earnest suit. 425
 The glorious artist urged to the release
 Of Mars, and thus in accents wing'd he said.

Loose him; accept my promise; he shall pay
 Full recompense in presence of us all.

Then thus the limping smith far-famed replied: 430
 Earth-circler Neptune, spare me that request.

* Lame suitor, lame security. What bands
 Could I devise for thee among the Gods,
 Should Mars, emancipated once, escape,
 Leaving both debt and durance far behind? 435

Him answer'd then the Shaker of the shores:
 I tell thee, Vulcan, that if Mars by flight
 Shun payment, I will pay, myself, the fine.

To whom the glorious artist of the skies.
 Thou must not, canst not, shalt not be refused. 440

* The original line has received such a variety of interpretations, that a Translator seems free to chuse. It has, however, a proverbial turn, which I have endeavoured to preserve, and have adopted that sense of the words which appears best to accord with what immediately follows. Vulcan pleads his own inability to enforce the demand, as a circumstance that made Neptune's promise unacceptable.

So

So saying, the might of Vulcan loos'd the snare,
And they, detain'd by those coercive bands
No longer, from the couch upstarting, flew,
Mars into Thrace, and to her Paphian home
The Queen of smiles, where deep in myrtle groves 445
Her incense-breathing altar stands embow'r'd.
Her there, the Graces laved, and oils diffused
O'er all her form, ambrosial, such as add
Fresh beauty to the Gods for ever young,
And cloath'd her in the loveliest robes of heav'n. 450

Such was the theme of the illustrious bard.
Ulysses with delight that song, and all
The maritime Phæacian concourse heard.

Alcinoüs, then, (for in the dance they pass'd
All others) call'd his sons to dance alone, 455
Halius and Laodamas; they gave
The purple ball into their hands, the work
Exact of Polybus; one, re-supine,
Upcast it high toward the dusky clouds,
The other, springing into air, with ease 460
Received it, ere he sank to earth again.
When thus they oft had sported with the ball
Thrown upward, next, with nimble interchange
They pass'd it to each other many a time,
Footing the plain, while ev'ry youth of all 465
The circus clapp'd his hands, and from beneath
The din of stamping feet fill'd all the air.

Then,

Then, turning to Alcinoüs, thus the wise
 Ulysses spake. Alcinoüs! mighty King!
 Illustrious above all Phæacia's sons! 470

Incomparable are ye in the dance,
 Ey'n as thou said'st. Amazement-fixt I stand!

So he, whom hearing, the imperial might
 Exulted of Alcinoüs, and aloud
 To his oar-skill'd Phæacians thus he spake. 475

Phæacian Chiefs and Senators, attend!
 Wisdom beyond the common stint I mark
 In this our guest; good cause in my account,
 For which we should present him with a pledge
 Of hospitality and love. The Chiefs 480

Are twelve, who, highest in command, controul
 The people, and the thirteenth Chief am I.
 Bring each a golden talent, with a vest
 Well-bleach'd, and tunic; gratified with these,
 The stranger to our banquet shall repair 485
 Exulting; bring them all without delay;
 And let Euryalus by word and gift

Appease him, for his speech was unadvised.
 He ceas'd, whom all applauded, and at once
 Each sent his herald forth to bring the gifts, 490
 When thus Euryalus his Sire address'd.

Alcinoüs! o'er Phæacia's sons supreme!
 I will appease our guest, as thou command'st:
 This sword shall be his own, the blade all steel,
 The hilt of silver, and the unfullied sheath 495
 Of

Of iv'ry recent from the carver's hand,
A gift like this he shall not need despise.

So saying, his silver-studded sword he gave
Into his grasp, and, courteous, thus began.

Hail, honour'd stranger! and if word of mine 500
Have harm'd thee, rashly spoken, let the winds
Bear all remembrance of it swift away!

May the Gods give thee to behold again
Thy wife, and to attain thy native shore,
Whence absent long, thou hast so much endured! 505

To whom Ulysses, ever-wise, replied.
Hail also thou, and may the Gods, my friend,
Grant thee felicity, and may never want
Of this thy sword touch thee in time to come,
By whose kind phrase appeas'd my wrath subsides! 510

He ended, and athwart his shoulders threw.
The weapon bright-emboss'd. Now sank the fun,
And those rich gifts arrived, which to the house
Of King Alcinoüs the heralds bore.

Alcinoüs' sons receiv'd them, and beside 515
Their royal mother placed the precious charge.
The King then led the way, at whose abode
Arrived, again they press'd their lofty thrones,
And to Areta thus the monarch spake.

Haste, bring a coffer; bring thy best, and store 520
A mantle and a sumptuous vest within;
Warm for him, next, a brazen bath, by which
Refresh'd, and viewing in fair order placed

The

The noble gifts by the Phæacian Lords
Conferr'd on him, he may the more enjoy 525
Our banquet, and the bard's harmonious song.

I give him also this my golden cup
Splendid, elaborate; that, while he lives,
What time he pours libation forth to Jove
And all the Gods, he may remember me. 530

He ended, at whose words Areta bade
Her maidens with dispatch place o'er the fire
A tripod ample-womb'd; obedient they
Advanced a laver to the glowing hearth,
Water infused, and kindled wood beneath. 535

The flames encircling bright the bellied vase,
Warm'd soon the flood within. Meantime, the Queen
Producing from her chamber-stores a chest
All-elegant, within it placed the gold
And raiment, gifts of the Phæacian Chiefs, 540
With her own gifts, the mantle and the vest,
And in wing'd accents to Ulysses said.

Now take, thyself, the coffer's lid in charge;
Girdle it quickly with a cord, lest loss
Be fall thee on thy way, while thou perchance 545
Shalt sleep secure on board the fable bark.

Which when Ulysses heard, Hero renown'd,
Adjusting close the lid, he cast a cord
Around it, which with many a mazy knot
He tied, by Circe taught him long before. 550
And now, the mistress of the household charge

Summon'd

Summon'd him to his bath; glad he beheld
The steaming vase, uncustom'd to its use
E'er since his voyage from the isle of fair
Calypso, although, while a guest with her,
Ever familiar with it, as a God. 555

Laved by attendant damsels, and with oil
Refresh'd, he put his sumptuous tunic on
And mantle, and proceeding from the bath
To the symposium, join'd the num'rous guests; 560
But, as he pass'd, the Princess all divine
Beside the pillars of the portal, lost
In admiration of his graceful form,
Stood, and in accents wing'd him thus address'd.

Hail, stranger! at thy native home arrived 565
Remember me, thy first deliverer here.

To whom Ulysses, ever-wise, replied.
Nausicaa! daughter of the noble King
Alcinoüs! So may Jove, high-thund'ring mate
Of Juno, grant me to behold again: 570
My native land, and my delightful home,
As, even there, I will present my vows
To thee, adoring thee as I adore
The Gods themselves, virgin, by whom I live!

He said, and on his throne beside the King 575
Alcinoüs sat. And now they portion'd out
The feast to all, and charged the cups with wine,
And introducing by his hand the bard
Phæacia's glory, at the column's side

The herald placed Demodocus again.

580

Then, carving forth a portion from the loins
Of a huge brawn, of which uneaten still
Large part and delicate remain'd, thus spake
Ulysses—Herald! bear it to the bard
For his regale, whom I will soon embrace
In spite of sorrow; for respect is due
And veneration to the sacred bard
From all mankind, for that the muse inspires
Herself his song, and loves the tuneful tribe.

585

He ended, and the herald bore his charge
To the old Hero, who with joy received
That meed of honour at the bearer's hand.
Then, all, at once, assail'd the ready feast,
And hunger now, and thirst both satisfied,
Thus to Demodocus Ulysses spake.

590

595

Demodocus! I give thee praise above
All mortals, for that either thee the muse
Jove's daughter teaches, or the King, himself,
Apollo; since thou so record'st the fate,
With such clear method, of Achaia's host,
Their deeds heroic, and their num'rous toils,
As thou hadst present been thyself, or learnt
From others present there, the glorious tale.
Come, then, proceed; that rare invention sing,
The horse of wood, which by Minerva's aid
Epeus framed, and which Ulysses erst
Convey'd into the citadel of Troy

600

605

With

With warriors fill'd, who lay'd all Ilium waste.
 These things rehearse regular, and myself
 Will, instant, publish in the ears of all
 Thy fame, reporting thee a bard to whom
 Apollo free imparts celestial song.

610

He ended; then Apollo with full force
 Rush'd on Demodocus, and he began
 What time the Greeks, first firing their own camp,
 Steer'd all their galleys from the shore of Troy.
 Already, in the horse conceal'd, his band
 Around Ulysses sat; for Ilium's sons
 Themselves had drawn it to the citadel,
 And there the mischief stood. Then, strife arose
 Among the Trojans compassing the horse,
 And threefold was the doubt; whether to cleave
 The hollow trunk asunder, or updrawn
 Aloft, to cast it headlong from the rocks,
 Or to permit the enormous image, kept
 Entire, to stand an off'ring to the Gods,
 Which was their destined course; for Fate had fix'd
 Their ruin sure, when once they had received
 Within their walls that engine huge, in which
 Sat all the bravest Grecians with the fate
 Of Ilium charged, and slaughter of her sons.
 He sang, how, from the horse effused, the Greeks
 Left their capacious ambush, and the town
 Made desolate. To others, in his song,

615

620

625

630

He gave the praise of wafting all beside, 635
 But told how, fierce as Mars, Ulysses join'd
 With godlike Menelaus, to the house
 Flew of Deiphobus; him there engaged
 In direst fight he fang, and through the aid
 Of glorious Pallas, conqu'ror over all. 640

So fang the bard illustrious, at whose song
 Ulysses melted, and tear after tear
 Fell on his cheeks. As when a woman weeps,
 Her husband, who hath fallen in defence
 Of his own city and his babes before 645
 The gates; she, sinking, folds him in her arms,
 And, gazing on him as he pants and dies,
 Shrieks at the sight; meantime, the enemy
 Smiting her shoulders with the spear, to toil
 Command her and to bondage far away, 650
 And her cheek fades with horror at the sound;
 Ulysses, so, from his moist lids let fall
 The frequent tear. Unnoticed by the rest
 Those drops, but not by King Alcinoüs, fell,
 Who, seated at his side, his heavy sighs 655
 Remark'd, and the Phæacians thus bespake.

Phæacian Chiefs and Senators attend!
 Now let Demodocus enjoin his harp
 Silence, for not alike grateful to all
 His music sounds; during our feast, and since 660
 The bard divine began, continual flow

The

The stranger's sorrows, by remembrance caused
Of some great woe which wraps his soul around.
Then, let the bard suspend his song, that all
(As most befits th' occasion) may rejoice, 665
Both guest and hosts together; since we make
This voyage; and these gifts confer, in proof
Of hospitality and unfeign'd love,
Judging, with all wise men, the stranger-guest
And suppliant worthy of a brother's place. 670
And thou conceal not, artfully reserv'd,
What I shall ask, far better plain declared
Than smother'd close; who art thou? speak thy name,
The name by which thy father, mother, friends
And fellow-citizens, with all who dwell 675
Around thy native city, in times past
Have known thee; for of all things human none
Lives altogether nameless, whether good
Or whether bad, but ev'ry man receives
Ev'n in the moment of his birth, a name. 680
Thy country, people, city, tell; the mark
At which my ships, intelligent, shall aim,
That they may bear thee thither; for our ships
No pilot need or helm, as ships are wont,
But know, themselves, our purpose; know beside 685
All cities, and all fruitful regions well
Of all the earth, and with dark clouds involv'd
Plough rapid the rough Deep, fearless of harm,
(Whate'er

(Whate'er betide) and of disastrous wreck.
 Yet thus, long since, my father I have heard 690
 Naufithoüs speaking; Neptune, he would say,
 Is angry with us, for that safe we bear
 Strangers of ev'ry nation to their home;
 And he foretold a time when he would smite
 In vengeance some Phæacian gallant bark 695
 Returning after convoy of her charge,
 And fix her in the fable flood, transform'd
 Into a mountain, right before the town.
 So spake my hoary Siré, which let the God
 At his own pleasure do, or leave undone. 700
 But tell me truth, and plainly. Where have been
 Thy wand'rings? in what regions of the earth
 Hast thou arrived? what nations hast thou seen,
 What cities? say, how many hast thou found:
 Harsh, savage and unjust? how many, kind. 705
 To strangers, and disposed to fear the Gods?
 Say also, from what secret grief of heart
 Thy sorrows flow, oft as thou hear'st the fate
 Of the Achæians, or of Ilium sung?
 That fate the Gods prepared; they spin the thread 710
 Of man's destruction, that in after days
 The bard may make the sad event his theme.
 Perish'd thy father or thy brother there?
 Or hast thou at the siege of Ilium lost
 Father-in-law, or son-in-law? for such. 715
Are

Are next and dearest to us after those
 Who share our own descent; or was the dead
 Thy bosom-friend, whose heart was as thy own?
 For worthy as a brother of our love
 The constant friend and the discrete I deem.

720

ARGU-

ARGUMENT
 OF THE
 NINTH BOOK.

Ulysses discovers himself to the Phæacians, and begins the history of his adventures. He destroys Ismarus, city of the Ciconians; arrives among the Lotophagi; and afterwards at the land of the Cyclops. He is imprisoned by Polypheme in his cave, who devours six of his companions; intoxicates the monster with wine, blinds him while he sleeps, and escapes from him.

B O O K IX.

THEN answer, thus, Ulysses wife return'd.
 Alcinoüs! King! illustrious above all
 Phæacia's sons! pleasant it is to hear
 A bard like this, sweet as the Gods in song.
 The world, in my account, no fight affords
 More gratifying, than a people blest
 With cheerfulness and peace, a palace throng'd
 With guests in order ranged, list'ning to sounds
 Melodious, and the steaming tables spread
 With plenteous viands, while the cups, with wine
 From brimming beakers fill'd, pass brisk around.
 No lovelier sight know I. But thou, it seems,

Thy

Thy thoughts hast turn'd to ask me whence my groans
 And tears, that I may sorrow still the more.
 What first, what next, what last shall I rehearse,
 On whom the Gods have show'd such various woes?
 Learn first my name, that even in this land
 Remote I may be known, and that escaped
 From all adversity, I may requite
 Hereafter, this your hospitable care
 At my own home; however distant hence.
 I am Ulysses, fear'd in all the earth
 For subtlest wisdom, and renown'd to heaven,
 The offspring of Laertes; my abode
 Is sun-burnt Ithaca; there waving stands
 The mountain Neritus his num'rous boughs,
 And it is neighbour'd close by clust'ring isles
 All populous; thence Samos is beheld,
 Dulichium, and Zacynthus, forest-clad.
 Flat on the Deep she lies, farthest removed
 Toward the West, while, situate apart,
 Her sister islands face the rising day;
 Rugged she is, but fruitful nurse of sons
 Magnanimous; nor shall these eyes behold,
 Elsewhere, an object dear and sweet as she.
 Calypso, beautiful Goddess, in her grot
 Detain'd me, wishing me her own espoused;
 Ætan Circe also, skill'd profound
 In potent arts, within her palace long
 Detain'd me, wishing me her own espoused;

40

2 C

But

But never could they warp my constant mind.
So much our parents and our native soil
Attract us most, even although our lot
Be fair and plenteous in a foreign land.
But come—my painful voyage, such as Jove
Gave me from Ilium, I will now relate.

45

From Troy the winds bore me to Ismarus,
City of the Ciconians; them I slew,
And laid their city waste; whence bringing forth
Much spoil with all their wives, I portion'd it
With equal hand, and each received a share.
Next, I exhorted to immediate flight
My people; but in vain; they madly scorn'd
My sober counsel, and much wine they drank,
And sheep and beeves flew num'rous on the shore.
Meantime, Ciconians to Ciconians call'd,
Their neighbours summoning, a mightier host
And braver, natives of the continent,
Expert, on horses mounted, to maintain
Fierce fight, or if occasion bade, on foot.
Num'rous they came as leaves, or vernal flow'rs
At day-spring. Then, by the decree of Jove,
Misfortune found us. At the ships we stood
Piercing each other with the brazen spear,
And 'till the morning brighten'd into noon,
Few as we were, we yet withstood them all;
But, when the sun verged westward, then the Greeks
Fell back, and the Ciconian host prevail'd.

50

55

60

65

Six

Six warlike Grecians from each galley's crew
Perish'd in that dread field; the rest escaped. 70

Thus, after loss of many, we pursued
Our course, yet, difficult as was our flight,
Went not 'till first we had invoked by name.

Our friends, whom the Ciconians had destroy'd.
But cloud-assembler Jove assail'd us soon 75

With a tempestuous North-wind; earth alike
And sea with storms he overhung, and night
Fell fast from heav'n. Their heads deep-plunging oft

Our gallies flew, and rent, and rent again
Our tatter'd sail-cloth crackled in the wind. 80

We, fearing instant death, within the barks
Our canvas lodg'd, and, toiling strenuous, reach'd
At length the continent. Two nights we lay

Continual there, and two long days, consumed
With toil and grief; but when the beauteous morn 85

Bright-hair'd, had brought the third day to a close,
(Our masts erected, and white sails unfurl'd)

Again we sat on board; meantime, the winds
Well managed by the steersman, urg'd us on.

And now, all danger pass'd, I had attain'd 90

My native shore, but, doubling in my course
Malea, waves and currents and North-winds
Constrain'd me devious to Cythera's isle.

Nine days by cruel storms thence was I borne

Athwart the fishy Deep, but on the tenth 95

Reach'd the Lotophagi, a race sustain'd

On sweetest fruit alone. There quitting ship,
 We landed and drew water, and the crews
 Beside the vessels took their ev'ning cheer.
 When, hasty, we had thus our strength renew'd, 100
 I order'd forth my people to inquire
 (Two I selected from the rest, with whom
 I join'd an herald, third) what race of men
 Might there inhabit. They, departing, mix'd
 With the Lotophagi; nor hostile aught 105
 Or savage the Lotophagi devised
 Against our friends, but offer'd to their taste
 The lotus; of which fruit what man so'er
 Once tasted, no desire felt he to come
 With tidings back, or seek his country more, 110
 But rather wish'd to feed on lotus still
 With the Lotophagi, and to renounce
 All thoughts of home. Them, therefore, I constrain'd
 Weeping on board, and dragging each beneath
 The benches, bound him there. Then, all in haste, 115
 I urged my people to ascend again:
 Their hollow barks, lest others also, fed
 With fruit of lotus, should forget their home.
 They quick embark'd, and on the benches ranged
 In order, thrush'd with oars the foamy flood. 120
 Thence, o'er the Deep proceeding sad, we reach'd
 The land at length, where, * giant-sized and free
 From all constraint of law, the Cyclops dwell.

* So the Scholium interprets in this place, the word *ὑπερφιάλος*.

They,

They, trusting to the Gods, plant not, or plough,
 But earth unfow'd, untill'd, brings forth for them 125
 All fruits, wheat, barley, and the vinous grape
 Large-cluster'd, nourish'd by the show'rs of Jove.
 No councils they convene, no laws contrive,
 But in deep caverns dwell, found on the heads
 Of lofty mountains, judging each supreme 130
 His wife and children, heedless of the rest.
 In front of the Cyclopean haven lies
 A level island, not adjoining close
 Their land, nor yet remote, woody and rude.
 There, wild-goats breed numberless, by no foot 135
 Of man molested; never huntsman there,
 Inured to winter's cold and hunger, roams
 The dreary woods, or mountain-tops sublime;
 No fleecy flocks dwell there, nor plough is known,
 But the unseeded and unfurrow'd soil, 140
 Year after year a wilderness by man
 Untrodden, food for blatant goats supplies;
 For no ships crisscross-prowl the Cyclops' own,
 Nor naval artizan is there, whose toil
 Might furnish them with oary barks, by which 145
 Subsists all distant commerce, and which bear
 Men o'er the Deep to cities far remote
 Who might improve the peopled isle, that seems
 Not sterile in itself, but apt to yield,
 In their due season, fruits of every kind 150
 For stretch'd beside the hoary ocean lie

Green

Green meadows moist, where vines would never fail;
Light is the land, and they might yearly reap.
The tallest crops, so unctuous is the glebe.
Safe is its haven also, where no need
Of cable is or anchor, or to lash
The hawser fast ashore, but pushing in
His bark, the mariner might there abide
Till rising gales should tempt him forth again.
At bottom of the bay runs a clear stream
Issuing from a cove hemm'd all around
With poplars; down into that bay we steer'd
Amid the darkness of the night, some God
Conducting us; for all unseen it lay,
Such gloom involved the fleet, nor shone the moon
From heav'n to light us, veil'd by pitchy clouds.
Hence, none the isle descried, nor any saw
The lofty surge roll'd on the strand, or ere
Our vessels struck the ground; but when they struck,
Then, low'ring all our sails, we disembark'd,
And on the sea-beech slept till dawn appear'd.
Soon as Aurora, daughter of the dawn,
Look'd rosy forth, we with admiring eyes
The isle survey'd, roaming it wide around.
Meantime, the nymphs, Jove's daughters, roused the goats
Bred on the mountains, to supply with food
The partners of my toils; then, bringing forth
Bows and long-pointed javelins from the ships,
Divided all into three separate bands

We

We struck them, and the Gods gave us much prey. 180

Twelve ships attended me, and ev'ry ship

Nine goats received by lot; myself alone

Selected ten. All day, 'till set of sun,

We eating fat goat's flesh, and drinking wine

Delicious, without stint; for dearth was none 185

Of ruddy wine on board, but much remain'd,

With which my people had their jars supplied

What time we sack'd Ciconian Ismarus.

Thence looking forth toward the neighbour-land

Where dwell the Cyclops, rising smoke we saw, 190

And voices heard, their own, and of their flocks.

Now sank the sun, and (night o'ershadowing all)

We slept along the shore; but when again

The rosy-finger'd daughter of the dawn

Look'd forth, my crews convened, I thus began. 195

Companions of my course! here rest ye all,

Save my own crew, with whom I will explore

This people, whether wild they be, unjust,

And to contention giv'n, or well-disposed

To strangers, and a race who fear the Gods. 200

So speaking, I embark'd, and bade embark

My followers, throwing, quick, the hawsers loose.

They, ent'ring at my word, the benches fill'd

Well-ranged, and thrush'd with oars the foamy flood.

Attaining soon that neighbor-land, we found 205

At its extremity, fast by the sea,

A cavern, lofty, and dark-brow'd above

With

With laurels; in that cavern flum'ring lay
 Much cattle, sheep and goats, and a broad court
 Enclosed it, fenced with stones from quarries hewn, 210
 With spiry firs, and oaks of ample bough.
 Here dwelt a giant vast, who far remote
 His flocks fed solitary, converse none
 Desiring, sullen, savage, and unjust.
 Monster, in truth, he was, hideous in form, 215
 Resembling less a man by Ceres gift
 Sustain'd, than some aspiring mountain-crag;
 Tufted with wood, and standing all alone
 Enjoining, then, my people to abide
 Fast by the ship which they should closely guard, 220
 I went; but not without a goat-skin fill'd
 With sable wine which I had erst received
 From Maron, offspring of Evanthès, priest
 Of Phœbus, guardian god of Itharus,
 Because, through rev'rence of him, we had saved 225
 Himself, his wife and children; for he dwelt
 Amid the grove umbrageous of his God.
 He gave me, therefore, noble gifts; from him
 Sev'n talents I received of beaten gold,
 A beaker, argent all, and after these 230
 No fewer than twelve jars with wine replete,
 Rich, unadulterate, drink for Gods; nor knew
 One servant, male or female, of that wine
 In all his house; none knew it, save himself,
 His wife, and the intendant of his stores. 235

Of

Oft as they drank that luscious juice, he flaked
A single cup with twenty from the stream,
And, even then, the beaker breath'd abroad
A scent celestial, which whoever smelt,
Thenceforth no pleasure found it to abstain. 240
Charged with an ample goat-skin of this wine
I went, and with a wallet well supplied,
But felt a sudden presage in my soul
That, haply, with terrific force endued,
Some savage would appear, strange to the laws 245
And privileges of the human race.
Few steps convey'd us to his den, but him
We found not; he his flocks pastur'd abroad.
His cavern ent'ring, we with wonder gazed
Around on all; his strainers hung with cheese 350
Distended wide; with lambs and kids his pennis
Close-throng'd we saw, and folded separate
The various charge; the eldest all apart,
Apart the middle-aged, and the new-yea'n'd
Also apart. His pails and bowls with whey 355
Swam all, neat vessels into which he milk'd.
Me then my friends first importuned to take
A portion of his cheeses; then to drive
Forth from the sheep-cotes to the rapid bark
His kids and lambs, and plow the brine again. 360
But me they moved not, happier had they moved!
I wish'd to see him, and to gain, perchance,
Some pledge of hospitality at his hands,

Whose form was such, as should not much bespeak
When he appear'd, our confidence or love. 365
Then, kindling fire, we offer'd to the Gods,
And of his cheefes eating, patient sat
Till home he trudg'd from pasture. Charged he came
With dry wood bundled, an enormous load,
Fuel by which to sup. Loud crash'd the thorns 370
Which down he cast before the cavern's mouth,
To whose interior nooks we trembling flew.
At once he drove into his spacious cave
His batten'd flock, all those which gave him milk,
But all the males, both rams and goats, he left 375
Abroad, excluded from the cavern-yard.
Upheaving, next, a rocky barrier huge
To his cave's mouth, he thrust it home. That weight
Not all the oxen from its place had moved
Of twenty and two wains; with such a rock 380
Immense his den he closed. Then down he sat,
And as he milk'd his ewes and bleating goats
All in their turns, her yeanling gave to each;
Coagulating, then, with brisk dispatch,
The half of his new milk, he thrust the curd 385
Into his wicker sieves, but stored the rest
In pans and bowls—his customary drink.
His labours thus perform'd, he kindled, last,
His fuel, and discerning us, enquired,
Who are ye, strangers? from what distant shore 390
Roam ye the waters? traffick ye? or bound

To

To no one port, wander, as pirates use,
At large the Deep, exposing life themselves,
And enemies of all mankind beside?

He ceased; we, dash'd with terror, heard the growl
Of his big voice, and view'd his form uncouth, 396
To whom, though sore-appall'd, I thus replied.

Of Greece are we, and, bound from Ilium home,
Have wander'd wide the expanse of ocean, sport
For ev'ry wind, and driven from our course, 400
Have here arrived; so stood the will of Jove.
We boast ourselves of Agamemnon's train,
The son of Atreus, at this hour the Chief
Beyond all others under heav'n renown'd,
So great a city he hath sack'd, and slain 405
Such num'rous foes; but since we reach, at last,
Thy knees, we beg such hospitable fare,
Or other gift, as guests are wont to obtain.
Illustrious lord! respect the Gods, and us
Thy suitors; suppliants are the care of Jove 410
The hospitable; he their wrongs redents,
And where the stranger sojourns, there is he.

I ceas'd, when answer thus he, fierce, return'd.
Friend! either thou art fool, or hast arrived
Indeed from far, who bidd'st me fear the Gods 415
Left they be wroth. The Cyclops little heeds
Jove ægis-arm'd, or all the Pow'rs of heav'n.
Our race is mightier far; nor shall myself,
Through fear of Jove's hostility, abstain

From thee or thine, unless my choice be such. 420
But tell me now. Where touch'd thy gallant bark
Our country, on thy first arrival here?

Remote, or nigh? for I would learn the truth.

So spake he, tempting me; but, artful, thus
I answer'd, penetrating his intent. 425

My vessel, Neptune, Shaker of the shores,
At yonder utmost promontory dash'd
In pieces, hurling her against the rocks:
With winds that blew right thither from the sea,
And I, with these alone, escaped alive. 430

So I, to whom, relentless, answer none
He deign'd, but, with his arms extended, sprang
Toward my people, of whom seizing two
At once, like whelps against his cavern-floor
He dash'd them, and their brains spread on the ground.

These, piece-meal hewn, for supper he prepared, 436
And, like a mountain-lion, neither flesh
Nor entrails left, nor yet their marrowy bones.

We, viewing that tremendous sight, upraised
Our hands to Jove, all hope and courage lost. 440

When thus the Cyclops had with human flesh
Fill'd his capacious belly, and had quaff'd

Much undiluted milk, among his flocks.

Outstretch'd immense, he press'd his cavern-floor.

Me, then, my courage prompted to approach 445

The monster with my sword drawn from the sheath,

And to transfix him where the vitals wrap

The

The liver; but maturer thoughts forbad.
For so, we also had incurr'd a death
Tremendous, wanting pow'r to thrust aside 450
The rocky mass that clos'd his cavern-mouth
By force of hand alone. Thus many a sigh
Heaving, we watch'd the dawn. But when, at length,
Aurora, day-spring's daughter rosy-palm'd
Look'd forth, then, kindling fire, his flocks he milk'd
In order, and her yeanning kid or lamb 456
Thrust under each. When thus he had perform'd
His wonted task, two seizing, as before,
He flew them for his next obscene regale.
His dinner ended, from the cave he drove 460
His fatted flocks abroad, moving with ease
That pond'rous barrier, and replacing it
As he had only clos'd a quiver's lid.
Then, hissing them along, he drove his flocks
Toward the mountain, and me left, the while, 465
Deep ruminating how I best might take
Vengeance, and by the aid of Pallas win
Deathless renown. This counsel pleas'd me most:
Beside the sheep-cote lay a massy club
Hewn by the Cyclops from an olive stock, 470
Green, but which dried, should serve him for a staff.
To us confid'ring it, that staff appear'd:
Tall as the mast of a huge trading-bark,
Impell'd by twenty rowers o'er the Deep.
Such seem'd its length to us, and such its bulk. 475
Part

Part amputating, (an whole fathom's length)
I gave my men that portion, with command
To shave it smooth. They smooth'd it, and myself,
Shaping its blunt extremity to a point,
Season'd it in the fire; then cov'ring close 480
The weapon, hid it under litter'd straw,
For much lay scatter'd on the cavern-floor.
And now I bade my people cast the lot
Who of us all should take the pointed brand,
And grind it in his eye when next he slept. 485
The lots were cast, and four were chosen, those
Whom most I wish'd, and I was chosen fifth.
At even-tide he came, his fleecy flocks
Pasturing homeward, and compell'd them all
Into his cavern, leaving none abroad, 490
Either through some furtive, or so inclined
By influence, haply, of the Gods themselves.
The huge rock pull'd into its place again
At the cave's mouth, he, sitting, milk'd his sheep
And goats in order, and her kid or lamb 495
Thrust under each; thus, all his work dispatch'd,
Two more he seiz'd, and to his supper fell.
I then, approaching to him, thus address'd
The Cyclops, holding in my hand a cup
Of ivy-wood, well-charged with ruddy wine. 500
Lo, Cyclops! this is wine. Take this and drink
After thy meal of man's flesh. Taste and learn
What precious liquor our lost vessel bore.

I brought

I brought it hither, purposing to make
 Libation to thee, if to pity inclined 505
 Thou would'st dismiss us home. But, ah, thy rage
 Is insupportable ! thou cruel one !
 Who, thinkest thou, of all mankind, henceforth
 Will visit *thee* guilty of such excess ?

I ceas'd. He took and drank, and * hugely pleas'd
 With that delicious bev'rage, thus enquired. 511

Give me again, and spare not. Tell me, too,
 Thy name, incontinent, that I may make
 Requital, gratifying also thee
 With somewhat to thy taste. We Cyclops own 515
 A bounteous soil, which yields us also wine
 From clusters large, nourish'd by show'rs from Jove ;
 But this—oh this is from above—a stream.
 Of nectar and ambrosia, all divine !

He ended, and received a second draught, 520
 Like measure. Thrice I bore it to his hand,
 And, foolish, thrice he drank. But when the fumes
 Began to play around the Cyclop's brain,
 With show of amity I thus replied.

Cyclops ! thou hast my noble name enquired, 525
 Which I will tell thee. Give me, in return,
 The promised boon, some hospitable pledge.
 My name is † Outis ; Outis I am call'd

At

* *Avor.*

† Clarke, who has preserved this name in his marginal version, contends strenuously,
 and with great reason, that Outis ought not to be translated ; and in a passage which
 he

At home, abroad, wherever I am known.

So I; to whom he, savage, thus replied. 530

Outis, when I have eaten all his friends,

Shall be my last regale. Be that thy boon.

He spake, and, downward sway'd, fell resupine,
With his huge neck aslant. All-conqu'ring sleep
Soon seized him. From his gullet gush'd the wine 535

With human morsels mingled, many a blast

Sonorous issuing from his gluttoned maw.

Then, thrusting far the spike of olive-wood

Into the embers glowing on the hearth,

I heated it, and cheer'd my friends, the while, 540

Left any should, through fear, shrink from his part.

But when that stake of olive-wood, though green,

Should soon have flamed, for it was glowing hot,

I bore it to his side. Then all my aids

Around me gather'd, and the Gods infused 545

Heroic fortitude into our hearts.

They, seizing the hot stake rasp'd to a point,

Bored his eye with it, and myself, advanced

To a superior stand, twirl'd it about.

As when a shipwright with his wimble bores 550

he quotes from the *Alia eruditorum*, we see much fault found with Giphanius and other interpreters of Homer for having translated it. It is certain that in Homer the word is declined not as *ἄνθρωπος*, which signifies no man, but as *ἄνθρωπος*, making *ἄνθρωπον* in the accusative, consequently as a proper name. It is sufficient that the ambiguity was such as to deceive the friends of the Cyclops. Outis is said by some (perhaps absurdly) to have been a name given to Ulysses on account of his having larger ears than common.

Tough

Tough oaken timber, placed on either side
 Below, his fellow-artists strain the thong
 Alternate, and the restless iron spins
 So, grasping hard the stake pointed with fire,
 We twirl'd it in his eye; the bubbling blood
 Boil'd round about the brand; his pupil sent
 A scalding vapour forth that singed his brow,
 And all his eye-roots crackled in the flame.
 As when the smith an hatchet on large axle
 Temp'ring with skill, plunges the hissing blade
 Deep in cold water; (whence the strength of steel)
 So hiss'd his eye around the olive-wood.
 The howling monster with his outcry fill'd
 The hollow rock, and I, with all my aids,
 Fled terrified. He, plucking forth the spike
 From his burnt socket, mad with anguish, cast
 The implement all bloody far away.
 Then, bellowing, he sounded forth the name
 Of ev'ry Cyclops dwelling in the caves
 Around him, on the wind-swept mountain-tops
 They, at his cry flocking from ev'ry part,
 Circled his den, and of his ail enquired.

What grievous hurt hath caused thee, Polypheme!
 Thus yelling to alarm the peaceful ear
 Of night, and break our slumbers? Fear'st thou lest
 Some mortal man drive off thy flocks? or fear'st
 Thyself to die by cunning or by force?

2 E

Them

Them answer'd, then, Polyphemus from his cave:
Oh, friends! I die, and Outis gives the blow.

To whom with accents wing'd his friends without. 580
If no * man harm thee, but thou art alone,
And sickness feel'st, it is the stroke of Jove,
And thou must bear it; yet invoke for aid
Thy father Neptune, Sov'reign of the floods.

So saying, they went, and in my heart I laugh'd 585
That by the fiction only of a name,
Slight stratagem! I had deceived them all.

Then groan'd the Cyclops wrung with pain and grief,
And, fumbling with stretch'd hands, removed the rock
From his cave's mouth, which done, he sat him down
Spreading his arms athwart the pass, to stop 591
Our egress with his flocks abroad; so dull,
It seems, he held me, and so ill-advised.
I, pondering what means might fittest prove
To save from instant death, (if save I might) 595
My people and myself, to every shift
Inclined, and various counsels framed, as one
Who strove for life, conscious of woe at hand.
To me, thus meditating, this appear'd
The likeliest course. The rams well-thriven were, 600
Thick-fleeced, full-sized, with wool of sable hue.
These, silently, with osier twigs on which
The Cyclops, hideous monster, slept, I bound,

* Outis, as a *name*, could only denote him who bore it; but as a *noun*, it signified *no man*; which accounts sufficiently for the ludicrous mistake of his brethren.

Three in one leath; the intermediate rams
 Bore each a man, whom the exterior two 605
 Preserved, concealing him on either side.
 Thus each was borne by three; and I, at last,
 The curl'd back seizing of a ram, (for one
 I had reserv'd far stateliest of them all)
 Slipp'd underneath his belly, and both hands 610
 Enfolding fast in his exub'rant fleece,
 Clung ceaseless to him as I lay supine.
 We, thus disposed, waited with many a sigh
 The sacred dawn; but when, at length, aris'n,
 Aurora, day-spring's daughter rosy-palm'd 615
 Again appear'd, the males of all his flocks,
 Rush'd forth to pasture; and, meantime, unmilk'd,
 The wethers bleated, by the load distress'd
 Of udders overcharg'd. Their master, rack'd
 With pain intolerable, handled yet 620
 The backs of all, inquisitive, as they stood,
 But, gross of intellect, suspicion none
 Conceiv'd of men beneath their bodies bound.
 And now (none left beside) the ram approach'd
 With his own wool burthen'd, and with myself, 625
 Whom many a fear molest'd. Polyphemo
 The giant stroak'd him as he sat, and said,
 My darling ram! why, latest of the flock
 Com'st thou, whom never, heretofore, my sheep
 Could leave behind, but stalking at their head, 630
 Thou first was wont to crop the tender grass,

First to arrive at the clear stream, and first
 With ready will to seek my sheep-cote here
 At evening; but, thy practice chang'd, thou com'st,
 Now last of all. Feel'st thou regret, my ram? 635
 Of thy poor master's eye, by a vile wretch
 Bored out, who overcame me first with wine,
 And by a crew of vagabonds accurs'd,
 Followers of Outis, whose escape from death
 Shall not be made to day? Ah! that thy heart 640
 Were as my own, and that distinct as I
 Thou could'st articulate, so should'st thou tell,
 Where hidden, he eludes my furious wrath.
 Then, dash'd against the floor his spatter'd brain
 Should fly, and I should lighter feel my harm 645
 From Outis, wretch base-named and nothing-worth.

So saying, he left him to pursue the flock;
 When, thus drawn forth, we had, at length, escaped
 Few paces from the cavern and the court;
 First, quitting my own ram, I loos'd my friends, 650
 Then, turning seaward many a thriven ewe
 Sharp-hoof'd, we drove them swiftly to the ship.
 Thrice welcome to our faithful friends we came
 From death escaped, but much they mourn'd the dead.
 I suffer'd not their tears, but silent shook 655
 My brows, by signs commanding them to lift
 The sheep on board, and instant plow the main.
 They, quick embarking, on the benches sat
 Well ranged, and thrush'd with oars the foamy flood;
 But

But distant now such length as a loud voice 660
May reach, I hail'd with taunts the Cyclop's ear.

Cyclops! when thou devouredst in thy cave
With brutal force my followers, thou devour'dst
The followers of no timid Chief, or base.
Vengeance was sure to recompense that deed 665
Atrocious. Monster! who wast not afraid
To eat the guest shelter'd beneath thy roof!
Therefore the Gods have well requited thee.

I ended; he, exasperate, rag'd the more,
And rending from its hold a mountain-top, 670
Hurl'd it toward us; at our vessel's stern
Down came the mass, nigh sweeping in its fall
The rudder's head. The ocean at the plunge
Of that huge rock, high on its reflux flood,
Heav'd, irresistible, the ship to land. 675

I seizing, quick, our longest pole on board,
Back thrust her from the coast, and by a nod
In silence given, bade my companions ply
Strenuous their oars, that so we might escape.
* Procumbent, each obey'd, and when, the flood, 680
Cleaving, † we twice that distance had obtain'd,
Again I hail'd the Cyclops; but my friends
Earnest dissuaded me on ev'ry side.

** Olli certamine summo.*

Procumbunt.

VIRGIL.

† The seeming incongruity of this line with line 660, is reconciled by supposing that Ulysses exerted his voice, naturally loud, in an extraordinary manner on this occasion.
See Clarke.

Ah,

Ah, rash Ulysses! why with taunts provoke
 The savage more, who hath this moment hur'd 685
 A weapon, such as heav'd the ship again
 To land, where death seem'd certain to us all?
 For had he heard a cry, or but the voice
 Of one man speaking, he had all our heads
 With some sharp rock, and all our timbers crush'd 690
 Together, such vast force is in his arm.

So they, but my courageous heart remain'd
 Unmoved, and thus again, incens'd, I spake.
 Cyclops! should any mortal man inquire
 To whom thy shameful loss of fight thou ow'st, 695
 Say, to Ulysses, city-waster Chief,
 Laertes' son, native of Ithaca.

I ceas'd, and with a groan thus he replied,
 Ah me! an antient oracle I feel
 Accomplish'd. Here abode a prophet erst, 700
 A man of noblest form, and in his art
 Unrival'd, Telemus Eurymedes.
 He, prophesying to the Cyclops-race,
 Grew old among us, and prefaged my loss
 Of fight, in future, by Ulysses' hand. 705
 I therefore watch'd for the arrival here,
 Always, of some great Chief, for stature, bulk,
 And beauty prais'd, and cloath'd with wond'rous might.
 But now—a dwarf, a thing impalpable,
 A shadow, overcame me first by wine,

710

Then

Then quench'd my sight. Come hither, O my guest!

Return, Ulysses! hospitable cheer

Awaits thee, and my pray'rs I will prefer

To glorious Neptune for thy prosp'rous course;

For I am Neptune's offspring, and the God 715

Is proud to be my Sire; he, if he please,

And he alone can heal me; none beside

Of Pow'rs Immortal, or of men below.

He spake, to whom I answer thus return'd.

I would that of thy life and soul amerced, 720

I could as sure dismiss thee down to Hell,

As none shall heal thine eye—not even He.

So I; then pray'd the Cyclops to his Sire
With hands uprais'd toward the starry heav'n.

Hear, Earth encircler Neptune, azure-hair'd! 725

If I indeed am thine, and if thou boast

Thyself my father, grant that never more

Ulysses, leveller of hostile tow'rs,

Laertes' son, of Ithaca the fair,

Behold his native home! but if his fate 730

Decree him yet to see his friends, his house,

His native country, let him deep distress'd.

Return and late, all his companions lost,

Indebted for a ship to foreign aid,

And let affliction meet him at his door. 735

He spake, and Ocean's sov'reign heard his pray'r.

Then lifting from the shore a stone of size

Far

Far more enormous, o'er his head he whirl'd
The rock, and his immeasurable force
Exerting all, dismiss'd it. Close behind 740
The ship, nor distant from the rudder's head,
Down came the mass. The ocean at the plunge
Of such a weight, high on its reflux flood
Tumultuous, heaved the bark well-nigh to land.

But when we reached the isle where we had left 745
Our num'rous barks, and where my people sat
Watching with ceaseless sorrow our return,
We thrust our vessel to the sandy shore,
Then disembark'd, and of the Cyclop's sheep
Gave equal share to all. To me alone 750
My fellow-voyagers the ram consign'd
In distribution, my peculiar meed.

Him, therefore, to cloud-girt Saturnian Jove
I offer'd on the shore, burning his thighs
In sacrifice; but Jove my hallow'd rites 755
Reck'd not, destruction purposing to all
My barks, and all my followers o'er the Deep.

Thus, feasting largely, on the shore we sat
Till even-tide, and quaffing gen'rous wine;
But when day fail'd, and night o'ershadow'd all, 760
Then, on the shore we slept; and when again
Aurora, rosy daughter of the Dawn,
Look'd forth, my people, anxious, I enjoin'd
To climb their barks, and cast the hawfers loose.

They,

They, all obedient, took their seats on board
Well-ranged, and thresh'd with oars the foamy flood. 765
Thus, 'scaping narrowly, we roam'd the Deep
With aching hearts and with diminish'd crews.

2 F

ARGU-

A R G U M E N T

OF THE

T E N T H B O O K.

Ulysses, in pursuit of his narrative, relates his arrival at the island of Æolus, his departure thence, and the unhappy occasion of his return thither. The monarch of the winds dismisses him at last with much asperity. He next tells of his arrival among the Læstrygonians, by whom his whole fleet, together with their crews, are destroyed, his own ship and crew excepted. Thence he is driven to the island of Circe. By her the half of his people are transformed into swine. Assisted by Mercury, he resists her enchantments himself, and prevails with the Goddess to recover them to their former shape. In consequence of Circe's instructions, after having spent a complete year in her palace, he prepares for a voyage to the infernal regions.

B O O K X.

WE came to the Æolian isle; there dwells
Æolus, son of Hippotas, belov'd
By the Immortals, in an isle afloat.

A brazen wall impregnable on all sides
Girds it, and smooth its rocky coast ascends.
His children, in his own fair palace born,
Are twelve; six daughters, and six blooming sons.

5

He

He gave his daughters to his sons to wife;
They with their father hold perpetual feast
And with their royal mother, still supplied 10
With dainties numberless; the sounding dome
Is fill'd with fav'ry odours all the day,
And with their comforts chaste at night they sleep.
On stateliest couches with rich arras spread.
Their city and their splendid courts we reach'd. 15
A month complete he, friendly, at his board
Regaled me, and enquiry made minute
Of Ilium's fall, of the Achaian fleet,
And of our voyage thence. I told him all
But now, desirous to embark again, 20
I ask'd dismissal home, which he approved,
And well provided for my prosp'rous course.
He gave me, furnish'd by a bullock slay'd
In his ninth year, a bag; ev'ry rude blast
Which from its bottom turns the Deep, that bag 25
Imprison'd held; for him Saturnian Jove
Hath officed arbiter of all the winds,
To rouse their force, or calm them, at his will.
He gave me them on board my bark, so bound
With silver twine that not a breath escaped, 30
Then order'd gentle Zephyrus to fill
Our sails propitious. Order vain, alas!
So fatal proved the folly of my friends.
Nine days continual, night and day we sail'd.
And on the tenth my native land appear'd. 35

Not far remote my Ithacans I saw
Fires kindling on the coast; but me with toil
Worn, and with watching, gentle sleep subdued;
For constant I had ruled the helm, nor giv'n
That charge to any, fearful of delay. 40

Then, in close conference combined, my crew
Each other thus bespake—He carries home
Silver and gold from Æolus received,
Offspring of Hippotas, illustrious Chief—
And thus a mariner the rest harangued. 45

Ye Gods! what city or what land foe'er
Ulysses visits, how is he lov'd
By all, and honour'd! many precious spoils
He homeward bears from Troy; but we return,
(We who the self-same voyage have perform'd) 50
With empty hands. Now also he hath gain'd
This pledge of friendship from the King of winds.
But come—be quick—search we the bag, and learn
What stores of gold and silver it contains.

So he, whose mischievous advice prevailed. 55
They loos'd the bag; forth issued all the winds,
And, caught by tempests o'er the billowy waste,
Weeping they flew, far, far from Ithaca.
I then, awaking, in my noble mind
Stood doubtful, whether from my vessel's side 60
Immersed to perish in the flood, or calm
To endure my sorrows, and consent to live.
I calm endured them; but around my head

Winding

Winding my mantle, lay'd me down below,
While adverse blasts bore all my fleet again 65
To the Æolian isle; then groan'd my people.

We disembark'd and drew fresh water there,
And my companions, at their galley's sides
All seated, took repast; short meal we made,
When, with an herald and a chosen friend, 70
I fought once more the hall of Æolus.
Him banquetting with all his sons we found,
And with his spouse; we, entering, on the floor
Of his wide portal sat, whom they amazed
Beheld, and of our coming thus enquired, 75

Return'd? Ulysses! by what adverse Pow'r
Repuls'd hast thou arriv'd? we sent thee hence
Well-fitted forth to reach thy native isle,
Thy palace, or what place foe'er thou would'st.

So they—to whom, heart-broken, I replied. 80
My worthless crew have wrong'd me, nor alone
My worthless crew, but sleep ill-timed, as much.
Yet heal, O friends, my hurt; the pow'r is yours!

So I their favour woo'd. Mute sat the sons,
But thus their father answer'd. Hence—be gone— 85
Leave this our isle, thou most obnoxious wretch
Of all mankind. I should, myself, transgress,
Receiving here, and giving conduct hence
To one detested by the Gods as thou.
Away—for hated by the Gods thou com'st. 90

So

So saying, he sent me from his palace forth,
 Groaning profound; thence, therefore, o'er the Deep
 We still proceeded forrowful, our force
 Exhausting ceaseless at the toilsome oar,
 And, through our own imprudence, hopeless now 95
 Of other furth'rance to our native isle.
 Six days we navigated, day and night,
 The briny flood, and on the seventh reach'd
 The city erst by Lamus built sublime,
 Proud Læstrigonia, with the distant gates. 100
 * The herdsman, there, driving his cattle home,
 Summons the shepherd with his flocks abroad.
 The sleepless there might double wages earn,
 Attending, now, the herds, now, tending sheep,
 For the night-pastures, and the pastures grazed 105
 By day, close border, both, the city-walls.
 To that illustrious port we came, by rocks.
 Uninterrupted flank'd on either side
 Of tow'ring height, while prominent the shores
 And bold, converging at the haven's mouth 110
 Leave narrow pass. We push'd our galleys in,
 Then moor'd them side by side; for never surge
 There lifts its head, or great or small, but clear
 We found, and motionless, the shelter'd flood.

* It is supposed by Eustathius that the pastures being infested by gad-flies and other noxious insects in the day-time, they drove their sheep a-field in the morning, which by their wool were defended from them, and their cattle in the evening, when the insects had withdrawn. It is one of the few passages in Homer that must lie at the mercy of conjecture.

Myself alone, staying my bark without, 115
Secured her well with hawfers to a rock
At the land's point, then climb'd the rugged steep,
And spying stood the country. Labours none
Of men or oxen in the land appear'd,
Nor aught beside saw we, but from the earth 120
Smoke rising; therefore of my friends I sent
Before me two, adding an herald third,
To learn what race of men that country fed.
Departing, they an even track pursued
Made by the waggons bringing timber down. 125
From the high mountains to the town below.
Before the town a virgin bearing forth
Her ew'r they met, daughter of him who ruled
The Læstrygonian race, Antiphatas.
Descending from the gate, she sought the fount 130
Artacia; for their custom was to draw
From that pure fountain for the city's use,
Approaching they accosted her, and ask'd
What King reign'd there, and over whom he reign'd.
She gave them soon to know where stood sublime 135
The palace of her Sire; no sooner they
The palace enter'd, than within they found,
In size resembling an huge mountain-top,
A woman, whom they shudder'd to behold.
She forth from council summon'd quick her spouse 140
Antiphatas, who teeming came with thoughts
Of carnage, and, arriving, seized at once

A Grecian,

A Grecian, whom, next moment, he devoured.
 With headlong terrour the surviving two
 Fled to the ships. Then sent Antiphatas 145
 His voice through all the town, and on all sides,
 Hearing that cry, the Læstrygonians flock'd
 Numberless, and in size resembling more
 The giants than mankind. They from the rocks
 Cast down into our fleet enormous stones, 150
 A strong man's burthen each; dire din arose
 Of shattered galleys and of dying men,
 Whom spear'd like fishes to their home they bore,
 A loathsome prey. While them within the port
 They slaughter'd, I, (the faulchion at my side 155
 Drawn forth) cut loose the hawser of my ship,
 And all my crew enjoin'd with bottoms laid
 Prone on their oars, to fly the threaten'd woe.
 They, dreading instant death, tugg'd resupine:
 Together, and the galley from beneath 160
 Those * beetling rocks into the open sea
 Shot gladly; but the rest all perish'd there.
 Proceeding thence, we sigh'd, and roam'd the waves,
 Glad that we lived, but sorrowing for the slain.
 We came to the *Ææan* life; there dwell 165
 The awful Circe, Goddess amber-haired,
 Deep-skill'd in magic song, sister by birth
 Of the all-wise *Æætēs*; them the Sun,

* The word has the authority of Shakspear, and signifies overhanging.

Bright luminary of the world, began
On Perse, daughter of Oceanus. 170
Our vessel there, noiseless, we push'd to land
Within a spacious haven, thither led
By some celestial Pow'r. We disembark'd,
And on the coast two days and nights entire
Extended lay, worn with long toil, and each 175
The victim of his heart-devouring woes.
Then, with my spear and with my faulchion arm'd,
I left the ship to climb with hasty steps
An airy height, thence, hoping to espie
Some works of man, or hear, perchance, a voice. 180
Exalted on a rough rock's craggy point
I stood, and on the distant plain, beheld
Smoke which from Circe's palace through the gloom
Of trees and thickets rose. That smoke discern'd,
I ponder'd next if thither I should haste, 185
Seeking intelligence. Long time I mused,
But chose at last, as my discreter course,
To seek the sea-beach and my bark again,
And, when my crew had eaten, to dispatch
Before me, others, who should first enquire. 190
But, ere I yet had reach'd my gallant bark,
Some God with pity viewing me alone
In that untrodden solitude, sent forth
An antler'd stag full-sized into my path.
His woodland pastures left, he sought the stream, 195
For he was thirsty, and already parch'd

By the sun's heat. Him issuing from his haunt,
Sheer through the back beneath his middle spine
I wounded, and the lance sprang forth beyond.
Moaning he fell, and in the dust expired. 200

Then, treading on his breathless trunk, I pluck'd
My weapon forth, which leaving there reclined,
I tore away the osiers with my hands
And fallows green, and to a fathom's length
Twisting the gather'd twigs into a band, 205

Bound fast the feet of my enormous prey,
And, slinging him athwart my neck, repair'd
Toward my sable bark, propp'd on my lance,
Which now to carry shoulder'd as before
Surpass'd my pow'r, so bulky was the load. 210

Arriving at the ship, there I let fall
My burthen, and with pleasant speech and kind,
Man after man addressing, cheer'd my crew.

My friends! we suffer much, but shall not seek
The shades, ere yet our destined hour arrive. 215
Behold a feast! and we have wine on board—
Pine not with needless famine; rise and eat.

I spake; they readily obey'd, and each
Issuing at my word abroad, beside
The galley stood, admiring, as he lay, 220
The stag, for of no common bulk was he.
At length, their eyes gratified to the full
With that glad spectacle, they lav'd their hands,
And preparation made of noble cheer.

That

That day complete, 'till set of sun, we spent 223
 Feasting deliciously without restraint;
 And quaffing gen'rous wine; but when the sun
 Went down, and darkness overshadow'd all,
 Extended, then, on Ocean's bank we lay;
 And when Aurora, daughter of the dawn, 230
 Look'd rosy forth, convening all my crew
 To council, I arose, and thus began.

My fellow-voyagers, however worn,
 With num'rous hardships, hear! for neither West
 Know we, nor East, where rises, on where sets 235
 The all-enlightning sun. But let us think,
 If thought perchance may profit us, of which
 Small hope I see; for when I lately climb'd
 Yon craggy rock, plainly I could discern
 The land encompass'd by the boundless Deep. 240
 The isle is flat, and in the midst I saw
 Dun smoke ascending from an oaken bow'r.

So I, whom hearing, they all courage lost,
 And at remembrance of Antiphatas
 The Læstrygonian, and the Cyclop's deeds, 245
 Ferocious feeder on the flesh of man,
 Mourn'd loud and wept, but tears could nought avail.
 Then, numb'ring man by man, I parted them
 In equal portions, and assign'd a Chief
 To either band, myself to these, to those 250
 Godlike Eurylochus. This done, we cast
 The lots into the helmet, and at once

Forth sprang the lot of bold Eurylochus:
 He went, and with him of my people march'd
 Twenty and two, all weeping; nor ourselves 255
 Wept less, at separation from our friends.
 Low in a vale, but on an open spot,
 They found the splendid house of Circe, built
 With hewn and polish'd stones; compass'd she dwelt
 By lions on all sides and mountain-wolves 260
 Tamed by herself with drugs of noxious powers.
 Nor were they mischievous, but as my friends
 Approach'd, arising on their hinder feet,
 Paw'd them in blandishment, and wagg'd the tail
 As, when from feast he rises, dogs around 265
 Their master fawn, accusom'd to receive
 The sop conciliatory from his hand,
 Around my people, so, those talon'd wolves
 And lions fawn'd. They, terrified, that troop
 Of savage monsters horrible beheld. 270
 And now, before the Goddess' gates arrived,
 They heard the voice of Circe singing sweet
 Within, while, busied at the loom, she wove
 An ample web immortal, such a work
 Transparent, graceful, and of bright design 275
 As hands of Goddesses alone produce.
 Thus then Polites, Prince of men, the friend
 Highest in my esteem, the rest bespake.

Ye hear the voice, comrades, of one who weaves
 An ample web within, and at her task 280

So

So sweetly chaunts that all the marble floor
Re-echoes; human be she or divine.
I doubt, but let us call, that we may learn.

He ceas'd; they call'd; soon issuing at the found,
The Goddess open'd wide her splendid gates, 285
And bade them in; they, heedless, all complied,
All save Eurylochus, who fear'd a snare.

She, introducing them, conducted each
To a bright throne, then gave them Pramnian wine,
With grated cheese, pure meal, and honey new, 290

But medicated with her pois'nous drugs
Their food, that in oblivion they might lose
The wish of home. She gave them, and they drank,—
When, smiting each with her enchanting wand,
She shut them in her sties. In head, in voice, 295

In body, and in bristles they became
All swine, yet intellect'd as before,
And at her hand were dieted alone
With acorns, chesnuts, and the cornel-fruit,
Food grateful ever to the groveling swine. 300

Back flew Eurylochus toward the ship,
To tell the woeful tale; struggling to speak,
Yet speechless, there he stood, his heart transfixt
With anguish, and his eyes deluged with tears.
Me boding terrors occupied. At length, 305
When, gazing on him, all had oft enquired,
He thus rehears'd to us the dreadful change.

Renown'd

Renown'd Ulysses! as thou baid'st, we went
 Through yonder oaks; there, bosom'd in a vale,
 But built conspicuous on a swelling knoll: 310
 With polish'd rock, we found a stately dome.
 Within, some Goddess or some woman wore
 An ample web, carolling sweet the while.
 They call'd aloud; she, issuing at the voice,
 Unfolded, soon, her splendid portals wide, 315
 And bade them in. Heedless they enter'd, all,
 But I remain'd, suspicious of a snare.
 Ere long the whole band vanish'd, none I saw
 Thenceforth, though, seated there, long time I watch'd.

He ended; I my studded Faulchion huge 320
 Athwart my shoulder cast; and seized my bow,
 Then bade him lead me thither by the way
 Himself had gone; but with both hands my knees
 He clasp'd, and in wing'd accents sad exclaim'd.
 My King! ah lead me not unwilling back, 325
 But leave me here; for confident I judge
 That neither thou wilt bring another thence,
 Nor come thyself again. Haste—fly we swift
 With these, for we, at least, may yet escape.

So he, to whom this answer I return'd. 330
 Eurylochus! abiding here, eat thou
 And drink thy fill beside the sable bark;
 I go; necessity forbids my stay.

So saying, I left the galley and the shore.
 But ere that awful vale ent'ring, I reach'd 335
 The

The palace of the forceress, a God
Met me, the bearer of the golden wand,
Hermes. He seem'd a stripling in his prime,
His cheeks cloath'd only with their earliest down,
For youth is then most graceful; fast he lock'd 340
His hand in mine, and thus, familiar, spake.

Unhappy! whither, wand'ring o'er the hills,
Stranger to all this region, and alone,
Go'st thou? Thy people—they within the walls
Are shut of Circe, where as swine close-pent 345
She keeps them. Comest thou to set them free?
I tell thee, never wilt thou thence return
Thyself, but wilt be prison'd with the rest.
Yet hearken—I will disappoint her wiles,
And will preserve thee. Take this precious drug; 350
Possessing this, enter the Goddess' house
Boldly, for it shall save thy life from harm.
Lo! I reveal to thee the cruel arts
Of Circe; learn them. She will mix for thee
A potion, and will also drug thy food. 355
With noxious herbs; but she shall not prevail
By all her pow'r to change thee; for the force
Superior of this noble plant, my gift,
Shall baffle her. Hear still what I advise.
When she shall smite thee with her slender rod, 360
With faulchion drawn and with death-threat'ning looks
Rush on her; she will bid thee to her bed
Affrighted; then beware. Decline not thou

Her

Her love, that she may both release thy friends,
 And may with kindness entertain thyself. 365
 But force her swear the dreaded oath of heav'n
 That she will other mischief none devise
 Against thee, lest she strip thee of thy might,
 And, quenching all thy virtue, make thee vile.

So spake the Argicide, and from the earth 370
 That plant extracting, plac'd it in my hand,
 Then taught me all its powers. Black was the root,
 Milk-white the blossom; Moly is its name
 In heav'n; not easily by mortal man
 Dug forth, but all is easy to the Gods. 375
 Then, Hermes through the island-woods repair'd
 To heav'n, and I to Circe's dread abode,
 In gloomy musings busied as I went.

Within the vestibule arrived, where dwelt
 The beauteous Goddess, staying there my steps, 380
 I call'd aloud; she heard me, and at once
 Issuing, threw her splendid portals wide,
 And bade me in. I follow'd, heart-distress'd.
 Leading me by the hand to a bright throne
 With argent studs embellish'd, and beneath 385
 Foot-stool'd magnificent, she made me sit.
 Then mingling for me in a golden cup
 My bev'rage, she infused a drug, intent
 On mischief; but when I had drunk the draught
 Unchanged, she smote me with her wand, and said, 390

Hence

Hence—seek the sty. There wallow with thy friends.
She spake; I drawing from beside my thigh
My faulchion keen, with death-denouncing looks
Rush'd on her; she, with a shrill scream of fear
Ran under my rais'd arm, seized fast my knees, 395
And in wing'd accents plaintive thus began.

Who? whence? thy city and thy birth declare.
Amazed I see thee with that potion drench'd,
Yet uninchant'd; never man before
Once pass'd it through his lips, and liv'd the same; 400
But in thy breast a mind inhabits, proof
Against all charms. Come then—I know thee well.
Thou art Ulysses artifice-renown'd,
Of whose arrival here in his return
From Ilium, Hermes of the golden wand 405
Was ever wont to tell me. Sheath again
Thy sword, and let us, on my bed reclined,
Mutual embrace, that we may trust thenceforth
Each other, without jealousy or fear.

The Goddess spake, to whom I thus replied. 410
O Circe! canst thou bid me meek become
And gentle, who beneath thy roof detain'st
My fellow-voyagers transform'd to swine?
And, fearing my escape, invit'st thou me
Into thy bed, with fraudulent pretext 415
Of love, that there, enfeebling by thy arts
My noble spirit, thou may'st make me vile?
No—trust me—never will I share thy bed

'Till first, oh Goddess, thou consent to swear
The dread all-binding oath, that other harm 420
Against myself thou wilt imagine none.

I spake. She swearing as I bade, renounced
All evil purpose, and (her solemn oath
Concluded) I ascended, next, her bed
Magnificent. Meantime, four graceful nymphs 425

Attended on the service of the house,
Her menials, from the fountains sprung and groves,
And from the sacred streams that seek the sea.
Of these, one cast fine linen on the thrones,
Which, next, with purple arras rich she spread; 430

Another placed before the gorgeous seats
Bright tables, and set on baskets of gold.
The third, an argent beaker fill'd with wine
Delicious, which in golden cups she served;

The fourth brought water, which she warm'd within 435
An ample vase, and when the simm'ring flood
Sang in the tripod, led me to a bath,

And laved me with the pleasant stream profuse
Pour'd o'er my neck and body, 'till my limbs
Refresh'd, all sense of lassitude resign'd. 440

When she had bathed me, and with limpid oil
Anointed me, and clothed me in a vest
And mantle, next, she led me to a throne
Of royal state, with silver studs emboss'd,
And footstool'd soft beneath; then came a nymph 445
With golden ewer charged and silver bowl,

Who

Who pour'd pure water on my hands, and placed
The polish'd board before me, which with food
Various, selected from her present stores,
The cat'refs spread, then, courteous, bade me eat. 450
But me it pleas'd not; with far other thoughts
My spirit teem'd, on vengeance more intent.
Soon, then, as Circe mark'd me on my seat
Fast-rooted, fullen, nor with outstretch'd hands
Deigning to touch the banquet, she approach'd, 455
And in wing'd accents suasive thus began.

Why fits Ulysses like the Dumb, dark thoughts
His only food? loaths he the touch of meat,
And taste of wine? Thou fear'st, as I perceive,
Some other snare, but idle is that fear, 460
For I have sworn the inviolable oath.

She ceas'd, to whom this answer I return'd.
How can I eat? what virtuous man and just
O Circe! could endure the taste of wine
Or food, 'till he should see his prison'd friends 465
Once more at liberty? If then thy wish
That I should eat and drink be true, produce
My captive people; let us meet again.

So I; then Circe, bearing in her hand
Her potent rod, went forth, and op'ning wide 470
The door, drove out my people from the sty,
In bulk resembling brawns of the ninth year.
They stood before me; she through all the herd
Proceeding, with an unctuous antidote

Anointed each, and at the wholesome touch 475

All shed the swinish bristles by the drug

Dread Circe's former magic gift, produced.

Restored at once to manhood, they appear'd

More vigorous far, and fightlier than before.

They knew me, and with grasp affectionate 480

Hung on my hand. Tears follow'd, but of joy,

And with loud cries the vaulted palace rang.

Even the awful Goddess felt, herself,

Compassion, and, approaching me, began.

Laertes' noble son, for wiles renown'd ! 485

Hence to the shore, and to thy gallant bark ;

First, hale her safe aground, then, hiding all

Your arms and treasures in the caverns, come

Thyself again, and hither lead thy friends.

So spake the Goddess, and my generous mind 490

Persuaded ; thence repairing to the beach,

I sought my ship ; arrived, I found my crew

Lamenting miserably, and their cheeks

With tears bedewing ceaseless at her side.

As when the calves within some village rear'd 495

Behold, at eve, the herd returning home

From fruitful meads where they have grazed their fill,

No longer in the stalls contain'd, they rush

With many a frisk abroad, and, blaring oft,

With one consent all dance their dams around, 500

So they, at sight of me, dissolved in tears

Of rapt'rous joy, and each his spirit felt

With

With like affections warm'd as he had reach'd
Just then his country, and his city seen,
Fair Ithaca, where he was born and rear'd.
Then in wing'd accents tender thus they spake.

505

Noble Ulysses! thy appearance fills
Our soul with transports, such as we should feel
Arrived in safety on our native shore.

Speak—say how perish'd our unhappy friends?

510

So they; to whom this answer mild I gave.
Hale we our vessel first ashore, and hide
In caverns all our treasures and our arms,
Then, hasting hence, follow me, and ere long
Ye shall behold your friends, beneath the roof
Of Circe banquetting and drinking wine
Abundant, for no dearth attends them there.

515

So I; whom all with readiness obey'd,
All save Eurylochus; he fought alone
To stay the rest, and, eager, interposed.

520

Ah whither tend we, miserable men?
Why covet ye this evil, to go down
To Circe's palace? she will change us all
To lions, wolves or swine, that we may guard
Her palace, by necessity constrain'd.
So some were pris'ners of the Cyclops erst,
When, led by rash Ulysses, our lost friends
Intruded needlessly into his cave,
And perish'd by the folly of their Chief.

525

He

He spake, whom hearing, occupied I stood 530
In self-debate, whether, my faulchion keen
Forth-drawing from beside my sturdy thigh,
To tumble his lopp'd head into the dust,
Although he were my kinsman in the bonds
Of close affinity; but all my friends 535

As with one voice, thus gently interposed.

Noble Ulysses! we will leave him here
Our vessel's guard, if such be thy command,
But us lead thou to Circe's dread abode.

So saying, they left the galley, and set forth 540
Climbing the coast; nor would Eurylochus
Beside the hollow bark remain, but join'd
His comrades, by my dreadful menace awed.
Meantime the Goddess, busily employ'd,
Bathed and refresh'd my friends with limpid oil, 545
And clothed them. We, arriving, found them all
Banqueting in the palace; there they met;
These ask'd, and those rehearsed the wond'rous tale,
And, the recital made, all wept aloud

Till the wide dome resounded. Then approach'd 550
The graceful Goddess, and address'd me thus.

Laertes' noble son, for wiles renown'd!
Provoke ye not each other, now, to tears.
I am not ignorant, myself, how dread
Have been your woes, both on the fishy Deep, 555
And on the land by force of hostile pow'rs.
But come—Eat now, and drink ye wine, that so

Your

Your freshen'd spirit may revive, and ye
Courageous grow again, as when ye left
The rugged shores of Ithaca, your home. 560

For now, through recollection, day by day,
Of all your pains and toils, ye are become
Spiritlefs, strengthlefs, and the tafte forget
Of pleafure, fuch have been your num'rous woes.

She fpake, whose invitation kind prevail'd, 565
And won us to her will. 'There, then, we dwelt
The year complete, fed with delicious fare
Day after day, and quaffing gen'rous wine.
But when (the year fulfill'd) the circling hours
Their courfe refum'd, and the fucceffive months 570
With all their tedious days were fpent, my friends,
Summoning me abroad, thus greeted me.

Sir! recollect thy country, if indeed
The fates ordain thee to revisit fafe
That country, and thy own glorious abode. 575

So they; whose admonition I receiv'd
Well-pleas'd. Then, all the day, regaled we fat
At Circe's board with fav'ry viands rare,
And quaffing richeft wine; but when, the fun
Declining, darknefs overfhadow'd all, 580

Then, each within the dusky palace took
Custom'd repofe, and to the Goddefs' bed
Magnificent afcending, there I urged
My earneft fuit, which gracious fhe receiv'd,
And in wing'd accents earneft thus I fpake.

585

O Circe!

O Circe ! let us prove thy promise true ;
Dismiss us hence. My own desires, at length,
Tend homeward vehement, and the desires
No less of all my friends, who with complaints
Unheard by thee, wear my sad heart away.

390

So I ; to whom the Goddess in return.
Laertes' noble son, Ulysses famed
For deepest wisdom ! dwell not longer here,
Thou and thy followers, in my abode
Reluctant ; but your next must be a course
Far different ; hence departing, ye must seek
The dreary house of Aides and of dread
Persephone, there to consult the Seer
Theban Tiresias, prophet blind, but blest
With faculties which death itself hath spared.
To him alone, of all the dead, Hell's Queen
Gives still to prophecy, while others flit
Mere forms, the shadows of what once they were.

595

600

She spake, and by her words dash'd from my soul
All courage ; weeping on the bed I sat,
Reckless of life and of the light of day.
But when, with tears and rolling to and fro
Sate, I felt relief, thus I replied.

605

O Circe ! with what guide shall I perform
This voyage, unperform'd by living man ?

610

I spake, to whom the Goddess quick replied.
Brave Laertiades ! let not the fear
To want a guide distress thee. Once on board,

Your

Your mast erected, and your canvas white
Unfurld, sit thou; the breathing North shall waft. 615
Thy vessel on. But when ye shall have cross'd
The broad expanse of Ocean, and shall reach
The oozy shore, where grow the poplar groves
And fruitless willows wan of Proserpine,
Push thither through the gulphy Deep thy bark, 620
And, landing, haste to Pluto's murky abode.
There, into Acheron runs not alone
Dread Pyriphlegethon, but Cocytus loud,
From Styx derived; there also stands a rock,
At whose broad base the roaring rivers meet. 625
There, thrusting, as I bid, thy bark ashore,
O Hero! scoop the soil, op'ning a trench
Eh-broad on ev'ry side; then pour around
Libation consecrate to all the dead,
First, milk with honey mixt, then luscious wine, 630
Then water, sprinkling, last, meal over all.
Next, supplicate the unsubstantial forms
Fervently of the dead, vowing to slay,
(Return'd to Ithaca) in thy own house,
An heifer barren yet, fairest and best 635
Of all thy herds, and to enrich the pile
With delicacies such as please the shades;
But, in peculiar, to Tiresias vow
A fable ram, noblest of all thy flocks.
When thus thou hast propitiated with pray'r 640
2 I All

All the illustrious nations of the dead,
Next, thou shalt sacrifice to them a ram
And fable ewe, turning the face of each
Right toward Erebus, and look thyself,
Meantime, askance toward the river's course. 645

Souls num'rous, soon, of the departed dead
Will thither flock; then, strenuous urge thy friends,
Playing the victims which thy ruthless steel
Hath slain, to burn them, and to sooth by pray'r
Illustrious Pluto and dread Proserpine. 650

While thus is done, thou seated at the fofs,
Faulchion in hand, chase thence the airy forms
Afar, nor suffer them to approach the blood,
'Till with Tiresias thou have first conferr'd.
Then, glorious Chief! the Prophet shall himself 655
Appear, who will instruct thee, and thy course
Delineate, measuring from place to place
Thy whole return athwart the fishy flood.

While thus she spake, the golden dawn arose,
When, putting on me my attire, the nymph 660
Next, cloath'd herself, and girding to her waist
With an embroider'd zone her snowy robe
Graceful, redundant, veil'd her beauteous head.

Then, ranging the wide palace, I aroused
My followers, standing at the side of each— 665

Up! sleep no longer! let us quick depart,
For thus the Goddess hath, herself, advised.

So

So I, whose early summons my brave friends
With readiness obey'd. Yet even thence
I brought not all my crew. There was a youth, 670
Youngest of all my train, Elpenor; one
Not much in estimation for desert
In arms, nor prompt in understanding more,
Who overcharged with wine, and covetous
Of cooler air, high on the palace-roof 675
Of Circe slept, apart from all the rest.
Awaken'd by the clamour of his friends
Newly arisen, he also sprang to rise,
And, in his haste, forgetful where to find
The deep-descending stairs, plunged through the roof.
With neck-bone broken from the vertebræ 681

Outstretch'd he lay; his spirit fought the shades.
Then, thus to my assembling friends I spake.
Ye think, I doubt not, of an homeward course,
But Circe points me to the drear abode 685
Of Proserpine and Pluto, to consult
The spirit of Tiresias, Theban seer.

I ended, and the hearts of all alike
Felt consternation; on the earth they sat
Disconsolate, and plucking each his hair, 690
Yet profit none of all their sorrow found.

But while we fought my galley on the beach
With tepid tears bedewing, as we went,
Our cheeks, meantime the Goddesses to the shore

Descending, bound within the bark a ram
And fable ewe, passing us unperceived.
For who hath eyes that can discern a God
Going or coming, if he shun the view?

695

A R G U-

A R G U M E N T

OF THE

E L E V E N T H B O O K.

Ulysses relates to Alcinoüs his voyage to the infernal regions, his conference there with the prophet Tiresias concerning his return to Ithaca, and gives him an account of the heroes, heroines, and others whom he saw there,

B O O K. XI.

ARRIVING on the shore, and launching, first,
Our bark into the sacred Deep, we set
Our mast and sails, and stow'd secure on board
The ram and ewe, then, weeping, and with hearts
Sad and disconsolate, embark'd ourselves. 5
And now, melodious Circe, nymph divine,
Sent after us a canvas-stretching breeze,
Pleasant companion of our course, and we
(The decks and benches clear'd) untoiling sat,
While managed gales sped swift the bark along. 10
All day, with sails distended, o'er the Deep
She flew, and when the sun, at length, declined,
And twilight dim had shadow'd all the ways,
Approach'd the bourn of Ocean's vast profound.

The

The city, there, of the Cimmerians stands 15
 With clouds and darkness veil'd, on whom the sun
 Deigns not to look with his beam-darting eye,
 Or when he climbs the starry arch, or when
 Earthward he slopes again his * west'ring wheels,
 But sad night canopies the wœful race. 20
 We haled the bark aground, and, landing there
 The ram and fable ewe, journey'd beside
 The Deep, 'till we arriv'd where Circe bade.
 Here, Perimedes' son Eurylochus
 Held fast the destined sacrifice, while I 25
 Scoop'd with my sword the soil, op'ning a trench
 Ell-broad on ev'ry side, then pour'd around
 Libation consecrate to all the dead,
 First, milk with honey mixt, then luscious wine,
 Then water, sprinkling, last, meal over all. 30
 This done, adoring the unreal forms
 And shadows of the dead, I vow'd to slay,
 (Return'd to Ithaca) in my own abode,
 An heifer barren yet, fairest and best
 Of all my herds, and to enrich the pile 35
 With delicacies, such as please the shades.
 But, in peculiar, to the Theban seer
 I vow'd a fable ram, largest and best
 Of all my flocks. When thus I had implored
 With vows and pray'r, the nations of the dead, 40
 Piercing the victims next, I turn'd them both

* Milton.

To bleed into the trench ; then swarming came
 From Erebus the shades of the deceased,
 Brides, youths unwedded, seniors long with woe
 Oppress'd, and tender girls yet new to grief. 45
 Came also many a warrior by the spear
 In battle pierced, with armour gore-distain'd,
 And all the multitude around the foss
 Stalk'd shrieking dreadful ; me pale horror seized.
 I next, importunate, my people urged, 50
 Flaying the victims which myself had slain,
 To burn them, and to supplicate in pray'r
 Illustrious Pluto and dread Proserpine.
 Then down I sat, and with drawn faulchion chafed
 The ghosts, nor suffer'd them to approach the blood, 55
 Till with Tiresias I should first confer.

The spirit, first, of my companion came,
 Elpenor ; for no burial honours yet
 Had he received, but we had left his corse
 In Circe's palace, tombless, undeplord, 60
 Ourselves by pressure urged of other cares.
 Touch'd with compassion seeing him, I wept,
 And in wing'd accents brief him thus bespake.

Elpenor ! how cam'st thou into the realms
 Of darkness ? Hast thou, though on foot, so far 65
 Outstripp'd my speed, who in my bark arrived ?

So I, to whom with tears he thus replied.
 Laertes' noble son, for wiles renown'd !
 Fool'd by some dæmon and the intemp'rate bowl,

I perish'd

I perish'd in the house of Circe; there 70
 The deep-descending steps heedless I miss'd,
 And fell precipitated from the roof.
 With neck-bone broken from the vertebrae
 Outstretch'd I lay; my spirit fought the shades.
 But now, by those whom thou hast left at home, 75
 By thy Penelope, and by thy fire,
 The gentle nourisher of thy infant growth,
 And by thy only son Telemachus
 I make my suit to thee. For, sure, I know
 That from the house of Pluto safe return'd, 80
 Thou shalt ere long thy gallant vessel moor
 At the Ææan isle. Ah! there arrived
 Remember me. Leave me not undeplored
 Nor uninhumed, lest, for my sake, the Gods
 In vengeance visit thee; but with my arms 85
 (What arms foe'er I left) burn me, and raise
 A kind memorial of me on the coast,
 Heap'd high with earth; that an unhappy man
 May yet enjoy an unforgotten name.
 Thus do at my request, and on my hill 90
 Funereal, plant the oar with which I row'd,
 While yet I lived a mariner of thine.

He spake, to whom thus answer I return'd.
 Poor youth! I will perform thy whole desire.

Thus we, there sitting, doleful converse held, 95
 With outstretch'd faulchion, I, guarding the blood,
 And my companion's shadowy semblance sad

Meantime

Meantime discoursing me on various themes.

The soul of my departed mother, next,

Of Anticleia came, daughter of brave

100

Autolycus; whom, when I fought the shores

Of Ilium, I had living left at home.

Seeing her, with compassion touch'd, I wept,

Yet even her, (although it pain'd my soul)

Forbad, relentless, to approach the blood,

105

'Till with Tiresias I should first confer.

Then came the spirit of the Theban seer

Himself, his golden sceptre in his hand,

Who knew me, and, enquiring, thus began.

Why, hapless Chief! leaving the cheerful day,

110

Arriv'st thou to behold the dead, and this

Unpleasant land? but, from the trench awhile

Receding, turn thy faulchion keen away,

That I may drink the blood, and tell thee truth.

He spake; I thence receding, deep infix'd

115

My sword bright-studded in the sheath again.

The noble prophet then, approaching, drank

The blood, and, satisfied, address'd me thus.

Thou seek'st a pleasant voyage home again,

Renown'd Ulysses! but a God will make

120

That voyage difficult; for, as I judge,

Thou wilt not pass by Neptune unperceiv'd,

Whose anger follows thee, for that thou hast

Deprived his son the Cyclops of his eye.

At length, however, after num'rous woes

125

2 K

Endured,

Endur'd, thou may'st attain thy native isle,
 If thy own appetite thou wilt controul
 And theirs who follow thee, what time thy bark
 Well-built, shall at * Thrinacia's shore arrive,
 Escaped from perils of the gloomy Deep. 130
 There shall ye find grazing the flocks and herds
 Of the all-seeing and all-hearing Sun,
 Which, if attentive to thy safe return,
 Thou leave unharm'd, though after num'rous woes,
 Ye may at length arrive in Ithaca. 135
 But if thou violate them, I denounce
 Destruction on thy ship and all thy band,
 And though thyself escape, late shalt thou reach
 Thy home and † hard-bested, in a strange bark,
 All thy companions lost; trouble beside 140
 Awaits thee there, for thou shalt find within
 Proud suitors of thy noble wife, who waste
 Thy substance, and with promis'd spousal gifts.
 Ceaseless solicit her to wed; yet well
 Shalt thou avenge all their injurious deeds. 145
 That once perform'd, and ev'ry suitor slain.
 Either by stratagem, or face to face,
 In thy own palace, bearing, as thou go'st,
 A shapely oar, journey, 'till thou hast found
 A people who the sea know not, nor eat 150

* The shore of Sicily, commonly called Trinacria, but *Euphonia* by Homer, Thrinacia.

† The expression is used by Milton, and signifies—Beset with many difficulties.

Food salted ; they trim galley crimson-prow'd
 Have ne'er beheld, nor yet smooth-shaven oar,
 With which the vessel wing'd scuds o'er the waves.
 Well thou shalt know them ; this shall be the sign—
 When thou shalt meet a trav'ler, who shall name 155
 The oar on thy broad shoulder borne, a * van,
 There, deep infixing it within the soil,
 Worship the King of Ocean with a bull,
 A ram, and a lascivious boar, then seek
 Thy home again, and sacrifice at home 160
 An hecatomb to the Immortal Gods,
 Adoring each duly, and in his course.
 So shalt thou die in peace a gentle death,
 Remote from Ocean ; it shall find thee late,
 In soft serenity of age, the Chief 165
 Of a blest people.—I have told thee truth.

He spake, to whom I answer thus return'd.
 Tiresias ! thou, I doubt not, hast reveal'd
 The ordinance of heav'n. But tell me, Seer !
 And truly. I behold my mother's shade ; 170
 Silent she sits beside the blood, nor word
 Nor even look vouchsafes to her own son.
 How shall she learn, prophet ! that I am her's ?

So I, to whom Tiresias quick replied.
 The course is easy. Learn it, taught by me. 175
 What shade for'er, by leave from thee obtain'd,

* Mistaking the oar for a corn-van. A sure indication of his ignorance of maritime concerns.

Shall taste the blood, that shade will tell thee truth;
The rest, prohibited, will all retire.

When thus the spirit of the royal Seer
Had his prophetic mind reveal'd, again
He enter'd Pluto's gates; but I unmoved
Still waited 'till my mother's shade approach'd;
She drank the blood, then knew me, and in words
Wing'd with affection, plaintive, thus began.

180

My son! how hast thou enter'd, still alive,
This darksome region? Difficult it is
For living man to view the realms of death.
Broad rivers roll, and awful floods between,
But chief, the Ocean, which to pass on foot,
Or without ship, impossible is found.
Hast thou, long-wand'ring in thy voyage home
From Ilium, with thy ship and crew arrived,
Ithaca and thy consort yet unseen?

185

190

She spake, to whom this answer I return'd.
My mother! me necessity constrain'd
To Pluto's dwelling, anxious to consult
Theban Tiresias; for I have not yet
Approach'd Achaia, nor have touch'd the shore
Of Ithaca, but suffering ceaseless woe
Have roam'd, since first in Agamemnon's train
I went to combat with the sons of Troy.
But speak, my mother, and the truth alone;
What stroke of fate flew *thee*? Fell'st thou a prey
To some slow malady? or by the shafts

195

200

Of

Of gentle Diar suddenly subdued ? 205

Speak to me also of my antient Sire,

And of Telemachus, whom I left at home;

Possess I still unalienate and safe

My property, or hath some happier Chief

Admittance free into my fortunes gain'd, 210

No hope subsisting more of my return ?

The mind and purpose of my wedded wife

Declare thou also. Dwells she with our son

Faithful to my domestic interests,

Or is she wedded to some Chief of Greece ? 215

I ceas'd, when thus the venerable shade.

Not so ; she faithful still and patient dwells

Thy roof beneath ; but all her days and nights.

Devoting sad to anguish and to tears.

Thy fortunes still are thine ; Telemachus 220

Cultivates, undisturb'd, thy land, and sits

At many a noble banquet, such as well

Beseems the splendour of his princely state,

For all invite him ; at his farm retired.

Thy father dwells, nor to the city comes 225

For aught ; nor bed, nor furniture of bed,

Furr'd cloaks or splendid arras he enjoys,

But, with his servile hinds all winter sleeps.

In ashes and in dust at the hearth-side,

Coarsely attired ; again, when summer comes, 230

Or genial autumn, on the fallen leaves

In any nook, not curious where, he finds

An

An humble couch among his fruitful vines.
 There, stretch'd forlorn, nourishing grief, he weeps
 Thy lot, enfeebled now by num'rous years. 235
 So perish'd I; such fate I also found;
 Me, neither the right-aiming arch'ress struck,
 Diana, with her gentle shafts, nor me
 Distemper flew, my limbs by slow degrees
 But sure, bereaving of their little life, 240
 But long regret, tender solicitude,
 And recollection of thy kindness past,
 These, my Ulysses! fatal proved to me.

She said; I, ardent wish'd to clasp the shade
 Of my departed mother; thrice I sprang 245
 Toward her, by desire impetuous urged,
 And thrice she flitted from between my arms,
 Light as a passing shadow or a dream.
 Then, pierced by keener grief, in accents wing'd
 With filial earnestness I thus replied. 250

My mother, why elud'st thou my attempt
 To clasp thee, that ev'n here, in Pluto's realm,
 We might to full satiety indulge
 Our grief, enfolded in each other's arms?
 Hath Proserpine, alas! only dispatch'd 255
 A shadow to me, to augment my woe?

Then, instant, thus the venerable form.
 Ah, son! thou most afflicted of mankind!
 On thee, Jove's daughter, Proserpine, obtrudes
 No airy semblance vain; but such the state 260
 And

And nature is of mortals once deceased.
For they nor muscle have, nor flesh, nor bone;
All those (the spirit from the body once
Divorced) the violence of fire consumes,
And, like a dream, the soul flies swift away. 265
But haste thou back to light, and, taught thyself
These sacred truths, hereafter teach thy spouse.

Thus mutual we conferr'd: Then, thither came,
Encouraged forth by royal Proserpine,
Shades female num'rous, all who consorts, erst, 270
Or daughters were of mighty Chiefs repown'd.
About the fable blood frequent they swarm'd.
But I, consid'ring sat, how I might each
Interrogate, and thus resolv'd. My sword
Forth drawing from beside my sturdy thigh, 275
Firm I prohibited the ghosts to drink
The blood together; they successive came;
Each told her own distress; I question'd all.

There, first, the high-born Tyro I beheld;
She claim'd Salmoneus as her sire, and wife 280
Was once of Cretheus, son of Æolus.
Enamour'd of Enipeus, stream divine,
Loveliest of all that water earth, beside
His limpid current she was wont to stray,
When Ocean's God, (Enipeus' form assumed) 285
Within the eddy-whirling river's mouth
Embraced her; there, while the o'er-arching flood,
Uplifted mountainous, conceal'd the God

And

And his fair human bride, her virgin zone

He loos'd, and o'er her eyes sweet sleep diffused. 290

His am'rous purpose satisfied, he grasp'd

Her hand, affectionate, and thus he said.

Rejoice in this my love, and when the year

Shall tend to consummation of its course,

Thou shalt produce illustrious twins, for love 295

Immortal never is unfruitful love.

Rear them with all a mother's care; meantime,

Hence to thy home. Be silent. Name it not.

For I am Neptune, Shaker of the shores.

So saying, he plunged into the billowy Deep. 300

She, pregnant grown, Pelias and Neleus bore,

Both, valiant ministers of mighty Jove.

In wide-spread Iolchus Pelias dwelt,

Of num'rous flocks possess'd; but his abode

Amid the sands of Pylus Neleus chose. 305

To Cretheus wedded next, the lovely nymph

Yet other sons, Æson and Pheres bore,

And Amythaon of equestrian fame.

I, next, the daughter of Asopus saw,

Antiope; she gloried to have known 310

Th' embrace of Jove himself, to whom she brought

A double progeny, Amphion named

And Zethus; they the seven-gated Thebes

Founded and girded with strong tow'rs, because,

Though puissant Heroes both, in spacious Thebes 315

Unfenced by tow'rs, they could not dwell secure.

Alcmena,

Alcmena, next, wife of Amphitryon
 I saw; she in the arms of sov'reign Jove
 The lion-hearted Hercules conceiv'd,
 And, after, bore to Creon brave in fight 320
 His daughter Megara, by the noble son
 Unconquer'd of Amphitryon espoused.

The beauteous *Epicaſte ſaw I then,
 Mother of Oedipus, who guilt incurr'd
 Prodigious, wedded, unintentional, 325
 To her own ſon; his father firſt he ſlew,
 Then wedded her, which ſoon the Gods divulged.
 He, under vengeance of offended heav'n,
 In pleaſant Thebes dwelt miſerable, King
 Of the Cadmean race; ſhe to the gates 330
 Of Ades brazen-barr'd deſpairing went,
 Self-ſtrangled by a cord faſten'd aloft
 To her own palace-roof, and woes bequeath'd
 (Such as the Fury ſiſters execute
 Innumerable) to her guilty ſon. 335

There alſo ſaw I Chloris, lovelieſt fair,
 Whom Neleus woo'd and won with ſpouſal gifts
 Ineſtimable, by her beauty charm'd.
 She youngeſt daughter was of Iafus' ſon,
 Amphion, in old time a ſov'reign prince 340
 In Minuſſian Orchomenus,
 And King of Pylus. Three illuſtrious ſons
 She bore to Neleus, Neſtor, Chromius,

* By the Tragedians called—Jocasta.

And Periclymenus the wide-renown'd,
 And, last, produced a wonder of the earth, 345
 Pero, by ev'ry neighbour prince around
 In marriage fought; but Neleus her on none
 Deign'd to bestow, save only on the Chief
 Who should from Phylace drive off the bees
 (Broad-fronted, and with jealous care secured) 350
 Of valiant Iphicles. One undertook
 That task alone, a prophet high in fame,
 Melampus; but the Fates fast bound him there
 In rig'rous bonds by rustic hands imposed.
 At length (the year, with all its months and days 355
 Concluded, and the new-born year begun)
 Hlustrious Iphicles releas'd the feer,
 * Grateful for all the oracles resolved,
 'Till then obscure. So stood the will of Jove.
 Next, Leda, wife of Tyndarus I saw, 360
 Who bore to Tyndarus a noble pair,
 Castor the bold, and Pollux cestus-famed.
 They pris'ners in the fertile womb of earth,
 Though living, dwell, and even there from Jove
 High privilege gain; alternate they revive 365
 And die, and dignity partake divine.
 The consort of Alcæus, next, I view'd,
 Iphimedeia; she th' embrace profess'd

* Iphicles had been informed by the Oracles, that he should have no children 'till
 instructed by a prophet how to obtain them; a service which Melampus had the
 good fortune to render him.

Of Neptune to have shared, to whom she bore
Two sons; short-lived they were, but godlike both, 370
Otus and Ephialtes far-renown'd.

Orion sole except, all-bounteous Earth
Ne'er nourish'd forms for beauty or for size
To be admired as theirs; in his ninth year
Each measur'd, broad, nine cubits, and the height 375
Was found nine ells of each. Against the Gods
Themselves they threaten'd war, and to excite
The din of battle in the realms above.

To the Olympian summit they essay'd
To heave up Ossa, and to Ossa's crown 380
Branch-waving Pelion; so to climb the heav'ns.
Nor had they failed, maturer grown in might,
To accomplish that emprize, but them the * son
Of radiant-hair'd Latona and of Jove
Slew both, ere yet the down of blooming youth 385
Thick-sprung, their cheeks or chins had tufted o'er.

Phædra I also there, and Procris saw,
And Ariadne for her beauty praised,
Whose fire was all-wise Minos. Theseus her
From Crete toward the fruitful region bore 390
Of sacred Athens, but enjoy'd not there,
For, first, she perish'd by Diana's shafts
In Dia, Bacchus † witnessing her crime.

* Apollo. † Bacchus accused her to Diana of having lain with Theseus
in his temple, and the Goddess punished her with death.

Mæra and Clymene I saw beside,
And odious Eriphyle, who received 395
The price in gold of her own husband's life.

But all the wives of Heroes whom I saw,
And all their daughters can I not relate;
Night, first, would fail; and even now the hour
Calls me to rest either on board my bark, 400
Or here; meantime, I in yourselves confide,
And in the Gods to shape my conduct home.

He ceased; the whole assembly silent sat,
Charm'd into ecstasy by his discourse
Throughout the twilight hall, 'till, at the last, 405
Areta iv'ry-arm'd them thus bespake.

Phæacians! how appears he in your eyes
This stranger, graceful as he is in port,
In stature noble, and in mind discrete?
My guest he is, but ye all share with me. 410
That honour; him dismiss not, therefore, hence
With haste, nor from such indigence withhold
Supplies gratuitous; for ye are rich,
And by kind heav'n with rare possessions blest.

The Hero, next, Echeneus spake, a Chief 415
Now antient, eldest of Phæacia's sons.

Your prudent Queen, my friends, speaks not beside
Her proper scope, but as befits her well.
Her voice obey; yet the effect of all
Must on Alcinoüs himself depend. 420.

To

To whom Alcinoüs, thus, the King, replied.
 I ratify the word. So shall be done,
 As surely as myself shall live supreme
 O'er all Phæacia's maritime domain.
 Then let the guest, though anxious to depart,
 Wait 'till the morrow, that I may complete
 The whole donation. His safe conduct home
 Shall be the gen'ral care, but mine in chief,
 To whom dominion o'er the rest belongs.

425

Him answer'd, then, Ulysses ever-wise.
 Alcinoüs! Prince! exalted high o'er all
 Phæacia's sons! should ye solicit, kind,
 My stay throughout the year, preparing still
 My conduct home, and with illustrious gifts
 Enriching me the while, ev'n that request
 Should please me well; the wealthier I return'd,
 The happier my condition; welcome more
 And more respectable I should appear
 In ev'ry eye, to Ithaca restored.

430

435

To whom Alcinoüs answer thus return'd.
 Ulysses! viewing thee, no fears we feel
 Lest thou, at length, some false pretender prove,
 Or subtle hypocrite, of whom no few
 Disseminated o'er its face the earth
 Sustains, adepts in fiction, and who frame
 Fables, where fables could be least surmised.
 Thy phrase well turn'd, and thy ingenuous mind
 Proclaim *thee* different far, who hast in strains

440

445

Musical

Musical as a poet's voice, the woes
 Rehears'd of all thy Grecians, and thy own. 450
 But say, and tell me true. Beheld'st thou there
 None of thy followers to the walls of Troy
 Slain in that warfare! Lo! the night is long—
 A night of utmost length; nor yet the hour
 Invites to sleep. Tell me thy wond'rous deeds, 455
 For I could watch 'till sacred dawn, could'st thou
 So long endure to tell me of thy toils.

Then thus Ulysses, ever-wise, replied.
 Alcinoüs! high exalted over all
 Phæacia's sons! the time suffices yet 460
 For converse both and sleep, and if thou wish
 To hear still more, I shall not spare to unfold
 More pitiable woes than these, sustain'd
 By my companions, in the end destroy'd;
 Who, saved from perils of disastrous war 465
 At Ilium, perish'd yet in their return,
 Victims of a pernicious * woman's crime.

Now, when chaste Proserpine had wide dispers'd
 Those female shades, the spirit sore distress'd
 Of Agamemnon, Atreus' son, appear'd; 470
 Encircled by a throng, he came; by all
 Who with himself beneath Ægisthus' roof
 Their fate fulfill'd, perishing by the sword.
 He drank the blood, and knew me; shrill he wail'd
 And querulous; tears trickling bathed his cheeks, 475

* Probably meaning Helen.

And

And with spread palms, through ardour of desire,
He fought to enfold me fast, but vigour none,
Or force, as erst, his agile limbs inform'd.
I, pity-moved, wept at the sight, and him,
In accents wing'd by friendship, thus address'd.

484

Ah glorious son of Atreus, King of men!
What hand inflicted the all-numbing stroke
Of death on thee? Say, didst thou perish sunk
By howling tempests irresistible
Which Neptune raised, or on dry land by force
Of hostile multitudes, while cutting off
Beeves from the herd, or driving flocks away,
Or fighting for Achaia's daughters, shut
Within some city's bulwarks close besieged?

485

I ceased, when Agamemnon thus replied.
Ulysses, noble Chief, Laertes' son
For wisdom famed! I neither perish'd sunk
By howling tempests irresistible
Which Neptune raised, nor on dry land received
From hostile multitudes the fatal blow,
But me Ægisthus slew; my woeful death
Confed'rate with my own pernicious wife
He plotted, with a show of love sincere
Bidding me to his board, where as the ox
Is slaughter'd at his crib, he slaughter'd me.
Such was my dreadful death; carnage ensued:
Continual of my friends slain all around,
Num'rous as boars bright-tusk'd at nuptial feast,

490

495

500

Or

Or feast convivial of some wealthy Chief.
 Thou hast already witness'd many a field 505
 With warriors overspread, slain one by one,
 But that dire scene had most thy pity moved,
 For we, with brimming beakers at our side,
 And underneath full tables, bleeding lay.
 Blood floated all the pavement. Then the cries 510
 Of Priam's daughter sounded in my ears
 Most pitiable of all, Cassandra's cries,
 Whom Clytemnestra close beside me flew.
 Expiring as I lay, I yet essay'd
 To grasp my faulchion, but the traitress quick 515
 Withdrew herself, nor would vouchsafe to close
 My languid eyes, or prop my drooping chin
 Ev'n in the moment when I fought the shades.
 So that the thing breathes not, ruthless and fell
 As woman once resolv'd on such a deed 520
 Detestable, as my base wife contrived,
 The murder of the husband of her youth.
 I thought to have return'd welcome to all,
 To my own children and domestic train;
 But she, past measure profligate, hath poured 525
 Shame on herself, on women yet unborn,
 And even on the virtuous of her sex.
 He ceas'd, to whom, thus, answer I return'd.
 Gods! how severely hath the Thund'rer plagued
 The house of Atreus, even from the first, 530
 By female counsels! we for Helen's sake

11

Have

Have num'rous died, and Clytemnestra framed
While thou wast far remote, this snare for thee!

So I, to whom Atrides thus replied.

Thou, therefore, be not pliant overmuch 535

To woman; trust her not with all thy mind,

But half disclose to her, and half conceal.

Yet, from thy consort's hand no bloody death,

My friend, hast thou to fear; for passing wife

Icarus' daughter is, far other thoughts, 540

Intelligent, and other plans, to frame.

Her, going to the wars we left a bride

New-wedded, and thy boy hung at her breast,

Who, man himself, consorts ere now with men

A prosp'rous youth; his father, safe restored 545

To his own Ithaca, shall see him soon,

And *he* shall clasp his father in his arms

As nature bids; but me, my cruel one

Indulged not with the dear delight to gaze

On my Orestes, for she slew me first. 550

* But listen; treasure what I now impart.

Steer secret to thy native isle; avoid

Notice; for woman merits trust no more.

Now tell me truth. Hear ye in whose abode

My son resides? dwells he in Pylus, say, 555

* This is, surely, one of the most natural strokes to be found in any poet. Convinced, for a moment, by the virtues of Penelope, he mentions her with respect; but, recollecting himself suddenly, involves even her in his general ill opinion of the sex, begotten in him by the crimes of Clytemnestra.

Or in Orchomenos, or else beneath
My brother's roof in Sparta's wide domain?
For my Orestes is not yet a shade.

So he, to whom I answer thus return'd.
Atrides, ask not me. Whether he live, 560
Or have already died, I nothing know;
Mere words are vanity, and better spared.

Thus we discoursing mutual stood, and tears
Shedding disconsolate. The shade, meantime,
Came of Achilles, Peleus' mighty son; 565
Patroclus also, and Antilochus
Appear'd, with Ajax, for proportion just
And stature tall, (Pelides sole except)
Distinguish'd above all Achaia's sons.

The soul of swift Æacides at once 570
Knew me, and in wing'd accents thus began.

Brave Laertiades, for wiles renown'd!
What mightier enterprize than all the past
Hath made thee here, a guest? rash as thou art!
How hast thou dared to penetrate the gloom 575
Of Ades, dwelling of the shadowy dead,
Semblances only of what once they were?

He spake, to whom I, answer'ing, thus replied.
O Peleus' son! Achilles! bravest far
Of all Achaia's race? I here arrived 580
Seeking Tiresias, from his lips to learn,
Perchance, how I might safe regain the coast
Of craggy Ithaca; for tempest-toss'd

Perpetual,

Perpetual, I have neither yet approach'd
 Achaia's shore, or landed on my own. 585
 But as for thee, Achilles! never man
 Hath known felicity like thine, or shall,
 Whom living we all honour'd as a God,
 And who maintain't here, resident, supreme
 Controul among the dead; indulge not then, 590
 Achilles, causeless grief that thou hast died.

I ceased, and answer thus instant received.
 Renown'd Ulysses! think not death a theme
 Of consolation; I had rather live
 The servile hind for hire, and eat the bread 595
 Of some man scantily himself sustain'd,
 Than sov'reign empire hold o'er all the shades.
 But come—speak to me of my noble boy;
 Proceeds he, as he promis'd, brave in arms,
 Or shuns he war? Say also, hast thou heard 600
 Of royal Peleus? shares he still respect
 Among his numerous Myrmidons, or scorn
 In Hellas and in Phthia, for that age
 Predominates in his enfeebled limbs?
 For help is none in me; the glorious fun 605
 No longer sees me such, as when in aid
 Of the Achaians I o'erspread the field
 Of spacious Troy with all their bravest slain.
 * Oh might I, vigorous as then, repair

For

* Another most beautiful stroke of nature. Ere yet Ulysses has had opportunity to answer, the very thought that Peleus may possibly be insulted, fires him, and he takes

For one short moment to my father's house, 610
 They all should tremble; I would shew an arm,
 Such as should daunt the fiercest who presumes
 To injure *him*, or to despise his age.

Achilles spake, to whom I thus replied.

Of noble Peleus have I nothing heard; 615
 But I will tell thee, as thou bidd'st, the truth
 Unfeign'd of Neoptolemus thy son;
 For him, myself, on board my hollow bark
 From Scyros to Achaia's host convey'd.
 Oft as in council under Ilium's walls 620
 We met, he ever foremost was in speech,
 Nor spake erroneous; Nestor and myself
 Except, no Grecian could with him compare.
 Oft, too, as we with battle hemm'd around
 Troy's bulwarks, from among the mingled crowd 625
 Thy son sprang foremost into martial act,
 Inferior in heroic worth to none.
 Beneath him num'rous fell the sons of Troy
 In dreadful fight, nor have I pow'r to name
 Distinctly all, who by his glorious arm 630
 Exerted in the cause of Greece, expired.
 Yet will I name Eurypylus, the son
 Of Telephus, an Hero whom his sword
 Of life bereaved, and all around him strew'd
 The plain with his Cetean warriors, won 635

makes the whole for granted. Thus is the impetuous character of Achilles sustained to the last moment!

To

To Ilium's side by bribes * to women giv'n.

Save noble Memnon only, I beheld

No Chief at Ilium beautiful as he.

Again, when we within the horse of wood

Framed by Epeüs fat, an ambush chos'n

640

Of all the bravest Greeks, and I in trust

Was placed to open or to keep fast-closed

The hollow fraud; then, ev'ry Chieftain there

And Senator of Greece wiped from his cheeks

The tears, and tremors felt in ev'ry limb;

645

But never saw I changed to terror's hue

His ruddy cheek, no tears wiped *he* away,

But oft he press'd me to go forth, his suit

With pray'rs enforcing, griping hard his hilt

And his brags-burthen'd spear, and dire revenge

650

Denouncing, ardent, on the race of Troy.

At length, when we had sack'd the lofty town

Of Priam, laden with abundant spoils

He safe embark'd, neither by spear or shaft

Aught hurt, or in close fight by faulchion's edge,

655

As oft in war befalls, where wounds are dealt

Promiscuous, at the will of fiery Mars.

So I; then striding large, the spirit thence

Withdrew of swift *Æacides*, along

* *Ευραίου τινος δούλου*—Priam is said to have influenced by gifts the wife and mother of Eurypylus, to persuade him to the assistance of Troy, he being himself unwilling to engage. The passage through defect of history has long been dark, and commentators have adapted different senses to it, all conjectural. The Ceteans are said to have been a people of Mysia, of which Eurypylus was King.

The

The * hoary mead pacing, with joy elate. 660

That I had blazon'd bright his son's renown.

The other souls of men by death dismiss'd
Stood mournful by, sad uttering each his woes;
The soul alone I saw standing remote

Of Telamonian Ajax, still incensed 665

That in our public contest for the arms
Worn by Achilles, and by Thetis thrown
Into dispute, my claim had strongest proved,
Troy and Minerva judges of the cause.

Disastrous victory! which I could wish 670

Not to have won, since for that armour's sake

The earth hath cover'd Ajax, in his form

And martial deeds superior far to all

The Grecians, Peleus' matchless son except.

I, seeking to appease him, thus began. 675

O Ajax, son of glorious Telamon!

Canst thou remember, even after death,

Thy wrath against me, kindled for the sake

Of those pernicious arms? arms which the Gods

Ordain'd of such dire consequence to Greece, 680

Which caused thy death, our bulwark! Thee we mourn

With grief perpetual, nor the death lament

Of Peleus' son, Achilles, more than thine.

Yet none is blameable; Jove evermore

* Κατ' ἀσφodelοῖς λειμῶνα.—Asphodel was planted on the graves, and around the tombs of the deceased, and hence the supposition, that the Stygian plain was clothed with asphodel. F.

With

With bitt'rest hate pursued Achaia's host, 685
And he ordain'd thy death. Hero! approach,
That thou may'st hear the words with which I seek
To sooth thee; let thy long displeasure cease!
Quell all resentment in thy gen'rous breast!

I spake; nought answer'd he, but fullen join'd 690
His fellow ghosts; yet, angry as he was,
I had prevail'd even on him to speak,
Or had, at least, accosted him again,
But that my bosom teem'd with strong desire
Urgent, to see yet others of the dead. 695

There saw I Minos, offspring famed of Jove;
His golden sceptre in his hand, he sat
Judge of the dead; they, pleading each in turn
His cause, some stood, some sat, filling the house
Whose spacious folding-gates are never closed. 700

Orion next, huge ghost, engaged my view,
Droves urging o'er the grassy mead, of beasts
Which he had slain, himself, on the wild hills,
With strong club arm'd of ever-during brass.

There also Tityus on the ground I saw 705
Extended, offspring of the glorious earth;
Nine acres he o'erspread, and, at his side
Station'd, two vultures on his liver prey'd,
Scooping his entrails; nor sufficed his hands
To fray them thence; for he had sought to force 710
Latona, illustrious concubine of Jove,
What time the Goddess journey'd o'er the rocks

OF

Of Pytho into pleasant Panopeus.

Next, suffering grievous torments, I beheld
Tantalus; in a pool he stood, his chin . 715
Wash'd by the wave; thirst-parch'd he seem'd, but found
Nought to assuage his thirst; for when he bow'd
His hoary head, ardent to quaff, the flood
Vanish'd absorb'd, and, at his feet, adust
The soil appear'd, dried, instant, by the Gods. 720
Tall trees, fruit-laden, with inflected heads
Stoop'd to him, pears, pomegranates, apples bright,
The luscious fig, and unctuous olive smooth;
Which when with sudden grasp he would have seized,
Winds whirl'd them high into the dusky clouds. 725

There, too, the hard-task'd Sisyphus I saw,
* Thrusting before him, strenuous, a vast rock.
With hands and feet struggling, he shoved the stone
Up to a hill-top; but the steep well-nigh
Vanquish'd, by † some great force repulsed, the mass
Rush'd again, obstinate, down to the plain. 731
Again, stretch'd prone, severe he toil'd, the sweat
Bathed all his weary limbs, and his head reek'd.

The might of Hercules I, next, survey'd;
His semblance; for himself their banquet shares 735

* *Βαραζορτα* must have this sense interpreted by what follows. To attempt to make the English numbers expressive as the Greek, is a labour like that of Sisyphus. The Translator has done what he could.

† It is now, perhaps, impossible to ascertain with precision what Homer meant by the word *σπαρταίης*, which he uses only here, and in the next book, where it is the name of Scylla's dam.—*Αραϊδης*—is also of very doubtful explication.

With

With the Immortal Gods, and in his arms
 Enfolds neat-footed Hebe, daughter fair
 Of Jove, and of his golden-sandal'd spouse.
 Around him, clamorous as birds, the dead
 Swarm'd turbulent; he, gloomy-brow'd as night, 740
 With uncased bow and arrow on the string
 Peer'd terrible from side to side, as one
 Ever in act to shoot; a dreadful belt
 He bore athwart his bosom, thong'd with gold.
 There, broider'd shone many a stupendous form, 745
 Bears, wild-boars, lions with fire-flashing eyes,
 Fierce combats, battles, bloodshed, homicide.
 The artist, author of that belt, none such
 Before, produced, or after. Mé his eye,
 No sooner mark'd, than knowing me, in words 750
 By sorrow quick suggested, he began.
 'Laertes' noble son, for wiles renown'd!
 Ah, hapless Hero! thou art, doubtless, charged,
 Thou also, with some arduous labour, such
 As in the realms of day I once endured. 755
 Son was I of Saturnian Jove, yet woe
 Immenfe sustain'd, subjected to a King
 Inferior far to me, whose harsh commands
 Enjoin'd me many a terrible exploit.
 He even bade me on a time lead hence 760
 The dog, that talk believing above all
 Impracticable; yet from Ades him
 I dragg'd reluctant into light, by aid

Of Hermes, and of Pallas azure-eyed.

So saying, he penetrated deep again

765

The abode of Pluto; but I still unmoved

There stood expecting, curious, other shades

To see of Heroes in old time deceased.

And now, more ancient worthies still, and whom

I wish'd, I had beheld, Pirithöus

770

And Theseus, glorious progeny of Gods,

But nations, first, numberless of the dead

Came shrieking hideous; me pale horror seized,

Left awful Proserpine should thither fend

The Gorgon-head from Ades, sight abhorr'd!

775

I, therefore, hasting to the vessel, bade

My crew embark, and cast the hawsers loose.

They, quick embarking, on the benches sat.

Down the *Oceanus the current bore

My galley, winning, at the first, her way

780

With oars, then, wafted by propitious gales.

* The two first lines of the following book seem to ascertain the true meaning of the conclusion of this, and to prove sufficiently that by *Ωκεανός* here, Homer could not possibly intend any other than a river. In those lines he tells us in the plainest terms, that *the ship left the stream of the river Oceanus, and arrived in the open sea.* Diodorus Siculus informs us, that *Ωκεανός* had been a name anciently given to the Nile. See Clarke.

A R G U M E N T

OF THE

T W E L F T H B O O K.

Ulysses, pursuing his narrative, relates his return from the shades to Circe's island, the precautions given him by that Goddess, his escape from the Sirens, and from Scylla and Charybdis; his arrival in Sicily, where his companions, having slain and eaten the oxen of the Sun, are afterward shipwreck'd and lost; and concludes the whole with an account of his arrival, alone, on the mast of his vessel, at the island of Calypso.

B O O K X I I.

AND now, borne seaward from the river-stream
 Of the Oceanus, we plow'd again
 The spacious Deep, and reach'd th' Ææan isle,
 Where, daughter of the dawn, Aurora takes
 Her choral sports, and whence the sun ascends. §
 We, there arriving, thrust our bark aground
 On the smooth beach, then landed, and on shore
 Reposed, expectant of the sacred dawn.
 But soon as day-spring's daughter rosy-palm'd
 Look'd forth again, sending my friends before, 10
 I bade them bring Elpenor's body down

From the abode of Circe to the beach.
 Then, on the utmost headland of the coast
 We timber fell'd, and, forrowing o'er the dead,
 His fun'ral rites water'd with tears profuse. 15
 The dead consumed, and with the dead his arms,
 We heap'd his tomb; and the sepulchral post
 Erecting, fix'd his shapely oar aloft.

Thus, punctual, we perform'd; nor our return
 From Ades knew not Circe, but attired 20
 In haste, ere long arrived, with whom appear'd
 Her female train with plenteous viands charged,
 And bright wine rosy-red. Amidst us all
 Standing, the beauteous Goddess thus began.

Ah miserable! who have fought the shades 25
 Alive! while others of the human race
 Die only once, appointed twice to die!
 Come—take ye food; drink wine; and on the shore
 All day regale, for ye shall hence again
 At day-spring o'er the Deep; but I will mark 30
 Myself your future course, nor uninform'd
 Leave you in aught, lest, through some dire mistake,
 By sea or land new mis'ries ye incur.

The Goddess spake, whose invitation kind
 We glad accepted; thus we feasting sat 35
 Till set of sun, and quaffing richest wine;
 But when the sun went down and darkness fell,
 My crew beside the hawfers slept, while me
 The Goddess by the hand leading apart,

First

First bade me sit, then, seated opposite, 40
 Enquired, minute, of all that I had seen,
 And I, from first to last, recounted all.
 Then, thus the awful Goddess in return.

Thus far thy toils are finish'd: Now attend!
 Mark well my words, of which the Gods will sure 45
 Themselves remind thee in the needful hour:
 First shalt thou reach the Sirens; they the hearts
 Enchant of all who on their coast arrive.
 The wretch, who unforewarn'd approaching, hears
 The Sirens' voice, his wife and little-ones 50
 Ne'er fly to gratulate his glad return,
 But him the Sirens sitting in the meads
 Charm with mellifluous song, while all around
 The bones accumulated lie of men.
 Now putrid, and the skins mould'ring away! 55
 But, pass them thou, and, lest thy people hear
 Those warblings, ere thou yet approach, fill all
 Their ears with wax moulded between thy palms;
 But as for thee—thou hear them if thou wilt.
 Yet let thy people bind thee to the mast 60
 Erect, encompassing thy feet and arms
 With cordage well-secured to the mast-foot,
 So shalt thou, raptur'd, hear the Sirens' song.
 But if thou supplicate to be released,
 Or give such order, then, with added cords 65
 Let thy companions bind thee still the more:
 When thus thy people shall have safely pass'd

The

The Sirens by, think not from me to learn
 What course thou next shalt steer; two will occur;
 Delib'rate chuse; I shall describe them both. 70
 Here vaulted rocks impend, dash'd by the waves
 Immense of Amphitrite azure-eyed;
 The blessed Gods those rocks, Erratic, call.
 Birds cannot pass them safe; no, not the doves
 Which his ambrosia bear to Father Jove, 75
 But even of those doves the slippery rock
 Proves fatal still to one, for which the God
 Supplies another, lest the number fail.
 No ship, what ship soever there arrives,
 Escapes them, but both mariners and planks 80
 Whelm'd under billows of the Deep, or, caught
 By fiery tempests, sudden disappear.
 Those rocks the billow-cleaving bark alone
 The Argo, further'd by the vows of all,
 Pass'd safely, sailing from Æeta's isle; 85
 Nor she had pass'd, but surely dash'd had been
 On those huge rocks, but that, propitious still
 To Jason, Juno sped her safe along.
 These rocks are two; one lifts his summit sharp
 High as the spacious heav'ns, wrapt in dun clouds 90
 Perpetual, which nor autumn sees dispers'd
 Nor summer, for the sun shines never there;
 No mortal man might climb it or descend,
 Though twice ten hands and twice ten feet he own'd,
 For it is levigated as by art. 95

Down

Down scoop'd to Erebus, a cavern drear
 Yawns in the centre of its western side;
 Pass it, renown'd Ulysses! but aloof
 So far, that a keen arrow smartly sent
 Forth from thy bark should fail to reach the cave. 100
 There Scylla dwells, and thence her howl is heard
 Tremendous; shrill her voice is as the note
 Of hound new-whelp'd, but hideous her aspect,
 Such as no mortal man, nor ev'n a God
 Encount'ring her, should with delight survey. 105
 Her feet are twelve, all fore-feet; six her necks
 Of hideous length, each clubb'd into a head
 Terrific, and each head with fangs is arm'd
 In triple row, thick-planted, stor'd with death.
 Plunged to her middle in the hollow den 110
 She lurks, protruding from the black abyss
 Her heads, with which the rav'ning monster dives
 In quest of dolphins, dog-fish, or of prey
 More bulky, such as in the roaring gulphs
 Of Amphitrite without end-abounds. 115
 It is no seaman's boast that e'er he slipp'd
 Her cavern by, unharm'd. In ev'ry mouth
 She bears upcaught a mariner away.
 The other rock, Ulysses, thou shalt find
 Humbler, a bow-shot only from the first; 120
 On this a wild fig grows broad-leav'd, and here
 Charybdis dire ingulphs the sable flood.
 Each day she thrice disgorges, and each day

Thrice

Thrice swallows it:—Ah! well-forewarn'd, beware
 What time she swallows, that thou come not nigh; 125
 For not himself, Neptune, could snatch thee thence.
 Close passing Scylla's rock, shoot swift thy bark
 Beyond it, ~~since~~ the loss of six alone
 Is better far than shipwreck made of all.

So Circe spake, to whom I thus replied. 130
 Tell me, O Goddess, next, and tell me true!
 If, chance, from fell Charybdis I escape,
 May I not also save from Scylla's force
 My people, should the monster threaten them?

I said, and quick the Goddess, in return, 135
 Unhappy! can exploits and toils of war
 Still please thee? yield'st not to the Gods themselves?
 She is no mortal, but a deathless pest,
 Impracticable, savage, battle-proof, 140
 Defence is vain; flight is thy sole resource.
 For should'st thou linger putting on thy arms,
 Beside the rock, beware, lest darting forth
 Her num'rous heads, she seize with ~~any~~ mouth
 A Grecian, and with others, even thee; 145
 Pass therefore swift, and passing, loud invoke
 Cratais, mother of this plague of man,
 Who will forbid her to assail thee more.
 Thou, next, shall reach Thrinacia; there, the beaved
 And fatted flocks graze num'rous of the Sun;
 Sev'n herds; as many flocks of snowy fleece; 150
 Fifty in each; they breed not, neither die,

Nor

Nor are they kept by less than Goddeffes,
 Lampetia fair, and Phæthusa, both
 By nymph Næera to Hyperion borne.
 Them, soon as she had train'd them to an age 155
 Proportion'd to that charge, their mother sent
 Into Thrinacia, there to dwell and keep
 Inviolate their father's flocks and herds.
 If, anxious for a safe return, thou spare
 Those herds and flocks, though after much endured, 160
 Ye may at last your Ithaca regain;
 But should'st thou violate them, I foretell
 Destruction of thy ship and of thy crew,
 And though thyself escape, thou shalt return
 Late, in ill plight, and all thy friends destroy'd. 165

She ended, and the golden morning dawn'd.
 Then, all-divine, her graceful steps she turn'd
 Back through the isle, and, at the beach arrived,
 I summon'd all my followers to ascend
 The bark again, and cast the hawfers loose. 170
 They, at my voice, embarking, fill'd in ranks
 The seats, and rowing, thresh'd the hoary flood.
 And now, melodious Circe, nymph divine,
 Sent after us a canvas-stretching breeze,
 Pleasant companion of our course, and we 175
 (The decks and benches clear'd) untolling fat,
 While managed gales sped swift the bark along.
 Then, with dejected heart, thus I began.

2 O

Oh,

Oh friends! (for it is needful that not one
Or two alone the admonition hear 180
Of Circe, beauteous prophetess divine)
To all I speak, that whether we escape
Or perish, all may be, at least, forewarn'd.
She bids us, first, 'avoid the dang'rous song
Of the sweet Sirens and their flow'ry meads. 185
Me only she permits those strains to hear;
But ye shall bind me with coercion strong
Of cordage well-secured to the mast-foot,
And by no struggles to be loos'd of mine.
But should I supplicate to be releas'd 190
Or give such order, then, with added cords
Be it your part to bind me still the more.

Thus with distinct precaution I prepared
My people; rapid in her course, meantime;
My gallant bark approach'd the Siren's isle, 195
For brisk and favourable blew the wind.
Then fell the wind suddenly, and serene
A breathless calm ensued, while all around
The billows slumber'd, lull'd by pow'r divine.
Up-sprang my people, and the folded sails 200
Bestowing in the hold, sat to their oars,
Which with their polish'd blades whiten'd the Deep.
I, then, with edge of steel severing minute
A waxen cake, chafed it and moulded it
Between my palms; ere long the ductile mass 205
Grew warm, obedient to that ceaseless force,

And

And to Hyperion's all-pervading beams.
 With that soft liniment I fill'd the ears
 Of my companions, man by man, and they
 My feet and arms with strong coercion bound 210
 Of cordage to the mast-foot well secured.

Then down they sat, and, rowing, thresh'd the brine,
 But when with rapid course we had arrived
 Within such distance as a voice may reach,
 Not unperceived by them the gliding bark 215
 Approach'd, and, thus, harmonious they began.

Ulysses, Chief by ev'ry tongue extoll'd,
 Achaia's boast, oh hither steer thy bark!
 Here stay thy course, and listen to our lay!
 These shores none passes in his fable ship 220
 Till, first, the warblings of our voice he hear,
 Then, happier hence and wiser he departs.
 All that the Greeks endured, and all the ills
 Inflicted by the Gods on Troy, we know,
 Know all that passes on the boundless earth. 225

So they with voices sweet their music poured
 Melodious on my ear, winning with ease
 My heart's desire to listen, and by signs
 I bade my people, instant, set me free.
 But they incumbent row'd, and from their seats 230
 Eurylochus and Perimedes sprang
 With added cords to bind me still the more.
 This danger past, and when the Siren's voice,
 Now left remote, had lost its pow'r to charm,

Then, my companions freeing from the wax 235
Their ears, deliver'd me from my restraint.

The island left afar, soon I discern'd
Huge waves, and smoke, and horrid thund'ring heard.

All sat aghast; forth flew at once the oars
From ev'ry hand, and with a clasp the waves 240
Smote all together; check'd, the galley stood,
By billow-sweeping oars no longer urg'd,
And I, throughout the bark, man after man
Encouraged all, addressing thus my crew.

We meet not, now, my friends, our first distress. 245
This evil is not greater than we found.

When the huge Cyclops in his hollow den

Imprison'd us, yet even thence we 'scaped,

My intrepidity and fertile thought

Opening the way; and we shall recollect 250

These dangers also, in due time, with joy.

Come, then—pursue my counsel. Ye your seats

Still occupying, smite the furrow'd flood

With well-timed strokes, that by the will of Jove

We may escape, perchance, this death, secure. 255

To thee the pilot thus I speak, (my words

Mark thou, for at thy touch the rudder moves)

This smoke, and these tumultuous waves avoid;

Steer wide of both; yet with an eye intent

On yonder rock, lest unaware thou hold 260

Too near a course, and plunge us into harm.

So

So I; with whose advice all, quick, complied:
 But Scylla I as yet named not, (that woe
 Without a cure) left, terrified, my crew
 Should all reinforce their oars, and crowd below:
 Just then, forgetful of the strict command
 Of Circe not to arm, I cloath'd me all
 In radiant armour, grasp'd two quiv'ring spears,
 And to the deck ascended at the prow, and sat
 Expecting earliest notice there, what time
 The rock-bred Scylla should annoy my friends.
 But I discern'd her not, nor could, although
 To weariness of fight the dusky rock
 I vigilant explored. Thus, many a groan
 Heaving, we navigated for the freight,
 For here stood Scylla, while Charybdis there
 With hoarse throat deep absorb'd the briny flood.
 Oft as she vomited the deluge forth,
 Like water cauldron'd o'er a furious fire.
 The whirling Deep all murmur'd, and the spray
 On both those rocky summits fell in show'rs.
 But when she suck'd the salt wave down again,
 Then, all the pool appear'd wheeling about
 Within, the rock rebellow'd, and the sea
 Drawn off into that gulph disclosed to view
 The oozy bottom. Us pale horror seized.
 Thus, dreading death, with fast-set eyes we watch'd
 Charybdis; meantime, Scylla from the bark
 Caught six away, the bravest of my friends.

With

With eyes, that moment, on my ship and drew 290
 Retorted, I beheld the logs, and larvae
 Of those whom ~~the~~ uplifted in the air
 On me they ~~all~~ ^{said}, my name, the last, last time!
 Pronouncing then, in agony of heart,
 As when from some bold point among the rocks 295
 The angler, with his taper rod in hand,
 Casts forth his bait to snare the smaller fry,
 He swings away remote* his guarded line,
 Then jerks his gapping prey forth from the Deep,
 So Scylla there, raised gapping to the rock, 300
 And at her cavern's mouth devour'd them food.
 Shrieking, and stretching forth to me their arms
 In sign of hopeless misery. Neer beheld
 These eyes in all the seas that I have roam'd,
 A fight so piteous, not in all my toils. 305
 From Scylla and Charybdis dire escaped,
 We reach'd the noble island of the Sun
 Ere long, where bright Hyperion's beauteous herds
 Broad-fronted grazed, and his well-batten'd flocks.
 I, in the bark and on the sea, the voice 310
 Of oxen bellowing in hovels heard,
 And of loud bleating sheep; then dropp'd the word
 Into my memory of the fightless Seer,
 Theban Tiresias, and the caution strict
 Of Circe; my ~~Ææan~~ ^{Ææan} ministrers, 315

* They passed the line through a pipe of horn, to secure it against the fishes' bite.

Who

Who with such force had caution'd me to avoid
The island of the Sun, joy of mankind.
Thus then to my companions, sad, I spake.

Hear ye, my friends! although long-time distress'd,
The words prophetic of the Theban seer 310
And of Ææan Circe, whose advice
Was oft repeated to me to avoid
This island of the Sun, joy of mankind.
There, said the Goddess, dread your heaviest woes,
Pass the isle, therefore, scudding swift away. 325

I ceased; they me with consternation heard,
And harshly thus Eurylochus replied.

Ulysses, ruthless Chief! no toils impair
Thy strength, of senseless iron thou art form'd,
Who thy companions weary and o'erwatch'd 330
Forbidd'st to disembark on this fair isle,
Where now, at last, we might with ease regale.
Thou, rash, command'st us, leaving it afar,
To roam all night the Ocean's dreary waste;
But winds to ships injurious spring by night, 335
And how shall we escape a dreadful death
If, chance, a sudden gust from South arise
Or stormy West, that dash in pieces oft
The vessel, even in the Gods' despight?
Prepare we rather now, as night enjoins, 340
Our evening fare beside the sable bark,
In which at peep of day we may again
Launch forth secure into the boundless flood.

He

He ceas'd, whom all applauded. Then I knew
That sorrow by the will of adverse heav'n
Approach'd, and in wing'd accents thus replied.

I suffer force, Eurylochus, and yield
O'er-ruled by numbers. Come, then, swear ye all
A solemn oath, that should we find an herd
Or num'rous flock, none here shall either sheep
Or bullock slay, by appetite profane
Seduced, but shall the viands eat content
Which from immortal Ceres we received.

I spake; they readily a solemn oath
Swore all, and when their oath was fully sworn,
Within a creek where a fresh fountain rose
They moor'd the bark, and, issuing, began
Brisk preparation of their evening cheer.
But when nor hunger now nor thirst remain'd
Unfated, recollecting, then, their friends
By Scylla seized and at her cave devour'd,
They mourn'd, nor ceased to mourn them, till they slept.
The night's third portion come, when now the stars
Had travers'd the mid sky, cloud-gatherer Jove
Call'd forth a vehement wind with tempest charged,
Menacing earth and sea with pitchy clouds.
Tremendous, and the night fell dark from heav'n.
But when Aurora, daughter of the day,
Look'd rosy forth, we haled, drawn island more,
Our bark into a grot, where nymphs were wont
Graceful to tread the dance, or to repose.

Convening

Convening there my friends, I thus began.

My friends! food fails us not, but bread is yet
And wine on board. Abstain we from the herds,
Lest harm ensue; for ye behold the flocks 375
And herds of a most potent God, the Sun!
Whose eye and watchful ear none may elude.

So saying, I sway'd the gen'rous minds of all.
A month complete the South wind ceaseless blew,
Nor other wind blew next, save East and South 380
Yet they, while neither food nor rosy wine
Fail'd them, the herds harm'd not, through fear to die.
But, our provisions failing, they employ'd
Whole days in search of food, snaring with hooks
Birds, fishes, of what kind foe'er they might, 385
By famine urged. I solitary roam'd
Meantime the isle, seeking by pray'r to move
Some God to shew us a deliv'rance thence.

When, roving thus the isle, I had at length
Left all my crew remote, laving my hands 390
Where shelter warm I found from the rude blast,
'I supplicated ev'ry Pow'r above;
But they my pray'rs answer'd with slumbers soft
Shed o'er my eyes, and with pernicious art
Eurylochus, the while, my friends harangued. 395

My friends! afflicted as ye are, yet hear:
A fellow-sufferer. Death, however caused,
Abhorrence moves in miserable man,
But death by famine is a fate of all.

Most to be fear'd. Come—let us hither drive 400
And sacrifice to the Immortal Pow'rs
The best of all the oxen of the Sun,
Resolving thus—that soon as we shall reach
Our native Ithaca, we will erect
To bright Hyperion an illustrious fane, 405
Which with magnificent and num'rous gifts
We will enrich. But should he chuse to sink
Our vessel, for his stately beeves incensed,
And should, with him, all heav'n conspire our death,
I rather had with open mouth, at once, 410
Meeting the billows, perish, than by flow
And pining waste here in this desert isle.

So spake Eurylochus, whom all approved.
Then, driving all the fattest of the herd
Few paces only, (for the sacred beeves 415
Grazed rarely distant from the bark) they stood
Compassing them around, and, grasping each
Green foliage newly pluck'd from saplings tall,
(For barley none in all our bark remain'd)
Worshipp'd the Gods in pray'r. Pray'r made, they slew
And flay'd them, and the thighs with double fat 421
Investing, spread them o'er with slices crude.
No wine had they with which to consecrate
The blazing rites, but with libation poor
Of water hallow'd the interior parts: 425
Now, when the thighs were burnt, and each had shared
His portion of the maw, and when the rest

All

All flash'd and scor'd hung roasting at the fire,
Sleep, in that moment, suddenly my eyes
Forfaking, to the shore I bent my way. 430

But ere the station of our bark I reach'd,
The fav'ry steam greeted me: At the fount
I wept aloud, and to the Gods exclaim'd.

Oh Jupiter, and all ye Pow'rs above!
With cruel sleep and fatal ye have lull'd 435
My cares to rest, such horrible offence
Meantime my rash companions have devised.

Then, flew long-stoled Lampetia to the Sun
At once with tidings of his slaughter'd beeves,
And he, incens'd, the Immortals thus address'd. 440

Jove, and ye everlasting Pow'rs divine!
Avenge me instant on the crew profane
Of Laertiades; Ulysses' friends
Have dared to slay my beeves, which I with joy
Beheld, both when I climb'd the starry heav'ns, 445
And when to earth I sloped my "westring wheels,"
But if they yield me not amercement due
And honourable for my loss, to Hell
I will descend, and give the ghosts my beams.

Then, thus the cloud-assembler God replied. 450
Sun! shine thou still on the immortal pow'rs,
And on the teeming earth, frail man's abode.
My candent bolts can in a moment reach
And split their flying bark in the mid-sea.

These things Calypso told me, taught, herself, 455
By herald Hermes, as she oft affirm'd.

But when, descending to the shore, I reach'd
At length my bark, with aspect stern and tone
I reprimanded them, yet no redress
Could frame, or remedy—the beeves were dead. 460

Soon follow'd signs portentous sent from heav'n.
The skins all crept, and on the spits the flesh
Both roast and raw bellow'd, as with the voice
Of living beeves. Thus my devoted friends
Driving the fattest oxen of the Sun, 465

Feasted six days entire; but when the sev'nth
By mandate of Saturnian Jove appeared,
The storm then ceased to rage, and we, again
Embarking, launch'd our galley, reared the mast,
And gave our unfurl'd canvas to the wind. 470

The island left afar, and other land
Appearing none, but sky alone and sea,
Right o'er the hollow bark Saturnian Jove
Hung a cærulean cloud, dark'ning the Deep.
Not long my vessel ran, for, blowing wild, 475

Now came shrill Zephyrus; a stormy gust
Snapp'd sheer the shrouds on both sides; backward fell
The mast, and with loose tackle strew'd the hold;
Striking the pilot in the stern, it crush'd
His scull together; he a diver's plunge 480

Made downward, and his noble spirit fled.
Meantime, Jove thund'ring, hurl'd into the ship

His

His bolts; she, smitten by the fires of Jove,
 Quaked all her length; with sulphur fill'd she reek'd,
 And o'er her sides headlong my people plunged 485
 Like sea-mews, interdicted by that stroke
 Of wrath divine to hope their country more.
 But I, the vessel still paced to and fro,
 Till, sever'd by the boist'rous waves, her sides
 Forsook the keel now left to float alone. 490
 Snapp'd where it join'd the keel the mast had fall'n,
 But fell encircled with a leathern brace,
 Which it retain'd; binding with this the mast
 And keel together, on them both I sat,
 Borne helpless onward by the dreadful gale. 495
 And now the West subsided, and the South
 Arose instead, with misery charged for me;
 That I might measure back my course again.
 To dire Charybdis. All night long I drove,
 And when the sun arose, at Scylla's rock 500
 Once more, and at Charybdis' gulph arrived.
 It was the time when she absorb'd profound
 The briny flood, but by a wave upborne
 I seized the branches fast of the wild-fig*.
 To which, bat-like, I clung; yet where to fix 505
 My foot secure found not, or where to ascend,
 For distant lay the roots, and distant shot
 The largest arms erect into the air,

* See line 120.

O'ershadowing all Charybdis; therefore hard
 I clench'd the boughs, 'till she disgorg'd again 510
 Both keel and mast. Not undesired by me
 They came, though late; for at what hour the judge,
 After decision made of num'rous strifes*
 Between young candidates for honour, leaves
 The forum for refreshment's sake at home, 515
 Then was it that the mast and keel emerged.
 Deliver'd to a voluntary fall,
 Fast by those beams I dash'd into the flood,
 And seated on them both, with oary palms
 Impell'd them; nor the Sire of Gods and men 520
 Permitted Scylla to discern me more,
 Else had I perish'd by her fangs at last.
 Nine days I floated thence, and, on the tenth
 Dark night, the Gods convey'd me to the isle
 Ogygia, habitation of divine 525
 Calypso, by whose hospitable aid
 And assiduity, my strength revived.
 But wherefore this? ye have already learn'd
 That hist'ry, thou and thy illustrious spouse;
 I told it yesterday, and hate a tale 530
 Once amply told, then, needless, traced again.

* He had therefore held by the fig-tree from sun-rise 'till afternoon.

A R G U M E N T
OF THE
T H I R T E E N T H B O O K.

Ulysses, having finished his narrative, and received additional presents from the Phæacians, embarks; he is conveyed in his sleep to Ithaca, and in his sleep is landed on that island. The ship that carried him is in her return transformed by Neptune to a rock.

Minerva meets him on the shore, enables him to recollect his country, which, 'till enlightened by her, he believed to be a country strange to him, and they concert together the means of destroying the suitors. The Goddess then repairs to Sparta to call thence Telemachus, and Ulysses, by her aid disguised like a beggar, proceeds toward the cottage of Eumæus.

B O O K XIII.

HE ceas'd; the whole assembly silent sat,
Charm'd into ecstasy with his discourse
Throughout the twilight hall. Then, thus the King.

Ulysses, since beneath my brazen dome
Sublime thou hast arrived, like woes, I trust,
Thou shalt not in thy voyage hence sustain
By tempests tost, though much to woe inured.
To you, who daily in my palace quaff
Your princely meed of gen'rous wine and hear

5

The

The sacred bard, my pleasure thus I speak. 10
 The robes, wrought gold, and all the other gifts
 To this our guest, by the Phæacian Chiefs
 Brought hither in the sumptuous coffer lie.
 But come—present ye to the stranger, each,
 An ample tripod also, with a vase 15
 Of smaller size, for which we will be paid
 By public impost; for the charge of all
 Excessive were by one alone defray'd.

So spake Alcinoüs, and his counsel pleased;
 Then, all retiring, sought repose at home. 20
 But when Aurora, daughter of the dawn,
 Look'd rosy forth, each hasted to the bark
 With his illustrious present, which the might
 Of King Alcinoüs, who himself her sides
 Ascended, safe beneath the seats bestowed, 25
 Lest it should harm or hinder, while he toil'd
 In rowing, some Phæacian of the crew.
 The palace of Alcinoüs seeking next,
 Together, they prepared a new regale.

For them, in sacrifice, the * sacred might 30
 Of King Alcinoüs slew an ox to Jove
 Saturnian, cloud-girt governor of all.
 The thighs with fire prepared, all glad partook
 The noble feast; meantime, the bard divine
 Sang, sweet Demodocus, the people's joy. 35

* Ἱερὸν μένος Ἀλκίνοοιο.

But

But oft Ulysses to the radiant sun
 Turn'd wistful eyes, anxious for his decline,
 Nor longer, now, patient of dull delay.
 As when some hungry swain whose fable bees
 Have through the fallow dragg'd his pond'rous plow 40
 All day, the setting sun views with delight
 For supper' sake, which with tir'd feet he seeks,
 So welcome to Ulysses' eyes appear'd
 The sun-set of that eve; directing, then,
 His speech to maritime Phæacia's sons, 45
 But to Alcinoüs chiefly, thus he said.

Alcinoüs, o'er Phæacia's realm supreme!
 Libation made, dismiss ye me in peace,
 And farewell all! for what I wish'd, I have,
 Conductors hence, and honourable gifts 50
 With which heav'n prosper me! and may the Gods
 Vouchsafe to me, at my return, to find
 All safe, my spotless consort and my friends!
 May ye, whom here I leave, gladden your wives
 And see your children blest, and may the pow'rs 55
 Immortal with all good enrich you all,
 And from calamity preserve the land!

He ended, they unanimous, his speech
 Applauded loud, and bade dismiss the guest
 Who had so wisely spoken and so well. 60
 Then thus Alcinoüs to his herald spake.
 Pontonoüs! charging high the beaker, bear
 To ev'ry guest beneath our roof the wine,

That, pray'r preferr'd to the eternal Sire,
We may dismiss our inmate to his home.

65

Then, bore Pontonoüs to ev'ry guest
The brimming cup; they, where they sat, perform'd
Libation due; but the illustrious Chief
Ulysses, from his seat arising, placed
A massy goblet in Areta's hand,
To whom in accents wing'd; grateful, he said.

70

Farewell, O Queen, a long farewell, 'till age
Arrive, and death, the appointed lot of all!
I go; but be this people, and the King
Alcinoüs, and thy progeny, thy joy
Yet many a year beneath this glorious roof!

75

So saying, the Hero through the palace-gate
Issued, whom, by Alcinoüs' command,
The royal herald to his vessel led.
Three maidens also of Areta's train
His steps attended; one, the robe well-bleach'd
And tunic bore; the corded coffer, one;
And food the third, with wine of crimson hue.
Arriving where the gallèy rode, each gave
Her charge to some brave mariner on board,
And all was safely stow'd. Meantime were spread
Linen and arras on the deck astern,
For his secure repose. And now the Chief
Himself embarking, silent lay'd him down.
Then, ev'ry rower to his bench repair'd;
They drew the loosen'd cable from its hold

80

85

90

In

- In the drill'd rock, and, refupine, at once
With luftry ftrokes upturn'd the flafhing waves.
His eye-lids, foon, fleep, falling as a dew,
Closed faft, death's fimular, in fight the fame. 95
She, as four harnes'd ftallions o'er the plain
Shooting together at the fcourge's ftroke,
Tofs high their manes, and rapid fcour along,
So mounted the waves, while dark the flood
Roll'd after her of the refounding Deep. 100
Steady fhe ran and fafe, paffing in fpeed
The falcon, fwifteft of the fowls of heav'n;
With fuch rapidity fhe cut the waves,
An Hero bearing like the Gods above
In wifdom, one familiar long with woe. 105
In fight fustain'd, and on the perilous flood,
Though fleeping now ferenely, and refign'd
To fweet oblivion of all forrow paff.
The brighteft ftar of heav'n, precursor chief
Of day-fpring, now arofe, when at the ifle 110
(Her voyage foon perform'd) the bark arrived.

There is a port facred in Ithaca
To Phorcys, hoary antient of the Deep,
Form'd by converging fhores, prominent both
And both abrupt, which from the fpacious bay 115
Exclude all boift'rous winds; within it, fhips
(The port once gain'd) uncabled ride fecure.
An olive, at the haven's head, expands
Her branches wide, near to a pleafant cave

Umbrageous, to the nymphs devoted named 120

The Naiads. In that cave beakers of stone

And jars are seen; bees lodge their honey there;

And there, on slender spindles of the rock

The nymphs of rivers weave their wond'rous robes.

Perennial springs water it, and it flows 125

A twofold entrance; ingress one affords

To mortal man, which Northward looks direct,

But holier is the Southern far; by that

No mortal enters, but the Gods alone.

Familiar with that port before, they push'd 130

The vessel in; she, rapid, plow'd the sands

With half her keel, such rowers urged her on.

Descending from the well-bench'd bark ashore,

They lifted forth Ulysses first, with all

His splendid couch complete, then, lay'd him down 135

Still wrapt in balmy slumber on the sands.

His treasures, next, by the Phæacian Chiefs

At his departure given him as the meed

Due to his wisdom, at the olive's foot

They heap'd, without the road, lest, while he slept, 140

Some passing traveller should rifle them.

Then homeward thence they sped. Nor Ocean's God

His threats forgot denounced against divine

Ulysses, but with Jove thus first advised.

Eternal Sire! I shall no longer share 145

Respect and reverence among the Gods,

Since, now, Phæacia's mortal race have ceas'd

To

To honour me, though from myself derived.
 It was my purpose, that by many an ill
 Harra's'd, Ulysses should have reach'd his home, 150
 Although to intercept him, whose return
 Thyself had promis'd, ne'er was my intent.
 But him fast-sleeping swiftly o'er the waves
 They have conducted, and have set him down.
 In Ithaca, with countless gifts enrich'd, 155
 With brass, and tissued raiment, and with gold;
 Much treasure! more than he had home convey'd
 Even had he arrived with all his share
 Allotted to him of the spoils of Troy.

To whom the cloud-assembler God replied. 160
 What hast thou spoken, Shaker of the shores,
 Wide-ruling Neptune? Fear not; thee the Gods
 Will ne'er despise; dangerous were the deed
 To cast dishonour on a God by birth
 More antient, and more potent far than they. 165
 But if, profanely rash, a mortal man
 Should dare to slight thee, to avenge the wrong
 Some future day is ever in thy pow'r.
 Accomplish all thy pleasure, thou art free.

Him answer'd, then, the Shaker of the shores. 170
 Jove cloud-enthroned! that pleasure I would soon
 Perform, as thou hast said, but that I watch
 Thy mind continual, fearful to offend.
 My purpose is, now to destroy amid
 The dreary Deep yon fair Phæacian bark, 175

Return'd!

Return'd from safe conveyance of her freight;
 So shall they waft such wand'ers home no more,
 And she shall hide their city, to a rock
 Transform'd of mountainous o'ershadowing size.

Him, then, Jove answer'd, gath'rer of the clouds. 180
 Perform it, O my brother, and the deed
 Thus done, shall best be done—What time the people
 Shall from the city her approach descry,
 Fix her to stone transform'd, but still in shape
 A gallant bark, near to the coast, that all 185
 May wonder, seeing her transform'd to stone
 Of size to hide their city from the view.

These words once heard, the Shaker of the shores
 Instant to Scheria, maritime abode
 Of the Phæacians, went. Arrived, he watch'd. 190
 And now the flying bark full near approach'd,
 When Neptune, meeting her, with out-spread palm
 Depress'd her at a stroke, and she became
 Deep-rooted stone. Then Neptune went his way.
 Phæacia's ship-ennobled sons meantime 195
 Conferring stood, and thus, in accents wing'd,
 Th' amazed spectator to his fellow spake.

Ah! who hath sudden check'd the vessel's course
 Homeward? This moment she was all in view.

Thus they, unconscious of the cause, to whom 200
 Alcinoüs, instructing them, replied.

Ye Gods! a prophecy now strikes my mind
 With force, my father's. He was wont to say—

Neptune

Neptune repents it, that we safe conduct
Natives of ev'ry region to their home. 205
He also spake, prophetic, of a day
When a Phæacian gallant bark, return'd,
After conveyance of a stranger hence,
Should perish in the dreary Deep, and changed
To a huge mountain, cover all the town. 210

So spake my father, all whose words we see
This day fulfill'd. Thus, therefore, act we all
Unanimous; henceforth no longer bear
The stranger home, when such shall here arrive;
And we will sacrifice, without delay, 215
Twelve chosen bulls to Neptune, if, perchance,
He will commiserate-us, and forbear
To hide our town behind a mountain's height.

He spake, they, terrified, the bulls prepared.
Thus all Phæacia's Senators and Chiefs 220
His altar compassing, in pray'r adored
The Ocean's God. Meantime, Ulysses woke,
Unconscious where; stretch'd on his native foil
He lay, and knew it not, long-time exiled.
For Pallas, progeny of Jove, a cloud 225
Drew dense around him, that, ere yet agnized
By others, he might wisdom learn from her,
Neither to citizens, nor yet to friends
Reveal'd, nor even to his own espoused,
'Till, first, he should avenge complete his wrongs 230
Domestic from those suitors proud sustained.

All

All objects, therefore, in the Hero's eyes
Seem'd alien, foot-paths long, commodious parts,
Heav'n-climbing rocks, and trees of amplest growth.

Arising, fixt he stood, his native soil 235

Contemplating, 'till with expanded palms
Both thighs he smote, and, plaintive, thus began.

' Ah me! what mortal race inhabits here?

Rude are they, contumacious and unjust,
Or hospitable, and who fear the Gods? 240

Where now shall I secrete these num'rous stores?

Where wander I, myself? I would that still

Phæacians own'd them, and I had arrived

In the dominions of some other King

Magnanimous, who would have entertain'd 245

And sent me to my native home secure!

Now, neither know I where to place my wealth,

Nor can I leave it here, lest it become

Another's prey. Alas! Phæacia's Chiefs

Not altogether wise I deem or just, 250

Who have misplaced me in another land,

Promis'd to bear me to the pleasant shores

Of Ithaca, but have not so perform'd.

Jove, guardian of the suppliant's rights, who all

Transgressors marks, and punishes all wrong, 255

Avenge me on the treach'rous race!—but hold—

I will revise my stores, so shall I know

If they have left me here of aught despoiled.

So saying, he number'd carefully the gold,
The vases, tripods bright, and tiffued robes, 260
But nothing miss'd of all. Then he bewail'd
His native isle, with pensive steps and slow
Pacing the border of the billowy flood,
Forlorn; but while he wept, Pallas approach'd,
In form a shepherd stripling, girlish fair 265
In feature, such as are the sons of Kings;
A sumptuous mantle o'er his shoulders hung
Twice-folded, sandals his nice feet upbore,
And a smooth javelin glitter'd in his hand.
Ulysses, joyful at the sight, his steps 270
Turn'd brisk toward her, whom he thus address'd.

Sweet youth! since thee, of all mankind, I first
Encounter in this land unknown, all hail!
Come not with purposes of harm to me:
These save, and save me also. I prefer 275
To thee, as to some God, my pray'r, and clasp
Thy knees a suppliant. Say, and tell me true,
What land? what people? who inhabit here?
Is this some isle delightful, or a shore
Of fruitful main-land sloping to the sea? 280

Then Pallas, thus, Goddess cærulean-eyed.
Stranger! thou sure art simple, or hast dwelt
Far distant hence, if of this land thou ask.
It is not, trust me, of so little note,
But known to many, both to those who dwell 285
Toward the sun-rise, and to others placed

Behind it, distant in the dusky West.
 Rugged it is, not yielding level course
 To the swift steed, and yet no barren spot,
 However small, but rich in wheat and wine; 290
 Nor wants it rain or fertilizing dew,
 But pasture green to goats and beeves affords,
 Trees of all kinds, and fountains never dry.
 Ithaca therefore, stranger, is a name
 Known ev'n at Troy, a city, by report, 295
 At no small distance from Achaia's shore.

The Goddesses ceased; then, toil-enduring Chief
 Ulysses, happy in his native land,
 (So taught by Pallas, progeny of Jove)
 In accents wing'd her answ'ring, utter'd prompt 300
 Not truth, but figments to truth opposite,
 For guile, in him, stood never at a pause.

O'er yonder flood, even in * spacious Crete
 I heard of Ithaca, where now, it seems,
 I have, myself, with these my stores arrived; 305
 Not richer stores than, flying thence, I left
 To my own children; for from Crete I fled
 For slaughter of Orfilochus the swift,
 Son of Idomeneus, whom none in speed
 Could equal throughout all that spacious isle. 310
 His purpose was to plunder me of all

* Homer dates all the fictions of Ulysses from Crete, as if he meant to pass a similar censure on the Cretans to that quoted by St. Paul—*Kretes aut ψευδαι*.

My

My Trojan spoils, which to obtain, much woe
 I had in battle and by storms endured,
 For that I would not gratify his Sire,
 Fighting beside him in the fields of Troy, 315
 But led a different band. Him from the field
 Returning homeward, with my brazen spear
 I smote, in ambush waiting his return
 At the road-side, with a confederate friend.
 Unwonted darkness over all the heav'ns 320
 That night prevailed, nor any eye of man
 Observed us, but, unseen, I slew the youth.
 No sooner, then, with my sharp spear of life
 I had bereft him, than I sought a ship
 Mann'd by renown'd Phæacians, whom with gifts 325
 Part of my spoils, and by requests, I won.
 I bade them land me on the Pylion shore,
 Or in fair Elis by th' Epeans ruled,
 But they, reluctant, were by violent winds
 Driv'n devious thence, for fraud they purposed none. 330
 Thus through constraint we here arrived by night,
 And with much difficulty push'd the ship
 Into safe harbour, nor was mention made
 Of food by any, though all needed food,
 But, disembark'd in haste, on shore we lay. 335
 I, weary, slept profound, and they my goods
 Forth heaving from the bark, beside me placed
 The treasures on the sea-beach where I slept,
 Then, reimbarking, to the populous coast

Steer'd of Sidonia, and me left forlorn.

340

He ceased; then smiled Minerva azure-eyed
And stroak'd his cheek, in form a woman now,
Beauteous, majestic, in all elegant arts
Accomplish'd, and with accents wing'd replied.

Who passes thee in artifice well-framed 345
And in imposture various, need shall find
Of all his policy, although a God.

Canst thou not cease, inventive as thou art
And subtle, from the wiles which thou hast lov'd
Since thou wast infant, and from tricks of speech 350
Delusive, even in thy native land?

But come, dismiss we these ingenious shifts
From our discourse, in which we both excell;
For thou of all men in expedients most
Abound'st and eloquence, and I, throughout 355
All heav'n have praise for wisdom and for art.

And know'st thou not thine Athenæan aid,
Pallas, Jove's daughter, who in all thy toils
Assist thee and defend? I gave thee pow'r
T'engage the hearts of all Phæacia's sons, 360

And here arrive ev'n now, counsels to frame
Discrete with thee, and to conceal the stores.
Giv'n to thee by the rich Phæacian Chiefs.

On my suggestion, at thy going thence.
I will inform thee also what distress 365

And hardship under thy own palace-roof
Thou must endure; which, since constraint enjoins,

Bear

Bear patiently, and neither man apprise
Nor woman that thou hast arrived forlorn
And vagabond, but silent undergo 370
What wrongs soever from the hands of men.

To whom Ulysses, ever wise, replied:
O Goddess! thou art able to elude,
Wherever met, the keenest eye of man,
For thou all shapes assum'st; yet this I know 375
Certainly, that I ever found thee kind,
Long as Achaia's Heroes fought at Troy;
But, when (the lofty tow'rs of Priam laid
In dust) we re-embark'd, and by the will
Of heav'n Achaia's fleet was scatter'd wide, 380
Thenceforth, O daughter wife of Jove, I thee
Saw not, nor thy appearance in my ship.
Once mark'd, to rid me of my num'rous woes,
But always bearing in my breast a heart
With anguish riv'n, I roam'd, till by the Gods 385
Relieved at length, and 'till with gracious words
Thyself didst in Phæacia's opulent land
Confirm my courage, and becom'st my guide.
But I adjure thee in thy father's name—
O tell me truly, (for I cannot hope 390
That I have reach'd fair Ithaca; I tread
Some other soil, and thou affirm'st it mine
To mock me merely, and deceive) oh say—
Am I in Ithaca? in truth, at home?

Thus

Thus then Minerva the cerulean-eyed. 395
 Such caution ever in thy breast prevails
 Distrustful; but I know thee eloquent,
 With wisdom and with ready thought endued,
 And cannot leave thee, therefore, thus distress'd.
 For what man, save Ulysses, new-return'd 400
 After long wand'rings, would not pant to see
 At once his home, his children, and his wife?
 But thou prefer'st neither to know nor ask
 Concerning them, 'till some experience first
 Thou make of her whose wasted youth is spent 405
 In barren solitude, and who in tears
 Ceaseless her nights and woeful days consumes.
 I ne'er was ignorant, but well foreknew
 That not 'till after loss of all thy friends
 Thou should'st return; but loth I was to oppose 410
 Neptune, my father's brother, sore incensed
 For his son's sake deprived of sight by thee.
 But, I will give thee proof—come now—survey
 These marks of Ithaca, and be convinced.

This is the port of Phorcys, sea-born sage; 415
 That, the huge olive at the haven's head;
 Fast by it, thou behold'st the pleasant cove
 Umbrageous, to the nymphs devoted named
 The Naiads; this the broad-arch'd cavern is
 Where thou wast wont to offer to the nymphs 420
 Many a whole hecatomb; and yonder stands
 The mountain Neritus with forests cloath'd,

So saying, the Goddess scatter'd from before
His eyes all darkness, and he knew the land.
Then felt Ulysses, Hero toil-inured, 425
Transport unutterable, seeing plain
Once more his native isle. He kiss'd the glebe,
And with uplifted hands the nymphs ador'd.

Nymphs, naiads, Jove's own daughters! I despair'd
To see you more, whom yet with happy vows 430
I now can hail again. Gifts, as of old,
We will hereafter at your shrines present,
If Jove-born Pallas, huntress of the spoils,
Grant life to me, and manhood to my son.

Then Pallas, blue-eyed progeny of Jove. 435
Take courage; trouble not thy mind with thoughts
Now needless. Haste—delay not—far within
This hallow'd cave's recess place we at once
Thy precious stores, that they may thine remain,
Then muse together on thy wisest course. 440

So saying, the Goddess enter'd deep the cave
Caliginous, and its secret nooks explored
From side to side; meantime, Ulysses brought
All his stores into it, the gold, the brass,
And robes magnificent, his gifts received 445
From the Phæacians; safe he lodg'd them all,
And Pallas, daughter of Jove ægis-arm'd,
Closed fast, herself, the cavern with a stone.

Then, on the consecrated olive's root
Both seated, they in consultation plann'd 450
The

The deaths of those injurious suitors proud,
And Pallas, blue-eyed Goddess, thus began.

Laertes' noble son, Ulysses! think

By what means likeliest thou shalt assail:

Those shameless suitors, who have now controuled 455

Three years thy family, thy matchless wife.

With language amorous and with spousal gifts

Urging importunate; but she, with tears

Watching thy wish'd return, hope gives to all

By messages of promise sent to each, 460

Framing far other purposes the while.

Then answer thus Ulysses wife return'd.

Ah, Agamemnon's miserable fate

Had surely met me in my own abode,

But for thy gracious warning; pow'r divine! 465

Come then—Devise the means; teach me, thyself,

The way to vengeance, and my soul inspire

With daring fortitude, as when we loos'd

Her radiant frontlet from the brows of Troy.

Would'st thou with equal zeal, O Pallas! aid 470

Thy servant here, I would encounter thrice

An hundred enemies, let me but perceive

Thy dread divinity my prompt ally.

Him answer'd then Pallas ærulean-eyed.

And such I will be; not unmark'd by me, 475

(Let once our time of enterprize arrive)

Shalt thou assail them. Many, as I judge,

Of those proud suitors who devour thy wealth.

Shall

Shall leave their brains, then, on thy palace-floor.
 But come. Behold! I will disguise thee so 480
 That none shall know thee; I will parch the skin
 On thy fair body; I will cause thee shed
 Thy wavy locks; I will enfold thee round
 In such a kirtle as the eyes of all
 Shall loath to look on; and I will deform 485
 With blurring rheums thy eyes, so vivid erst;
 So shall the suitors deem thee, and thy wife,
 And thy own son whom thou didst leave at home,
 Some sordid wretch obscure. But seek thou first
 Thy swine-herd's mansion; he, alike, intends 490
 Thy good, and loves, affectionate, thy son
 And thy Penelope; thou shalt find the swain
 Tending his herd; they feed beneath the rock
 Corax, at side of Arethusa's fount,
 On acorns dieted, nutritious food 495
 To them, and drinking of the limpid stream.
 There waiting, question him of thy concerns,
 While I from Sparta praised for women fair
 Call home thy son Telemachus, a guest
 With Menelaus now, whom to consult 500
 In spacious Lacedæmon he is gone,
 Anxious to learn, if yet his father lives.

To whom Ulysses, ever-wise, replied.
 And why, alas! all-knowing as thou art,
 Him left'st thou ignorant? was it that he, 505
 He also, wand'ring wide the barren Deep,

Might suffer woe, while these devour his wealth?

Him answer'd then Pallas cerulean-eyed.

Grieve thou not much for him. I sent him forth

Myself, that there arrived, he might acquire 510

Honour and fame. No sufferings finds he there,

But in Atrides' palace safe resides,

Enjoying all abundance. Him, in truth,

The suitors watch close ambush'd on the Deep,

Intent to slay him ere he reach his home, 515

But shall not as I judge, 'till of themselves

The earth hide some who make thee, now, a prey.

So saying, the Goddess touch'd him with a wand.

At once o'er all his agile limbs she parch'd

The polish'd skin; she wither'd to the root 520

His wavy locks, and cloath'd him with the hide

Deform'd of wrinkled age; she charged with rheums

His eyes before so vivid, and a cloak

And kirtle gave him, tatter'd, both, and foul,

And smutch'd with smock; then, casting over all 525

An huge old deer-skin bald, with a long staff

She furnish'd him, and with a wallet patch'd

On all sides, dangling by a twisted thong.

Thus all their plan adjusted, diff'rent ways

They took, and she, seeking Ulysses' son, 530

To Lacedæmon's spacious realm repair'd.

ARGU-

ARGUMENT

OF THE

FOURTEENTH BOOK.

Ulysses arriving at the house of Eumæus, is hospitably entertained, and spends the night there.

BOOK XIV.

LEAVING the haven-side, he turn'd his steps
Into a rugged path, which over hills
Mantled with trees led him to the abode
By Pallas mention'd of his noble friend
The swine-herd, who of all Ulysses' train
Watch'd with most diligence his rural stores.
Him sitting in the vestibule he found
Of his own airy lodge commodious, built
Amidst a level lawn. That structure neat
Eumæus, in the absence of his Lord,
Had raised, himself, with stones from quarries hewn,
Unaided by Laertes or the Queen.
With tangled thorns he fenced it safe around,

* *Δῖος ὑποπότις*.—The swineherds was therefore in those days, and in that country, an occupation honourable as well as useful. Barnes deems the epithet *Δῖος* significant of his noble birth. Vide Clarke in loco.

And with contiguous stakes riv'n from the trunks
Of solid oak black-grain'd hemm'd it without. 15
Twelve pennis he made within, all side by side,
Lairs for his swine, and fast-immured in each
Lay fifty pregnant females on the floor.
The males all slept without, less num'rous far,
Thinn'd by the princely wooers at their feasts 20
Continual, for to them he ever sent
The fattest of his faginated charge.
Three hundred, still, and sixty brawns remained.
Four mastiffs in adjoining kennels lay,
Resembling wild-beasts, nourish'd at the board 25
Of the illustrious steward of the styes.
Himself sat fitting sandals to his feet,
Carved from a stain'd ox-hide. Four hinds he kept,
Now busied here and there; three in the pennis
Were occupied; meantime, the fourth had fought 30
The city, whither, for the suitors use,
With no good will, but by constraint, he drove
A boar, that, sacrificing to the Gods,
Th' imperious guests might on his flesh regale.
Soon as those clamorous watch-dogs the approach 35
Saw of Ulysses, baying loud, they ran
Toward him; he, as ever, well-advised,
Squatted, and let his staff fall from his hand.
Yet foul indignity he had endured
Ev'n there, at his own farm, but that the swain, 40
Following his dogs in haste, sprang through the porch
To

To his assistance, letting fall the hide.
 With chiding voice and vollied stones he soon
 Drove them apart; and thus his Lord bespake.

Old man! one moment more, and these my dogs 45
 Had, past doubt, worried thee, who should'st have proved,
 So slain, a source of obloquy to me.

But other pangs the Gods, and other woes
 To me have giv'n, who here lamenting sit
 My godlike master, and his fatted swine 50
 Nourish for others use, while he, perchance,
 A wand'rer in some foreign city, seeks
 Fit sustenance, and none obtains, if still
 Indeed he live, and view the light of day.

But, old friend! follow me into the house, 55
 That thou, at least, with plenteous food refresh'd,
 And cheer'd with wine sufficient, may'st disclose
 Both who thou art, and all that thou hast borne.

So saying, the gen'rous swine-herd introduced
 Ulysses, and thick bundles spread of twigs 60
 Beneath him, cover'd with the shaggy skin
 Of a wild goat, of which he made his couch
 Easy and large; the Hero, so received,
 Rejoiced, and thus his gratitude express'd.

Jove grant thee and the Gods above, my host, 65
 For such beneficence thy chief desire!

To whom, Eumæus, thou didst thus reply.
 My guest! I should offend, treating with scorn
 The stranger, though a poorer should arrive

Than

Than ev'n thyself; for all the poor that are, 70
 And all the strangers are the care of Jove.
 Little, and with good will, is all that lies
 Within my scope; no man can much expect
 From servants living in continual fear
 Under young masters; for the Gods, no doubt, 75
 Have intercepted my own Lord's return,
 From whom great kindness I had, else, received,
 With such a recompense as servants gain
 From gen'rous masters, house and competence,
 And lovely wife from many a wooer won, 80
 Whose industry should have requited well
 His goodness, with such blessing from the Gods
 As now attends me in my present charge.
 Much had I, therefore, prosper'd, had my Lord
 Grown old at home; but he hath died—I would 85
 That the whole house of Helen, one and all,
 Might perish too, for she hath many slain
 Who, like my master, went glory to win
 For Agamemnon in the fields of Troy.

So saying, he girdled, quick, his tunic close, 90
 And, issuing, sought the styes; thence bringing two
 Of the imprison'd herd, he slaughter'd both,
 Singed them, and slash'd and spitted them, and placed
 The whole well-roasted banquet, spits and all,
 Reeking before Ulysses; last, with flour 95
 He sprinkled them, and filling with rich wine
 His ivy-goblet, to his master sat

Opposite,

Opposite, whom inviting thus he said.

Now, eat, my guest! such as a servant may

I set before thee, neither large of growth 100

Nor fat; the fatted—those the suitors eat,

Fearless of heav'n, and pitiless of man.

Yet deeds unjust as theirs the blessed Gods

Love not; they honour equity and right.

Even an hostile band when they invade 105

A foreign shore, which by consent of Jove

They plunder, and with laden ships depart,

Even they with terrours quake of wrath divine.

But these are wiser; these must sure have learn'd
From some true oracle my master's death, 110

Who neither deign with decency to woo,

Nor yet to seek their homes, but boldly waste

His substance, shameless, now, and sparing nought.

Jove ne'er hath giv'n us yet the night or day

When with a single victim, or with two 115

They would content them, and his empty jars

Witness how fast the squand'rers use his wine.

Time was, when he was rich indeed; such wealth

No Hero own'd on yonder continent,

Nor yet in Ithaca; no twenty Chiefs 120

Could match with all their treasures his alone;

I tell thee their amount. Twelve herds of his

The * mainland graze; as many flocks of sheep;

* It may be proper to suggest that Ulysses was lord of part of the continent opposite to Ithaca—viz.—of the peninsula Nericus or Leuca, which afterward became an island, and is now called Santa Maura. F.

As

As many droves of swine; and hirelings there
And servants of his own feed for his use, 125
As many num'rous flocks of goats; his goats,
(Not fewer than eleven num'rous flocks)
Here also graze the margin of his fields
Under the eye of servants well-approved,
And ev'ry servant, ev'ry day, brings home 130
The goat, of all his flock largest and best.
But as for me, I have these swine in charge,
Of which; selected with exactest care
From all the herd, I send the prime to them.

He ceas'd, meantime Ulysses ate and drank 135
Voracious, meditating, mute, the death
Of those proud suitors. His repast, at length,
Concluded, and his appetite sufficed,
Eumæus gave him, charged with wine, the cup
From which he drank himself; he, glad, received 140
The boon, and in wing'd accents thus began.

My friend, and who was he, weakly and brave
As thou describ'st the Chief, who purchased thee?
Thou say'st he perish'd for the glory-sake
Of Agamemnon. Name him; I, perchance, 145
May have beheld the Hero. None can say
But Jove and the inhabitants of heav'n
That I ne'er saw him, and may not impart
News of him; I have roam'd through many a clime.
To whom the noble swineherd thus replied. 150
Alas, old man! no traveller's tale of him

Will

Will gain his comfort's credence, on his folk's life
 For wand'ers; wanting entertainment, forge
 Falsehoods for bread, and wilfully deceive.
 No wand'rer lands in Ithaca, but he seeks
 With feign'd intelligence my mistress' ear;
 She welcomes all, and while she questions each
 Minutely, from her lids lets fall the tear
 Affectionate, as well, he bemoans a wife
 Whose mate hath perish'd in a distant land. 160
 Thou could'st thyself, no doubt, my heavy friend!
 (Would any furnish thee with decent vest
 And mantle) fabricate a tale with ease;
 Yet sure it is that dogs and fowls, long since,
 His skin have strip, or fishes of the Deep 165
 Have eaten him, and on some distant shore
 Whelm'd in deep fangs his mould'ring bones are laid.
 So hath he perish'd; whence, to all his friends,
 But chiefly to myself, sorrow of heart;
 For such another Lord, gentle as he, 170
 Wherever fought, I have no hope to find,
 Though I should wander even to the house
 Of my own father. Neither yearns my heart
 So feelingly (though that desiring too)
 To see once more my parents and my home, 175
 As to behold Ulysses yet again.
 Ah stranger; absent as he is, his name
 Fills me with rev'rence, for he lov'd me much,
 Cared for me much, and, though we meet no more,

Holds still an elder brother's part in me. 180

Him answer'd, then, the Hero toil-inured:

My friend! since his return, in thy account,

Is an event impossible, and thy mind

Always incredulous that hope rejects,

I shall not slightly speak, but with an oath— 185

Ulysses comes again; and I demand

No more, than that the boon such news deserves,

Be giv'n me soon as he shall reach his home.

Then give the vest and mantle fit for wear,

Which, ere that hour, much as I need them both, 190

I neither ask, nor will accept from thee.

For him whom poverty can force aside

From truth—I hate him as the gates of hell.

Be Jove, of all in heav'n, my witness first,

Then, this thy hospitable board, and, last, 195

The household Gods of the illustrious Chief

Himself, Ulysses, to whose gates I go,

That all my words shall surely be fulfill'd.

In this same year Ulysses shall arrive,

Ere, this month closed, another month succeed, 200

He shall return, and punish all who dare

Insult his consort and his noble son.

To whom Eumæus, thou didst thus reply.

Old friend! that boon thou ne'er wilt earn from me;

Ulysses comes no more. But thou thy wine 205

Drink quietly, and let us find, at length,

Some other theme; recall not this again

To

To my remembrance, for my soul is grieved,
 Oft as reminded of my honour'd Lord
 Let the oath rest, and let Ulysses come
 Ev'n as myself, and as Penelope,
 And as his antient father, and his son
 Godlike Telemachus, all with he may.
 Ay—there I feel again—nor cease to mourn
 His son Telemachus, who, when the Gods
 Had giv'n him growth like a young plant, and I
 Well hoped that sought inferior he should prove
 In person or in mind to his own sire;
 Hath lost, through influence human or divine,
 I know not how, his father's intellect,
 And after tidings of his frolics gone
 To far-famed Pylus; his return, sometimes
 In ambush hidden, the proud suitors wait,
 That the whole house may perish of renown'd
 Arcefius, named in Ithaca no more.
 But whether he have fall'n or escap'd, let him
 Rest also, whom Saturnian Jove protects;
 But come, my antient grief! now let me learn
 Thy own afflictions; answer me in truth.
 Who, and whence art thou? in what city born?
 Where dwell thy parents? in what kind of ship
 Cam'st thou? the mariners, why brought they thee
 To Ithaca? and of what land are they?
 For, that on foot thou findest us not, is sure.

T 2

Hian

Him answer'd, then, my life's ever wife. 235
 I will with truth reprove thee; and if here
 Within thy cottage sitting, we had wine
 And food for many a day, and business none
 But to regale at ease while others toiled,
 I could exhaust the year complete, my woes
 Rehearsing, nor, at last, rehearse entire
 My sorrows by the will of heav'n sustained. 240

I boast his spring from ancestry renown'd
 In spacious Crete; son of a wealthy fire;
 Who other sons train'd num'rous in his house,
 Born of his wedded wife, but he begat 245
 Me on his purchas'd concubine, whom I yet
 Dear as his other sons in yedlock born
 Castor Hylacides esteem'd, and lov'd;
 For him I boast my father, him in Crete,
 While yet he liv'd, all reverenc'd as a God, 250
 So rich, so prosp'rous, and so blest was he
 With sons of highest praise. But death, the doom
 Of all, him bore to Pluto's drear abode;
 And his illustrious sons among themselves
 Portion'd his goods by lot; to me, indeed, 255
 They gave a dwelling, and but little more,
 Yet, for my virtuous qualities, I won
 A wealthy bride; for I was neither vain
 Nor base, forlorn as thou perceiv'st me now. 260
 But thou canst guess, I judge, viewing the brow
 What once was in the ear. 'T'Ah! I have borne

Much

Much tribulation; heap'd and heavy woes,
Courage and phalanx-breaking might had I
From Mars and Pallas; at what time I drew,
(Planning some dread exploit) an ambush forth
Of our most valiant Chiefs, no boding fears
Of death seized *me*, but foremost far of all
I sprang to fight, and pierced the flying foe.
Such was I once in arms. But household toils
Sustain'd for children's sake, and carking cares
To enrich a family, were not for me,
My pleasures were the gallant bark, the din
Of battle, the smooth spear and glittering shaft,
Objects of dread to others, but which me
The Gods disposed to love and to enjoy.
Thus different minds are differently amused;
For ere Achaia's fleet had failed to Troy,
Nine times was I commander of an host
Embark'd against a foreign foe, and found
In all those enterprizes great success.
From the whole booty, first, what pleas'd me most
Choosing, and sharing also much by lot
I rapidly grew rich, and had thenceforth
Among the Cretans reverence and respect.
But when loud-thundering Jove that voyage dire
Ordain'd, which loos'd the knees of many a Greek,
Then, to Idomeneus and me they gave
The charge of all their fleet, which how to avoid
We found not, so importunate the cry
Of

Of the whole host impell'd us to the task.
There fought we nine long years, and in the tenth
(Priam's proud city pillag'd) steer'd again
Our galleys homeward, which the Gods dispersed.
Then was it that deep-planning Jove devis'd 295
For me much evil. One short month, no more,
I gave to joys domestic, in my wife
Happy, and in my babes, and in my wealth,
When the desire seiz'd me with sev'ral ships
Well-rigg'd, and furnish'd all with gallant crews, 300
To sail for Ægypt; nine I fitted forth,
To which stout mariners assembled fast.
Six days the chosen partners of my voyage
Feasted, to whom I num'rous victims gave
For sacrifice, and for their own regale. 305
Embarking on the sev'nth from spacious Crete,
Before a clear breeze prosp'rous from the North
We glided easily along, as down
A river's stream; nor one of all my ships
Damage incurr'd, but healthy and at ease 310
We sat, while gales well-managed urged us on.
The fifth day thence, smooth-flowing Nile we reach'd,
And safe I moor'd in the Ægyptian stream.
Then, charging all my mariners to keep
Strict watch for preservation of the ships, 315
I order'd spies into the hill-tops; but they
Under the impulse of a spirit rash
And hot for quarrel, the well cultur'd fields

Pillaged

Pillaged of the Ægyptians, captive led
Their wives and little ones, and slew the men. 320
Soon was the city alarm'd, and at the cry
Down came the citizens, by dawn of day,
With horse and foot and with the gleam of arms
Filling the plain. Then Jove with panic dread
Struck all my people; none found courage more 325
To stand, for mischiefs swarm'd on ev'ry side.
There, num'rous by the glitt'ring spear we fell
Slaughter'd, while others they conducted thence
Alive to servitude. But Jove himself
My bosom with this thought inspired, (I would 330
That, dying, I had first fulfill'd my fate
In Ægypt, for new woes were yet to come!)
Loosing my brazen casque, and flipping off
My buckler, there I left them on the field,
Then cast my spear away, and seeking, next, 335
The chariot of the sov'reign, clasp'd his knees,
And kiss'd them. He, by my submission moved,
Deliver'd me, and to his chariot-seat
Raising, convey'd me weeping to his home.
With many an ashen spear his warriors fought 340
To slay me, (for they now grew fiery-wroth)
But he, through fear of hospitable Jove,
Chief punisher of wrong, faved me alive.
Sev'n years I there abode, and much amass'd
Among the Ægyptians, gifted by them all; 345
But, in the eighth revolving year, arrived

A shrewd

A shrew'd Phœnician, in all fraud adept,
 Hungry, and who had num'rous harm'd before,
 By whom I also was cajoled, and lured
 T' attend him to Phœnicia, where his house 350
 And his possessions lay; there I abode
 A year complete his inmate; but (the days
 And months accomplish'd of the rolling year,
 And the new seasons ent'ring on their course)
 To Lybia then, on board his bark, by wiles 355
 He won me with him, partner of the freight
 Profess'd, but destin'd secretly to sale,
 That he might profit largely by my price.
 Not unsuspicious, yet constrain'd to go,
 With this man I embark'd. A cloudless gale 360
 Propitious blowing from the North, our ship
 Ran right before it thro' the middle sea,
 In the offing over Crete; but adverse Jove
 Destruction plann'd for them and death the while.
 For, Crete now left afar, and other land 365
 Appearing none, but sky alone and sea,
 Right o'er the hollow bark Saturnian Jove
 A cloud cœrulean hung, dark'ning the Deep.
 Then, thund'ring oft, he hurl'd into the bark
 His bolts; she smitten by the fires of Jove, 370
 Quaked all her length; with sulphur fill'd she reek'd,
 And, o'er her sides precipitated, plunged
 Like gulls the crew, forbidden by that stroke
 Of wrath divine to hope their country more.

But

But Jove himself, when I had cast away 375

All hope of life, conducted to my arms

The strong tall mast, that I might yet escape.

Around that beam I clung, driving before

The stormy blast. Nine days complete I drove,

And, on the tenth dark night, the rolling flood 380

Immense convey'd me to Thesprotia's shore.

There met me the Hero Phidon, gen'rous King

Of the Thesprotians, freely entertained;

For his own son discov'ring me with toil

Exhausted and with cold, raised me, and thence 385

Led me humanely to his father's house,

Who cherish'd me, and gave me fresh attire.

There heard I of Ulysses, whom himself

Had entertain'd, he said, on his return

To his own land; he shew'd me also gold, 390

Brass, and bright steel elab'rate, whatsoe'er

Ulysses had amass'd, a store to feed

A less illustrious family than his

To the tenth generation, so immense

His treasures in the royal palace lay. 395

Himself, he said, was to Dodona gone,

There, from the tow'ring oaks of Jove to ask

Counsel divine, if openly to land

(After long absence) in his opulent realm

Of Ithaca, be best, or in disguise. 400

To me the monarch swore, in his own hall

Pouring libation, that the ship was launch'd,

And the crew ready for his conduct home.
But me he first dismiss'd, for, as it chanced,
A ship lay there of the Thesprotians, bound 405
To green Dulichium's isle. He bade the crew
Bear me to King Acastus with all speed;
But them far other thoughts pleased more, and thoughts
Of harm to me, that I might yet be plunged
In deeper gulphs of woe than I had known. 410
For, when the billow-cleaving bark had left
The land remote, framing, combined, a plot
Against my liberty, they stripp'd my vest
And mantle, and this tatter'd raiment foul
Gave me instead, which thy own eyes behold. 415
At even-tide reaching the cultur'd coast
Of Ithaca, they left me bound on board
With tackle of the bark, and quitting ship
Themselves, made hasty supper on the shore.
But me, meantime, the Gods easily loos'd 420
By their own pow'r, when, with this wrapper vile
Around my brows, sliding into the sea.
At the ship's stern, I lay'd me on the flood.
With both hands oaring thence my course, I swam
Till past all ken of theirs; then landing where 425
Thick covert of luxuriant trees I mark'd,
Close couchant down I lay; they, muttering loud,
Paced to and fro, but deeming farther search
Unprofitable, soon embark'd again.
Thus, baffling all their search with ease, the Gods 430
Conceal'd,

Conceal'd and led me thence to the abode
Of a wise man, dooming me still to live.

To whom Eumæus thou didst thus reply.
Alas, my most compassionate guest, I know
Thou hast much moved me by this tale, **435**
Of thy sad wand'rings and thy num'rous woes.

But, speaking of Ulysses, thou hast pass'd
All credence; I at least beg give thee none.

Why, noble as thou art, shouldst thou invent
Palpable falsehoods? as for the return **440**

Of my regretted Lord, myself I know

That had he not been hated by the Gods

Unanimous, he had in battle died

At Troy, or (that long doubtful war, at last,
Concluded,) in his people's arms at home. **445**

Then universal Greece had raised his tomb,

And he had even for his son achiev'd

Immortal glory; but alas! by beaks

Of harpies torn, unseemly fight, he lies.

Here is my home the while; I never seek **450**

The city, unless summon'd by discrete

Penelope to listen to the news

Brought by some stranger, whencesoever arrived.

Then, all, alike inquisitive, attend,

Both who regret the absence of our King, **455**

And who rejoice gratuitous to gorge

His property; but as for me, no joy

Find I in list'ning after such reports,

Since an *Ætolian* cozen'd me, who found
 (After long wand'ring over various lands 460
 A fugitive for blood) my lone retreat.
 Him warm I welcom'd, and with open arms
 Receiv'd, who bold affirm'd that he had seen
 My master with *Idomeneus* in *Crete*
 His ships refitting, shatter'd by a storm, 465
 And that in summer with his godlike band
 He would return, bringing great riches home,
 Or else in autumn. And thou antient guest
 Forlorn! since thee the Gods have hither led,
 Seek not to gratify me with untruths 470
 And to deceive me, since for no such cause
 I shall respect or love thee, but alone
 By pity influenced, and the fear of *Jove*.
 To whom *Ulysses*, even wife, replied.
 Thou hast, in truth, a most incredulous mind, 475
 Whom even with an oath I have not moved,
 Or aught persuaded. Come then—let us make
 In terms express a covenant, and the Gods
 Who hold *Olympus*, witness to us both!
 If thy own Lord at this thy house arrive, 480
 Thou shalt dismiss me decently attired
 In vest and mantle, that I may repair
 Hence to *Dulichium*, whither I would go.
 But, if thy Lord comes not, then, gath'ring all
 Thy servants, headlong hurl me from a rock, 485
 That other mendicants may fear to lie.

To

To whom the generous swine-herd in return,
 Yes, stranger ! doubtless I should high renown
 Obtain for virtue among men, both now
 And in all future times, if, having first 490
 Invited thee, and at my board regaled,
 I, next, should slay thee ; then my pray'rs would mount,
 Past question, swiftly to Saturnian Jove.
 But the hour calls to supper, and, ere long,
 The partners of my toils will come prepared 495
 To spread the board with no unsav'ry cheer.

Thus they conferr'd. And now the swains arrived,
 Driving their charge, which fast they soon enclosed
 Within their customary pennis, and loud
 The hubbub was of swine prison'd within. 500
 Then call'd the master to his rustic train.
 Bring ye the best, that we may set him forth.
 Before my friend from foreign climes arrived,
 With whom ourselves will also feast, who find
 The bright-tusk'd multitude a painful charge, 505
 While others, at no cost of theirs, consume
 Day after day, the profit of our toils.

So saying, his wood for fuel he prepared,
 And, dragging thither a well fatted brawn
 Of the fifth year his servants held him fast 510
 At the hearth-side. Nor failed the master swain
 To adore the Gods, (for wise and good was he).
 But consecration of the victim, first,
 Himself performing, cast into the fire

The

The forehead bristles of the tusky boar, 515
 Then pray'd to all above, that, safe, at length,
 Ulysses might regain his native home.
 Then lifting an huge shive that lay beside
 The fire, he smote the boar, and dead he fell.
 Next, piercing him, and scorching close his hair, 520
 They carv'd him quickly, and Eumæus spread
 Thin slices crude taken from ev'ry limb
 O'er all his fat, then other slices cast,
 Sprinkling them first with meal, into the fire.
 The rest they flash'd and scored, and roasted well, 525
 And placed it, heap'd together, on the board.
 Then rose the good Eumæus to his task
 Of distribution, for he understood
 The hospitable entertainer's part.
 Sev'n-fold partition of the banquet made, 530
 He gave, with previous pray'r, to * Maia's son
 And to the nymphs one portion of the whole,
 Then served his present guests, honouring first
 Ulysses with the boar's perpetual chine;
 By that distinction just his master's heart 535
 He gratified, and thus the Hero spake:

Eumæus! be thou as belov'd of Jove
 As thou art dear to me, whom, though attired
 So coarsely, thou hast served with such respect!
 To whom, Eumæus, thou didst thus reply. 540
 Eat, noble stranger! and refreshment take

* Mercury.

Such

Such as thou may'st; * God gives, and God denies
At his own will, for He is Lord of all.

He said, and to the everlasting Gods
The firstlings sacrificed of all, then made 545
Libation, and the cup placed in the hands
Of city-spoiler Laertiades

Sitting beside his own allotted share.
Meantime, Mefaulius bread dispensed to all,
Whom, in the absence of his Lord, himself 550
Eumæus had from Taphian traders bought
With his own proper goods, at no expence
Either to old Laertes or the Queen.

And now, all stretch'd their hands toward the feast
Reeking before them, and when hunger none 555
Felt more or thirst, Mefaulius clear'd the board.

Then, fed to full satiety, in haste
Each sought his couch. Black came a moonless night,
And Jove all night descended fast in show'rs,
With howlings of the ever wat'ry West. 560

Ulysses, at that sound, for trial's sake
Of his good host, if putting off his cloak
He would accommodate him, or require
That service for him at some other hand,

* Θεός—without a relative, and consequently signifying God in the abstract, is not unfrequently found in Homer; though fearing to give offence to serious minds unacquainted with the original, I have not always given it that force in the translation. But here, the sentiment is such as fixes the sense intended by the author with a precision that leaves me no option. It is observable too, that—*δυσκταί γὰρ ἀνάρτα*—is an ascription of power such as the poet never makes to his Jupiter.

Addressing

Addressing thus the family, began.

565

Hear now, Eumæus, and ye other swains

His fellow-lab'rrers ! I shall somewhat boast,

By wine befooled, which forces ev'n the wife

To carol loud, to titter and to dance,

And words to utter, oft, better suppress'd.

570

But since I have begun, I shall proceed,

Prating my fill. Ah might those days return

With all the youth and strength that I enjoy'd,

When in close ambush, once, at Troy we lay !

Ulysses, Menelaus, and myself.

575

Their chosen coadjutor, led the band.

Approaching to the city's lofty wall

Through the thick bushes and the reeds that gird

The bulwarks, down we lay flat in the marsh,

Under our arms. Then, Boreas blowing loud,

580

A rueful night came on, frosty and charged

With snow that blanch'd us thick as morning rime,

And ev'ry shield with ice was chrystall'd o'er.

The rest with cloaks and vests well cover'd, slept

Beneath their bucklers ; I alone my cloak,

585

Improvident, had left behind, no thought

Conceiving of a season so severe ;

Shield and belt, therefore, and nought else had I.

The night, at length, nigh spent, and all the stars

Declining in their course, with elbow thrust

590

Against Ulysses' side I roused the Chief,

And thus address'd him ever prompt to hear.

Laertes'

Laertes' noble son, for wiles renown'd !
 I freeze to death. Help me, or I am lost.
 No cloak have I; some evil dæmon, sure, 595
 Beguil'd me of all prudence, that I came
 Thus sparsely clad; I shall, I must expire.

So I; he, ready as he was in arms
 And counsel both, the remedy at once
 Devis'd, and thus, low-whisp'ring, answer'd me. 600

Hush! lest perchance some other hear—He said,
 And leaning on his elbow, spake aloud.

My friends! all hear—a monitory dream
 Hath reach'd me, for we lie far from the ships.
 Haste, therefore, one of you, with my request 605
 To Agamemnon, Atreus' son, our Chief,
 That he would reinforce us from the camp.

He spake, and at the word, Andraemon's son
 Thoas arose, who, casting off his cloak,
 Ran thence toward the ships, and folded warm 610
 Within it, there lay I 'till dawn appear'd.

Oh for the vigour of such youth again!
 Then, some good peasant here, either for love
 Or for respect, would cloak a man like me,
 Whom, now, thus fordid in attire ye scorn. 615

To whom, Eumæus, thou didst thus reply.
 My antient guest! I cannot but approve
 Thy narrative, nor hast thou utter'd aught
 Unseemly, or that needs excuse. No want

Of raiment, therefore, or of aught beside 620
Needful to solace penury like thine,
Shall harm thee here; yet, at the peep of dawn
Gird thy own tatters to thy loins again;
For *we* have no great store of cloaks to boast,
Or change of vests, but, singly, one for each. 625
But when Ulysses' son shall once arrive,
He will himself with vest and mantle both
Cloath thee, and fend thee whither most thou would'st.

So saying, he rose, and nearer made his couch
To the hearth-side, spreading it thick with skins 630
Of sheep and goats; then lay the Hero down,
O'er whom a shaggy mantle large he threw,
Which oft-times served him with a change, when rough
The winter's blast and terrible arose.
So was Ulysses bedded, and the youths 635
Slept all beside him; but the master-swain
Chose not his place of rest so far remote
From his rude charge, but to the outer court
With his nocturnal furniture, repair'd,
Gladd'ning Ulysses' heart that one so true 640
In his own absence kept his rural stores.
Athwart his sturdy shoulders, first, he slung
His faulchion keen, then wrapp'd him in a cloak
Thick-woven, winter-proof; he lifted, next,
The skin of a well-thriven goat, in bulk 645
Surpassing others, and his javelin took

Sharp-

Sharp-pointed, with which dogs he drove and men.
 Thus arm'd, he fought his wonted couch beneath
 A hollow rock where the herd slept, secure
 From the sharp current of the Northern blast.

650

A R G U M E N T

OF THE

F I F T E E N T H . B O O K .

Telemachus, admonished by Minerva, takes leave of Menelaus, but ere he sails, is accosted by Theoclymenus, a prophet of Argos, whom at his earnest request he takes on board. In the meantime Eumæus relates to Ulysses the means by which he came to Ithaca. Telemachus arriving there, gives orders for the return of his bark to the city, and repairs himself to Eumæus.

B O O K X V .

MEANTIME to Lacedæmon's spacious vale
 Minerva went, that she might summon thence
 Ulysses' glorious son to his own home.
 Arrived, she found Telemachus reposed
 And Nestor's son beneath the vestibule 5
 Of Menelaus, mighty Chief; she saw
 Pisistratus in bands of gentle sleep
 Fast-bound, but not Telemachus; his mind
 No rest enjoy'd, by filial cares disturb'd
 Amid the silent night, when, drawing near 10
 To his couch' side, the Goddess thus began.

Thou'

Thou canst no longer prudently remain
 A wand'rer here, Telemachus! thy home
 Abandon'd, and those haughty suitors left
 Within thy walls; fear lest, partition made 15
 Of thy possessions, they devour the whole,
 And in the end thy voyage bootless prove.
 Delay not; from brave Menelaus ask
 Dismissal hence, that thou may'st find at home
 Thy spotless mother, whom her brethren urge 20
 And her own father even now to wed
 Eurymachus, in gifts and in amount
 Of proffer'd dow'r superior to them all.
 Some treasure, else, shall haply from thy house
 Be taken, such as thou wilt grudge to spare. 25
 For well thou know'st how woman is disposed;
 Her whole anxiety is to encrease
 His substance whom she weds; no care hath she
 Of her first children, or remembers more
 The buried husband of her virgin choice. 30
 Returning then, to her of all thy train
 Whom thou shalt most approve, the charge commit
 Of thy concerns domestic, 'till the Gods
 Themselves shall guide thee to a noble wife.
 Hear also this, and mark it. In the frith 35
 Samos the rude, and Ithaca between,
 The chief of all her suitors thy return
 In vigilant ambush wait, with strong desire
 To slay thee, ere thou reach thy native shore,

But

But shall not, as I judge, 'till the earth hide 40
Many a lewd reveller at thy expence.

Yet, steer thy galley from those isles afar,
And voyage make by night; some guardian God
Shall save thee, and shall send thee prosp'rous gales,
Then, soon as thou attain'st the nearest shore 45
Of Ithaca, dispatching to the town

Thy bark with all thy people, seek at once
The swine-herd; for Eumæus is thy friend.
There sleep, and send him forth into the town
With tidings to Penelope, that safe 50
Thou art restored from Pylus home again.

She said, and fought th' Olympian heights sublime
Then, with his heel shaking him, he awoke
The son of Nestor, whom he thus address'd.

Rise, Nestor's son, Pisistratus! lead forth 55
The steeds, and yoke them. We must now depart.

To whom the son of Nestor thus replied.
Telemachus! what haste so'er we feel,
We can by no means prudently attempt
To drive by night, and soon it will be dawn. 60

Stay, therefore, 'till the Hero, Atreus' son,
Spear-practis'd Menelaus shall his gifts
Place in the chariot, and with kind farewell
Dismiss thee; for the guest in mem'ry holds
Through life, the host who treats him as a friend. 65

Scarce had he spoken, when the golden dawn
Appearing, Menelaus, from the side

Of

Of beauteous Helen ris'n, their bed approach'd;
Whose coming when Telemachus perceived,
Cloathing himself hastily in his vest
Magnificent, and o'er his shoulders broad
Casting his graceful mantle, at the door
He met the Hero, whom he thus address'd.

70

Atrides, Menelaus, Chief renown'd!
Dismiss me hence to Ithaca again,
My native isle, for I desire to go.

75

Him answer'd Menelaus famed in arms.—
Telemachus! I will not long delay
Thy wish'd return. I disapprove alike
The host whose assiduity extreme
Distresses, and whose negligence offends;
The middle course is best; alike we err,
Him thrusting forth whose wish is to remain,
And hind'ring the impatient to depart.
This only is true kindness—To regale
The present guest, and speed him when he would.
Yet stay, 'till thou shalt see my splendid gifts
Placed in thy chariot, and 'till I command
My women from our present stores to spread
The table with a plentiful repast.
For both the honour of the guest demands,
And his convenience also, that he eat
Sufficient, entering on a length of road.
But if through Hellas thou wilt take thy way
And traverse Argos, I will, then, myself

80

85

90

95

Attend

Attend thee; thou shalt journey with my steeds
Beneath thy yoke, and I will be thy guide
To many a city, whence we shall not go
Ungratified, but shall in each receive
Some gift at least, tripod, or charger bright, 100
Or golden chalice, or a pair of mules.

To whom Telemachus, discrete, replied.
Atrides, Menelaus, Chief renown'd!
I would at once depart, (for guardian none
Of my possessions have I left behind) 105
Left, while I seek my father, I be lost
Myself, or lose what I should grudge to spare.

Which when the valiant Menelaus heard,
He bade his spouse and maidens spread the board
At once with remnants of the last regale. 110
Then Eteoneus came, Boethus' son
Newly aris'n, for nigh at hand he dwelt,
Whom Menelaus bade kindle the fire
By which to dress their food, and he obey'd.
He, next, himself his fragrant chamber sought, 115
Not sole, but by his spouse and by his son
Attended, Megapenthes. There arrived
Where all his treasures lay, Atrides, first,
Took forth, himself, a goblet, then consign'd
To his son's hand an argent beaker bright. 120
Meantime, beside her coffers Helen stood
Where lay her variegated robes, fair works
Of her own hand. Producing one, in size

And

And in magnificence the chief, a star
For splendour, and the lowest placed of all,
Loveliest of her sex, she bore it thence.

Then, all proceeding through the house, they fought
Telemachus again, whom reaching, thus
The Hero of the golden locks began.

May Jove the Thunderer, dread Juno's mate, 130
Grant thee, Telemachus! such voyage home
As thy own heart desires! accept from all
My stores selected as the richest far
And noblest gift for finish'd beauty—This.

I give thee wrought elaborate a cup, 135
Itself all silver, bound with lip of gold.
It is the work of Vulcan, which to me
The Hero Phædimus imparted, King
Of the Sidonians, when, on my return,
Beneath his roof I lodg'd. I make it thine, 140

So saying, the Hero, Atreus' son, the cup
Placed in his hands, and Megapenthes set
Before him, next, the argent beaker bright;
But lovely Helen drawing nigh, the robe
Presented to him, whom she thus address'd, 145

I also give thee, oh my son, a gift,
Which seeing, thou shalt think on her whose hands
Wrought it; a present on thy nuptial day
For thy fair spouse; meantime, repose it safe
In thy own mother's keeping. Now, farewell! 150
Prosperous and happy be thy voyage home!

2 Y

She

She ceas'd, and gave it to him, who the gift
 Accepted glad, and in the chariot-chest
 Pisistratus the Hero all disposed,
 Admiring them the while. They, following, next, 155
 The Hero Menelaus to his hall
 Each on his couch or on his throne reposed.
 A maiden, then, with golden ewer charged
 And silver bowl, pour'd water on their hands,
 And spread the polish'd table, which with food 160
 Various, selected from her present stores,
 The mistress of the household charge supplied.
 Baethus' son stood caryen, and to each
 His portion gave, while Megapenthes, son
 Of glorious Menelaus, serv'd the cup. 165
 Then, all with outstretch'd hands the feast assail'd,
 And when nor hunger more nor thirst of wine
 They felt, Telemachus and Nestor's son
 Yoked the swift steeds, and, taking each his seat
 In the resplendent chariot, drove at once 170
 Right through the founding portico abroad.
 But Menelaus, Hero amber-hair'd,
 A golden cup bearing with richest wine
 Replete in his right hand, follow'd them forth,
 That not without libation first perform'd 175
 They might depart; he stood before the steeds,
 And drinking first, thus, courteous, them bespake.

Health to you both, young friends! and from my lips
 Like greeting bear to Nestor, royal Chief,

For

For he was ever as a father kind 180

To me, while the Achaians warr'd at Troy.

To whom Telemachus discrete replied.

And doubtless, so we will; at our return

We will report to him, illustrious Prince!

Thy ev'ry word. And oh, I would to heav'n 185

That reaching Ithaca, I might at home

Ulysses hail as sure, as I shall hence

Depart, with all benevolence by thee

Treated, and rich in many a noble gift.

While thus he spake, on his right hand appear'd 190

An eagle; in his talons pounced he bore

A white-plumed goose domestic, newly ta'en

From the house-court. Ran females all and males

Clamorous after him; but he the steeds

Approaching on the right, sprang into air. 195

That fight rejoicing and with hearts reviv'd

They view'd, and thus Pisistratus his speech

Amid them all to Menelaus turn'd.

Now, Menelaus, think, illustrious Chief!

If us, this omen, or thyself regard. 200

While warlike Menelaus musing stood

What answer fit to frame, Helen meantime,

His spouse long-stoed preventing him, began.

Hear me; for I will answer as the Gods

Teach me, and as I think shall come to pass. 205

As he, descending from his place of birth

The mountains, caught our pamper'd goose away,

So shall Ulysses, after many woes
 And wand'rings to his home restored, avenge.
 His wrongs, or even now is at his home 210
 For all those suitors sowing seeds of woe.

To whom Telemachus, discrete, replied.
 Oh grant it Jove, Jove's high-thund'ring mate!
 So will I, there arrived, with vow and pray'r
 Thee worship, as thou wert, thyself, divine. 215

He said, and lash'd the couriers; fiery they
 And fleet, sprang through the city to the plain.
 All day the yoke on either side they shook;
 Journeying swift; and now the setting sun
 To gloomy evening had resign'd the roads, 220
 When they to Phæacæ came, and in the house
 Of good Diocles slept, their liberal host,
 Whose sire Orilochus from Alpheus sprang.
 But when Aurora, daughter of the Dawn,
 Look'd rosy from the East, yoking their steeds, 225
 They in the sumptuous chariot sat again.

Forth through the vestibule they drove, and through
 The sounding portico, when Nestor's son
 Plied brisk the scourge, and willing flew the steeds.
 Thus whirl'd along, soon they approach'd the gates 230
 Of Pylus, when Telemachus, his speech
 Turning to his companion, thus began.

How, son of Nestor! shall I win from thee
 Not promise only, but performance kind
 Of my request? we are not bound alone 235

To

To friendship by the friendship of our fires,
But by equality of years, and this
Our journey shall unite us still the more.
Bear me not, I intreat thee, noble friend !
Beyond the ship, but drop me at her side,
Lest antient Nestor, though against my will,
Detain me in his palace through desire
To feast me, for I dread the least delay.

240

He spake ; then mused Pisistratus how best
He might effect the wishes of his friend,
And thus at length resolved ; turning his steeds
With sudden deviation to the shore
He sought the bark, and placing in the stern
Both gold and raiment, the illustrious gifts
Of Menelaus, thus, in accents wing'd
With ardour, urged Telemachus away.

245

250

Dispatch, embark, summon thy crew on board,
Ere my arrival notice give of thine
To the old King ; for vehement I know
His temper, neither will he let thee hence,
But, hasting hither, will himself enforce
Thy longer stay, that thou may'st not depart
Ungifted ; nought will fire his anger more.

255

So saying, he to the Pylian city urged
His steeds bright-maned, and at the palace-gate
Arrived of Nestor speedily ; meantime
Telemachus exhorted thus his crew.

260

My

My gallant friends ! set all your tackle, climb
The fable bark, for I would now return.

He spake ; they heard him gladly, and at once. 265

All fill'd the benches. While his voyage he
Thus expedited, and beside the stern

To Pallas sacrifice perform'd and pray'd,

A stranger, born remote, who had escaped

From Argos' fugitive for blood, a fear, 270

And of Melampus' progeny, approach'd.

Melampus, in old time, in Pylus dwelt,

Mother of flocks, alike for wealth renown'd

And the magnificence of his abode.

He, flying from the far-famed Pylian King, 275

The mighty Neleus, migrated at length

Into another land, whose wealth, the while,

Neleus by force possess'd a year complete.

Meantime, Melampus in the house endured

* Of Phylacus imprisonment and woe, 280

And burn'd with wrath for Neleus' daughter sake

By fell Erynnis kindled in his heart.

But, 'scaping death, he drove the lowing beeves

From Phylacè to Pylus, well avenged

His num'rous injuries at Neleus' hands 285

* Iphycus the son of Phylacus had seized and detained cattle belonging to Neleus ; Neleus ordered his nephew Melampus to recover them, and as security for his obedience seized on a considerable part of his possessions. Melampus attempted the service, failed, and was cast into prison ; but at length escaping, accomplished his errand, vanquished Neleus in battle, and carried off his daughter Pero, whom Neleus had promised to the brother of Melampus, but had afterward refused her.

Sustain'd,

Sustain'd, and gave into his brother's arms
 King Neleus' daughter fair, the promis'd bride.
 To Argos steed-renown'd he journey'd next,
 There destin'd to inhabit and to rule
 Multitudes of Achaians. In that land 290
 He married, built a palace, and became
 Father of two brave sons, Antiphates
 And Mantius; to Antiphates was born
 The brave Oicleus; from Oicleus sprang
 Amphiaraus, demagogue renown'd, 295
 Whom with all tendernefs, and as a friend
 Alike the Thund'rer and Apollo prized;
 Yet reach'd he not the bounds of hoary age,
 But by his mercenary* consort's arts
 Persuaded, met his destiny at Thebes. 300
 He 'gat Alcmæon and Amphiloehus.
 Mantius was also father of two sons,
 Clytus and Polyphides. Clytus pass'd
 From earth to heav'n, and dwells among the Gods,
 Stoll'n by Aurora for his beauty's sake. 305
 But (brave Amphiaräus once deceased)
 Phœbus exalted Polyphides far
 Above all others in the prophet's part.
 He, anger'd by his father, roam'd away
 To Hyperesia, where he dwelt renown'd 310
 Throughout all lands, the oracle of all.

* His wife Eryphyle, bribed by Polynices, persuaded him, though aware that death awaited him at that city, to go to Thebes, where he fell accordingly.

His son, named Theoclymenus, was he
 Who now approach'd; he found Telemachus
 Libation off'ring in his bark, and pray'r,
 And in wing'd accents ardent him address'd. 315
 Ah, friend! since sacrificing in this place
 I find thee, by these sacred rites and those
 Whom thou ador'st, and by thy own dear life,
 And by the lives of these thy mariners
 I beg true answer; hide not what I ask. 320
 Who art thou? whence? where born? and sprung from
 whom?

To whom Telemachus, discrete, replied.
 I will inform thee, stranger! and will solve
 Thy questions with much truth. I am by birth
 Ithacan, and Ulysses was my sire. 325
 But he hath perish'd by a woeful death,
 And I, believing it, with these have plow'd
 The Ocean hither, int'rested to learn
 A father's fate long absent from his home.

Then answer'd godlike Theoclymenus. 330
 I also am a wand'rer, having slain
 A man of my own tribe; brethren and friends
 Num'rous had he in Argos steed-renown'd,
 And pow'rful are the Achæians dwelling there.
 From them, through terror of impending death, 335
 I fly, a banish'd man henceforth for ever.
 Ah save a suppliant fugitive! lest death
 O'ertake me, for I doubt not their pursuit.

Whom

Whom thus Telemachus answer'd discrete.
 I shall not, be assur'd, since thou desir'st 340
 To join me, chace thee from my bark away.
 Follow me, therefore, and with us partake,
 In Ithaca, what best the land affords.

So saying, he at the stranger's hand received
 His spear, which on the deck he lay'd, then climb'd 345
 Himself the bark, and, seated in the stern,
 At his own side placed Theoclymenus.
 They cast the hawsers loose; then with loud voice
 Telemachus exhorted all to hand
 The tackle, whom his sailors prompt obey'd. 350
 The tall mast heaving, in its socket deep
 They lodg'd it, and its cordage braced secure,
 Then, straining at the halyards, hoisted the sail.
 Fair wind, and blowing fresh through æther pure
 Minerva sent them, that the bark might run 355
 Her nimblest course through all the briny way.
 Now sank the sun, and dusky evening dimm'd
 The waves, when, driven by propitious Jove,
 His bark stood right for Phœbe; thence she stretch'd
 To sacred Elis where the Epeans rule, 360
 And through the sharp Echinades he next
 Steer'd her, uncertain whether fate ordain'd
 His life or death, surpris'd or escape.

Meantime Ulysses and the swineherd sit
 Their cottage-mess, and the assistant swains 365
 Theirs also; and when hunger now and thirst

Had ceased in all, Ulysses thus began,
Proving the swineherd, whether friendly still,
And anxious for his good, he would intreat
His stay, or thence hasten him to the town. 370

Eumæus, and all ye his servants, hear!
It is my purpose, lest I wear thee out,
Thee and thy friends, to seek at early dawn
The city, there to beg—But give me first
Needful instructions, and a trusty guide 375
Who may conduct me thither; there my task
Must be to roam the streets; some hand humane
Perchance shall give me a small pittance there,
A little bread, and a few drops to drink.

Ulysses' palace I shall also seek, 380
And to discrete Penelope report
My tidings; neither shall I fail to mix
With those imperious suitors, who, themselves
Full-fed, may spare perhaps some boon to me.
Me shall they find, in whatsoever they wish 385
Their ready servitor, for (understand
And mark me well) the herald of the skies,
Hermes, from whom all actions of mankind
Their grace receive and polish, is my friend;
So that in menial offices I fear 390
No rival, whether I be call'd to heap
The hearth with fuel, or dry wood to cleave,
To roast, to carve, or to distribute wine,
As oft the poor are wont who serve the great.

To

To whom, Eumæus! at those words displeased, 395
 Thou didst reply. Gods! how could such a thought
 Possess thee, stranger? surely thy resolve
 Is altogether fixt to perish there,
 If thou indeed hast purpos'd with that throng
 To mix, whose riot and outrageous acts 400
 Of violence echo through the vault of heav'n.
 None, such as thou, serve *them*; their servitors
 Are youths well-cloak'd, well-vested; sleek their heads,
 And smug their countenances; such alone
 Are their attendants, and the polish'd boards 405
 Groan overcharged with bread, with flesh, with wine.
 Rest here content; for neither me nor these
 Thou weariest aught, and when Ulysses' son
 Shall come, he will with vest and mantle fair
 Cloath thee, and send thee whither most thou would'st.

To whom, Ulysses, Hero toil-inured, 410
 I wish thee, O Eumæus! dear to Jove
 As thou art dear to me, for this reprieve
 Vouchsafed me kind, from wand'ring and from woe!
 No worse condition is of mortal man 415
 Than his who wanders; for the poor man, driv'n
 By woe and by misfortune homeless forth,
 A thousand mis'ries, day by day, endures.
 Since thou detain'st me, then, and bidd'st me wait
 His coming, tell me if the father still 420
 Of famed Ulysses live, whom, going hence,
 He left so nearly on the verge of life?

And lives his mother? or have both deceased
Already, and descended to the shades?

To whom the master swineherd thus replied. 425
I will inform thee, and with strictest truth,
Of all that thou hast ask'd. Laertes lives,
But supplication offering to the Gods
Ceaseless, to free him from a weary life,
So deeply his long-absent son he mourns, 430
And the dear consort of his early youth,
Whose death is his chief sorrow, and hath brought
Old age on him, ere its date arrived.
She died of sorrow for her glorious son,
And died deplorably*; may never friend 435
Of mine, or benefactor die as she!
While yet she liv'd, dejected as she was,
I found it yet some solace to converse
With her, who rear'd me in my childish days,
Together with her lovely youngest-born 440
The Princess Ctimenæ; for side by side
We grew, and I, scarce honour'd less than she.
But soon as our delightful prime we both
Attain'd, to Samos her they sent, a bride,
And were requited with rich dow'r; but me 445
Cloath'd handsomely with tunic and with vest,
And with fair sandals furnish'd, to the field
She order'd forth, yet loved me still the more.

* She is said to have hanged herself.

I miss her kindness now; but gracious heav'n
 Prospers the work on which I here attend;
 Hence have I food, and hence I drink, and hence
 Refresh, sometimes, a worthy guest like thee.
 But kindness none experience I, or can,
 From fair Penelope (my mistress now):
 In word or action, so is the house curs'd
 With that lewd throng. Glad would the servants be:
 Might they approach their mistress, and receive
 Advice from her; glad too to eat and drink,
 And somewhat bear each to his rural home,
 For perquisites are ev'ry servant's joy! 460

Then answer thus, Ulysses' wife return'd.
 Alas! good swain, Eumæus, how remote
 From friends and country wast thou forced to roam
 Ev'n in thy infancy! But tell me true:
 The city where thy parents dwelt, did foes
 Pillage it? or did else some hostile band
 Surprising thee alone, on herd or flock
 Attendant, bear thee with them o'er the Deep,
 And sell thee at this Hero's house, who pay'd
 Doubtless for thee no sordid price or small? 470:

To whom the master swineherd in reply.
 Stranger! since thou art curious to be told.
 My story, silent listen, and thy wine
 At leisure quaff. The nights are longest now,
 And such as time for sleep afford, and time 475
 For pleasant conference; neither were it good:

That

That thou shouldst to thy couch before thy hour,
 Since even sleep is hurtful, in excess.
 Whoever here is weary, and desires
 Early repose, let him depart to rest, 480
 And, at the peep of day, when he hath fed
 Sufficiently, drive forth my master's herd;
 But we with wine and a well-furnish'd board
 Supplied, with solace mutually derive
 From recollection of our sufferings past; 485
 For who hath much endured, and wandered far,
 Finds the recital even of sorrows sweet.
 Now hear thy question satisfied; attend:
 There is an island (thou hast heard, perchance,
 Of such an isle) named * Syria; it is plac'd 490
 Above Ortygia, and a dial owns
 True to the tropic changes of the year,
 No great extent she boasts, yet is she rich
 In cattle and in flocks, in wheat and wine.
 No famine knows that people, or disease! 495
 Noifome, of all that elsewhere seize the race
 Of miserable man; but when old age
 Steals on the citizens, Apollo, arm'd

* Not improbably the isthmus of Syracuse, an island, perhaps, or peninsula at that period, or at least imagined to be such by Homer. The birth of Diana gave fame to Ortygia. F.

* Οἱ τραπὴν ἡλίου.—The Translator has rendered the passage according to that interpretation of it to which several of the best expositors incline. Nothing can be so absurd as to suppose, that Homer, so correct in his geography, could mean to place a Mediterranean island under the Tropic.

With

With silver bow and bright Diana come,
 Whose gentle shafts distains them soon to rest. 500
 Two cities share between them all the isle,
 And both were subject to my father's sway
 Ctefius Ormenides, a godlike Chief.
 It chanced that from Phoenicia, famed for skill
 In arts marine, a vessel thither came 505
 By sharper mann'd, and laden deep with toys.
 Now, in my father's family abode
 A fair Phoenician, tall, full-sized, and skill'd
 In works of elegance, whom they beguiled.
 While she wash'd linen on the beach, beside 510
 The ship, a certain mariner of those
 Seduced her; for all women, ev'n the wife
 And sober, feeble prove by love assail'd.
 Who was she, he enquired, and whence? nor she
 Scrupled to tell at once her father's home. 515
 I am of * Sidon, famous for her works
 In brass and steel; daughter of Arybas,
 Who rolls in affluence; Taphian pirates thence
 Stole me returning from the field, from whom
 This Chief procured me at no little cost. 520
 Then answer thus her paramour return'd.
 Wilt thou not hence to Sidon in our ship,
 That thou may'st once more visit the abode
 Of thy own wealthy parents, and themselves?

* A principal city of Phoenicia.

For still they live, and still are wealthy deem'd. 525

To whom the woman. Even that might be,
Would ye, ye seamen, by a solemn oath
Assure me of a safe conveyance home.

Then swear the mariners as she required,
And, when their oath was ended, thus again. 530
The woman of Phoenicia them bespake.

Now, silence! no man, henceforth, of you all
Accost me, though he meet me on the road,
Or at yon fountain; lest some tattler run
With tidings home to my old master's ear, 535

Who, with suspicion touch'd, may me confine
In cruel bonds, and death contrive for you.
But be ye close; purchase your stores in haste;
And when your vessel shall be freighted full,
Quick send me notice; for I mean to bring 540

What gold soever opportune I find,
And will my passage cheerfully defray
With still another moveable. I nurse
The good man's son, an urchin throw'd, of age
To scamper at my side; him will I bring, 545
Whom at some foreign market ye shall prove
Saleable at what price so'er ye will.

So saying, she to my father's house return'd.
They, there abiding the whole year, their ship
With purchased goods freighted of ev'ry kind, 550
And when, her lading now complete, she lay
For sea prepared, their messenger arrived

To

To summon down the woman to the shore.

A mariner of theirs, subtle and shrewd,

Then, entering at my father's gate, produced 555

A splendid collar, gold with amber strung.

My mother (then at home) with all her maids

Handling and gazing on it with delight,

Proposed to purchase it, and he the nod

Significant, gave unobserv'd, the while, 560

To the Phœnician woman, and return'd.

She, thus inform'd, leading me by the hand

Went forth, and finding in the vestibule

The cups and tables which my father's guests

Had used, (but they were to the forum gone 565

For converse with their friends assembled there)

Convey'd three cups into her bosom-folds,

And bore them off, whom I a thoughtless child

Accompanied, at the decline of day, 570

When dusky evening had embrown'd the shore.

We, stepping nimbly on, soon reach'd the port

Renown'd, where that Phœnician vessel lay.

They shipp'd us both, and all embarking cleav'd

Their liquid road, by favourable gales,

Jove's gift, impell'd. Six days we day and night 575

Continual sail'd, but when Saturnian Jove

Now bade the sev'nth bright morn illumine the skies,

Then, shaft-arm'd Dian struck the woman dead,

At once she pitch'd headlong into the bilge

Like a sea-coot, whence heaving her again, 580

The seamen gave her to be fishes' food,
 And I survived to mourn her. But the winds
 And rolling billows them bore to the coast
 Of Ithaca, where with his proper goods
 Laertes bought me. By such means it chanced 585
 That ere I saw the isle in which I dwell.

To whom Ulysses, glorious Chief, replied.
 Eumæus! thou hast moved me much, thy woes
 Enumerating thus at large. But Jove
 Hath neighbour'd all thy evil with this good, 590
 That after num'rous sorrows thou hast reach'd
 The house of a kind master, at whose hands
 Thy sustenance is sure, and here thou lead'st
 A tranquil life, but I have late arrived,
 City after city of the world explored. 595

Thus mutual they convers'd, nor leisure found
 Save for short sleep, by morning soon surprized.
 Meantime the comrades of Telemachus
 Approaching land, cast loose the sail, and lower'd
 Alert the mast, then oar'd the vessel in. 600
 The anchors heav'd * aground, and hawfers tied
 Secure, themselves, forth-issuing on the shore,
 Breakfast prepared, and charged their cups with wine.
 When neither hunger now, nor thirst remained
 Unsatisfied, Telemachus began. 605

Push ye the sable bark without delay
 Home to the city, I will to the field

* The anchors were lodged on the shore, not plunged as ours.

Among my shepherds, and, (my rural works
Survey'd,) at eve will to the town return.

To-morrow will I fet before you wine 610

And plenteous viands, wages of your toil.

To whom the godlike Theoclymenus.

Whither must I, my son? who, of the Chiefs

Of rugged Ithaca, shall harbour me?

Shall I to thine and to thy mother's house? 615

Then thus Telemachus, discrete, replied.

I would invite thee to proceed at once

To our abode, since nought should fail thee there

Of kind reception, but it were a course

Now not adviseable; for I must myself, 620

Be absent, neither would my mother's eyes

Behold thee, so unfrequent she appears

Before the suitors, shunning whom, she sits

Weaving continual at the palace-top.

But I will name to thee another Chief 625

Whom thou may'st seek, Eurymachus, the son

Renown'd of prudent Polybus, whom all

The people here reverence as a God.

Far noblest of them all is he, and seeks

More ardent than his rivals far, to wed 630

My mother, and to fill my father's throne.

But, He who dwells above, Jove only knows

If some disastrous day be not ordain'd

For them, or ere those nuptials shall arrive.

3 A 2

While

While thus he spake, at his right hand appear'd, 635
 Messenger of Apollo, on full wing,
 A falcon; in his pounces clench'd he bore
 A dove, which rending, down he pour'd her plumes
 Between the galley and Telemachus.
 Then, calling him apart, the prophet lock'd 640
 His hand in his, and thus explain'd the sign.
 Not undirected by the Gods his flight
 On our right hand, Telemachus! this hawk,
 Hath wing'd propitious; soon as I perceived
 I knew him ominous:—In all the isle 645
 No family of a more royal note
 Than yours is found, and yours shall still prevail.

Whom thus Telemachus answer'd discrete.
 Grant heav'n, my guest! that this good word of thine
 Fail not, and soon thou shalt such bounty share. 650
 And friendship at my hands, that, at first sight,
 Whoe'er shall meet thee shall pronounce thee blest.

Then, to Piræus thus, his friend approved.
 Piræus, son of Clytius! (for of all
 My followers to the shore of Pylus, none 655
 More prompt than thou hath my desires perform'd)
 Now also to thy own abode conduct
 This stranger, whom with hospitable care
 Cherish and honour 'till myself arrive.

To whom Piræus answer'd, spear-renown'd. 660
 Telemachus! however long thy stay,
 Punctual I will attend him, and no want

Of

Of hospitality shall he find with me.

So saying, he climb'd the ship, then bade the crew
 Embarking also, cast the hawfers loose, 665
 And each, obedient, to his bench repair'd.
 Meantime Telemachus his sandals bound,
 And lifted from the deck his glittering spear,
 Then, as Telemachus had hidlen them,
 Son of divine Ulysses, casting loose 670
 The hawfers, forth they push'd into the Deep
 And sought the city, while with nimble pace
 Proceeding thence, Telemachus attain'd
 The cottage soon where good Eumæus slept,
 The swine-herd, faithful to his num'rous charge. 675

ARGU-

A R G U M E N T

O F T H E

S I X T E E N T H B O O K.

Telemachus dispatches Eumæus to the city to inform Penelope of his safe return from Pylus; during his absence, Ulysses makes himself known to his son. The suitors, having watched for Telemachus in vain, arrive again at Ithaca.

B O O K X V I.

IT was the hour of dawn, when in the cot
 Kindling fresh fire, Ulysses and his friend
 Noble Eumæus dress'd their morning fare,
 And sent the herdsmen with the swine abroad.
 Seeing Telemachus, the watchful dogs 5
 Bark'd not, but fawn'd around him. At that sight,
 And at the sound of feet which now approach'd,
 Ulysses in wing'd accents thus remark'd.

Eumæus! certain, either friend of thine
 Is nigh at hand, or one whom well thou know'st; 10
 Thy dogs bark not, but fawn on his approach
 Obsequious, and the sound of feet I hear.

Scarce had he ceased, when his own son himself
 Stood in the vestibule. Upsprang at once

Eumæus

Eumæus wonder-struck, and from his hand 15
 Let fall the cups with which he was employ'd
 Mingling rich wine; to his young Lord he ran,
 His forehead kifs'd, kifs'd his bright-beaming eyes
 And both his hands, weeping profuse the while.
 As when a father folds in his embrace 20
 Arrived from foreign lands in the tenth year
 His darling son, the offspring of his age,
 His only one, for whom he long hath mourn'd,
 So kifs'd the noble peasant o'er and o'er
 Godlike Telemachus, as from death escaped, 25
 And in wing'd accents plaintive thus began.

Light of my eyes, thou com'st; it is thyself,
 Sweetest Telemachus! I had no hope
 To see thee more, once told that o'er the Deep
 Thou hadst departed for the Pylian coast. 30
 Enter, my precious son; that I may sooth
 My soul with sight of thee from far arrived,
 For seldom thou thy feeders and thy farm
 Visitest, in the city custom'd much
 To make abode, that thou may'st witness there 35
 The manners of those hungry sultors proud.

To whom Telemachus, discrete, replied.
 It will be so. There is great need, my friend!
 But here, for thy sake, have I now arrived,
 That I may look on thee, and from thy lips 40
 Learn if my mother still reside at home,
 Or have become spouse of some other Chief,

Leaving

Leaving untenanted Ulysses' bed
To be by noisome spiders webb'd around.

To whom the master-swineherd in return. 45
Not so, she, patient still as ever, dwells
Beneath thy roof, but all her cheerless days
Despairing wastes, and all her nights in tears.

So saying, Eumæus at his hand received
His brazen lance, and o'er the step of stone 50
Enter'd Telemachus, to whom his fire
Relinquish'd, soon as he appear'd, his seat,
But him Telemachus forbidding, said—

Guest, keep thy seat; our cottage will afford
Some other, which Eumæus will provide. 55

He ceased, and he, returning at the word,
Repos'd again; then good Eumæus spread
Green twigs beneath, which, cover'd with a fleece,
Supplied Ulysses' offspring with a seat.

He, next, dispos'd his dishes on the board 60
With reliëts charg'd of yesterday; with bread,
Alert, he heap'd the baskets; with rich wine
His ivy-cup replenish'd; and a seat

Took opposite to his illustrious Lord
Ulysses. They toward the plenteous feast 65
Stretch'd forth their hands, (and hunger now and thirst
Both satisfied) Telemachus, his speech
Addressing to their generous host, began.

Whence is this guest, my father? How convey'd
Came he to Ithaca? What country boast 70

The

The mariners with whom he here arrived?

For, that on foot he found us not, is sure.

To whom Eumæus, thou didst thus reply.

I will with truth answer thee, O my son!

He boasts him sprung from ancestry renown'd 75

In spacious Crete, and hath the cities seen

Of various lands, by fate ordain'd to roam.

Ev'n now, from a Thesprotian ship escaped,

He reach'd my cottage—but he is thy own;

I yield him to thee; treat him as thou wilt; 80

He is thy suppliant, and depends on thee.

Then thus, Telemachus, discrete, replied.

Thy words, Eumæus, pain my very soul.

For what security can I afford

To any in my house? myself am young, 85

Nor yet of strength sufficient to repel

An offer'd insult, and my mother's mind

In doubtful balance hangs, if, still with me

An inmate, she shall manage my concerns,

Attentive only to her absent Lord 90

And her own good report, or shall espouse

The noblest of her wooers, and the best

Entitled by the splendour of his gifts.

But I will give him, since I find him lodg'd

A guest beneath thy roof, tunic and cloak, 95

Sword double-edg'd, and sandals for his feet,

With convoy to the country of his choice.

Still, if it please thee, keep him here thy guest,

And I will fend him raiment, with supplies
 Of all sorts, lest he burthen thee and thine. 100
 But where the suitors come, there shall not he
 With my consent, nor stand exposed to pride
 And petulance like theirs, lest by some sneer
 They wound him, and through him, wound also me;
 For little is it that the boldest can 105
 Against so many; numbers will prevail.

Him answer'd then Ulysses toil-inured.
 O! amiable and good! since even I
 Am free to answer thee, I will avow
 My heart within me torn by what I hear 110
 Of those injurious suitors, who the house
 Infest of one noble as thou appear'st.
 But say—submittest thou to their controul
 Willingly, or because the people, fway'd
 By some response oracular, incline 115
 Against thee? Thou hast brothers, it may chance,
 Slow to assist thee—for a brother's aid
 Is of importance in whatever cause.
 For oh that I had youth as I have will,
 Or that renown'd Ulysses were my fire, 120
 Or that himself might wander home again,
 Whereof hope yet remains! then might I lose
 My head, that moment, by an alien's hand,
 If I would fail, ent'ring Ulysses' gate,
 To be the bane and mischief of them all. 125
 But if alone to multitudes opposed

I should

I should perchance be foiled; nobler it were
 With my own people, under my own roof
 To perish, than to witness evermore
 Their unexampled deeds, guests shov'ed aside, 130
 Maidens dragg'd forcibly from room to room,
 Casks emptied of their rich contents, and them
 Indulging glutt'nous appetite day by day
 Enormous, without measure, without end.

To whom, Telemachus, discrete, replied. 135
 Stranger! thy questions shall from me receive
 True answer. Enmity or hatred none
 Subsists the people and myself between,
 Nor have I brothers to accuse, whose aid
 Is of importance in whatever cause, 140
 For Jove hath from of old with single hairs
 Our house supplied; Arcefius none begat
 Except Laertes, and Laertes none
 Except Ulysses, and Ulysses me
 Left here his only one, and unenjoy'd. 145
 Thence comes it that our palace swarms with foes;
 For all the rulers of the neighbour isles,
 Samos, Dulichium, and the forest-crown'd
 Zacynthus, others also rulers here
 In craggy Ithaca, my mother seek 150
 In marriage, and my household stores consume.
 But neither she those nuptial rites abhorr'd
 Refuses absolute, nor yet consents
 To end them; they my patrimony waste

Meantime, and will destroy me also soon, 155
As I expect, but heav'n disposes all.

Eumæus! haste, my father! bear with speed.
News to Penelope that I am safe,
And have arrived from Pylos; I will wait
Till thou return; and well beware that none 160
Hear thee beside, for I have many foes.

To whom Eumæus then didst thus reply,
It is enough. I understand. Thou speak'st
To one intelligent. But say beside,
Shall I not also, as I go, inform 165
Distress'd Laertes? who while yet he mourn'd
Ulysses only, could o'ersee the works,
And dieted among his menials oft
As hunger prompted him; but now, they say,
Since thy departure to the Pylian shore, 170
He neither eats as he was wont, nor drinks,
Nor oversees his hinds, but fighting fits
And weeping, wasted even to the bone.

Him then Telemachus answer'd discrete.
Hard though it be, yet to his tears and sighs 175
Him leave we now. We cannot what we would.
For, were the ordering of all events
Referr'd to our own choice, our first desire
Should be to see my father's glad return.
But once thy tidings told, wander not thou 180
In quest of Him, but hither speed again.
Rather request my mother that she send

Her

Her household's governess without delay
Privately to him; she shall best inform
The antient King that I have safe arrived. 185

He said, and urged him forth, who binding on
His sandals, to the city bent his way.
Nor went Eumæus from his home unmark'd.
By Pallas, who, in semblance of a fair
Damsel, accomplish'd in domestic arts, 190
Approaching to the cottage' entrance, stood
Opposite, by Ulysses plain discern'd,
But to his son invisible; for the Gods
Appear not manifest alike to all.

The mastiffs saw her also, and with tone 195
Querulous hid themselves, yet bark'd they not.
She beckon'd him abroad. Ulysses saw
The sign, and, issuing through the outer court,
Approach'd her, whom the Goddess thus bespake.

Laertes' progeny, for wiles renown'd! 200
Disclose thyself to thy own son, that, death
Concerting and destruction to your foes,
Ye may the royal city seek, nor long
Shall ye my preface there desire in vain,
For I am ardent to begin the fight. 205

Minerva spake, and with her rod of gold
Touch'd him; his mantle, first, and vest she made
Pure as new-blanch'd; dilating, next, his form,
She gave dimensions ampler to his limbs;
Swarthy again his manly hue became, 210

Round

Round his full face, and black his bushy chin.
The change perform'd, Minerva disappear'd,
And the illustrious Hero turn'd again
Into the cottage; wonder at that sight
Seiz'd on Telemachus; askance he look'd, 215
Awe-struck, not unsuspicious of a God,
And in wing'd accents eager thus began.

Thou art no longer, whom I lately saw,
Nor are thy cloaths, nor is thy port the same.
Thou art a God, I know, and dwelt'st in heav'n. 220
Oh, smile on us, that we may yield thee rites
Acceptable, and present thee golden gifts
Elaborate; ah spare us, Pow'r divine!

To whom Ulysses, Hero toil-inured.
I am no God. Why deem'st thou me divine? 225
I am thy father, for whose sake thou lead'st
A life of woe, by violence oppress'd.

So saying, he kiss'd his son, while from his cheeks
Tears trickled, tears till then, perforce restrained.
Telemachus, (for he believed him not 230
His father yet) thus, wond'ring, spake again.

My father, said'st thou? no. Thou art not He,
But some Divinity beguiles my soul
With mock'ries, to afflict me still the more;
For never mortal man could so have wrought 235
By his own pow'r; some interposing God
Alone could render thee both young and old,
For old thou wast of late, and foully clad,

But

- But wear'st the semblance, now, of those in heav'n!

To whom Ulysses, ever wise, replied. 240

Telemachus! it is not well, my son!

That thou should'st greet thy father with a face.

Of wild astonishment, and stand aghast.

Ulysses, save myself, none comes, be sure.

Such as thou seest, after ten thousand woes 245

Which I have borne, I visit once again

My native country in the twentieth year.

This wonder Athenæan Pallas wrought,

She cloath'd me even with what form she would,

For so she can. Now poor I seem and old, 250

Now young again, and clad in fresh attire.

The Gods who dwell in yonder heav'n, with ease

Dignify or debase a mortal man.

So saying, he sat. Then threw Telemachus

His arms around his father's neck, and wept. 255

Desire intense of lamentation seized

On both; soft murmurs utt'ring, each indulged

His grief, more frequent wailing than the bird,

(Eagle, or hook-nail'd vulture) from whose nest

Some swain hath stol'n her yet unfeather'd young. 260

So from their eyelids they big drops distill'd

Of tend'rest grief, nor had the setting sun

Cessation of their weeping seen, had not

Telemachus his father thus address'd.

What ship convey'd thee to thy native shore, 265

My father! and what country boast the crew?

For,

For, that on foot thou not arriv'dst, is sure.

Then thus divine Ulysses toil-inured.

My son ! I will explicit all relate.

Conducted by Phæacia's maritime sons 270

I came, a race accusom'd to convey

Strangers who visit them across the Deep.

Me, o'er the billows in a rapid bark

Borne sleeping, on the shores of Ithaca

They lay'd ; rich gifts they gave me also, brass, 275

Gold in full bags, and beautiful attire,

Which, warn'd from heav'n, I have in caves conceal'd.

By Pallas prompted, hither I repair'd

That we might plan the slaughter of our foes,

Whose numbers tell me now, that I may know 280

How pow'rful, certainly, and who they are,

And consultation with my dauntless heart

May hold, if we be able to contend

Ourselves with all, or must have aid beside.

Then, answer thus his son, discrete, return'd. 285

My father ! thy renown hath ever rung

In thy son's ears, and by report thy force

In arms, and wisdom I have oft been told.

But terribly thou speak'st ; amazement-fixt

I hear ; can two a multitude oppose, 290

And valiant warriors all ? for neither ten

Are they, nor twenty, but more num'rous far.

Learn, now, their numbers. Fifty youths and two

Came from Dulichium ; they are chosen men,

And

And six attendants follow in their train; 295
From Samos twenty youths and four arrive,
Zacynthus also of Achaia's sons
Sends twenty more, and our own island adds,
Herself, her twelve chief rulers; Medon, too,
Is there the herald, and the bard divine, 300
With other two, intendants of the board.
Should we within the palace, we alone,
Affail them all, I fear lest thy revenge
Unpleasant to thyself and deadly prove,
Frustrating thy return. But recollect— 305
Think, if thou canst, on whose confed'rate arm
Strenuous on our behalf we may rely.

To him replied his patient father bold.
I will inform thee. Mark. Weigh well my words.
Will Pallas and the everlasting Sire 310
Alone suffice? or need we other aids?

Then answer thus Telemachus return'd.
Good friends indeed are they whom thou hast named,
Though throned above the clouds; for their controul
Is universal both in earth and heav'n. 315

To whom Ulysses, toil-worn Chief renown'd.
Not long will they from battle stand aloof,
When once, within my palace, in the strength
Of Mars, to sharp decision we shall urge
The suitors. But thyself at early dawn 320
Our mansion seek, that thou may'st mingle there
With that imperious throng; me in due time

Eumæus to the city shall conduct,
In form a miserable beggar old.
But should they with dishonourable scorn 325
Insult me, thou unmov'd my wrongs endure,
And should they even drag me by the feet
Abroad, or smite me with the spear, thy wrath
Refraining, gently counsel them to cease
From such extravagance; but well I know 330
That cease they will not, for their hour is come.
And mark me well; treasure what now I say
Deep in thy soul. When Pallas shall, herself,
Suggest the measure, then, shaking my brows,
I will admonish thee; thou, at the sign, 335
Remove what arms soever in the hall
Remain, and in the upper palace safe
Dispose them; should the suitors, missing them,
Perchance interrogate thee, then reply
Gently—I have removed them from the smoke; 340
For they appear no more the arms which erst
Ulysses, going hence to Ilium, left,
But smirch'd and sullied by the breath of fire.
This weightier reason (thou shalt also say)
Jove taught me; left, intoxicate with wine, 345
Ye should assault each other in your brawls,
Shaming both feast and courtship; for the view
Itself of arms incites to their abuse.
Yet leave two faulchions for ourselves alone,
Two spears, two bucklers, which with sudden force 350
Impetuous

Impetuous we will seize, and Jove all-wife
 Their valour shall, and Pallas, steal away.
 This word store also in remembrance deep—
 If mine in truth thou art, and of my blood,
 Then, of Ulysses to his home returned 355
 Let none hear news from thee, no, not my fire
 Laertes, nor Eumæus, nor of all
 The menials any, or ev'n Penelope,
 That thou and I, alone, may search the drift
 Of our domestic women, and may prove 360
 Our serving-men, who honours and reveres
 And who contemns us both, but chiefly thee
 So gracious, and so worthy to be loved.

Him then thus answer'd his illustrious son.
 Trust me, my father! thou shalt soon be taught 365
 That I am not of drowfy mind obtuse.
 But this I think not likely to avail
 Or thee or me; ponder it yet again;
 For tedious were the task, farm after farm
 To visit of those servants, proving each, 370
 And the proud suitors merciless devour
 Meantime thy substance, nor abstain from aught.
 Learn, if thou wilt, (and I that course myself
 Advise) who flights thee of the female train,
 And who is guiltless; but I would not try 375
 From house to house the men, far better proved
 Hereafter, if in truth by signs from heav'n
 Inform'd, thou hast been taught the will of Jove.

Thus they conferr'd. The gallant bark, meantime,
Reach'd Ithaca, which from the Pylian shore 380
Had brought Telemachus with all his band.
Within the many-fathom'd port arrived.
His lusty followers haled her far aground,
Then carried thence their arms, but to the house
Of Clytius the illustrious gifts convey'd. 385
Next, to the royal mansion they dispatch'd.
An herald, charged with tidings to the Queen,
That her Telemachus had reach'd the cot
Of good Eumæus, and the bark had sent
Home to the city; left the matchless dame 390
Should still deplore the absence of her son.
They, then, the herald and the swine-herd, each
Bearing like message to his mistress, met,
And at the palace of the godlike Chief
Arriving, compass'd by the female throng, 395
Inquisitive, the herald thus began.

Thy son, O Queen! is safe; ev'n now return'd.
Then, drawing nigh to her, Eumæus told
His message also from her son received,
And, his commission punctually discharged, 400
Leaving the palace, sought his home again.

Grief seized and anguish, at those tidings, all
The suitors; issuing forth, on the outside
Of the high wall they sat, before the gate,
When Polybus' son, Eurymachus, began. 405
My

My friends ! his arduous task, this voyage, deem'd
By us impossible, in our despolight.

Telemachus hath atchieved. Haste ! launch we forth
A fable bark, our best, which let us man
With mariners expert, who, rowing forth
Swiftly, shall summon our companions home.

410

Scarce had he said, when turning where he sat,
Amphinomus beheld a bark arrived

Just then in port ; he saw them furling sail,
And seated with their oars in hand ; he laugh'd
Through pleasure at that sight, and thus he spake.

415

Our message may be spared. Lo ! they arrive.
Either some God inform'd them, or they saw,
Themselves, the vessel of Telemachus
Too swiftly passing to be reach'd by theirs.

420

He spake ; they, rising, hasted to the shore.
Alert they drew the fable bark aground,
And by his servant each his arms dispatch'd
To his own home. Then, all, to council close
Assembling, neither elder of the land
Nor youth allow'd to join them, and the rest
Eupithes' son, Antinoüs, thus bespake.

425

Ah ! how the Gods have rescued him ! all day
Perch'd on the airy mountain-top, our spies
Succesfive watch'd ; and, when the sun declined,
We never slept on shore, but all night long
Till sacred dawn arose, plow'd the abyfs,
Hoping Telemachus, that we might seize

430

And

And slay him, whom some Deity hath led,
In our despight, safe to his home again. 435
But frame we yet again means to destroy
Telemachus; ah—let not Him escape!
For end of this our task, while he survives,
None shall be found, such prudence he displays
And wisdom, neither are the people now 440
Unanimous our friends as heretofore.
Come, then—prevent him, ere he call the Greeks
To council; for he will not long delay,
But will be angry, doubtless, and will tell
Amid them all, how we in vain devised 445
His death, a deed which they will scarce applaud,
But will, perhaps, punish and drive us forth
From our own country to a distant land.—
Prevent him, therefore, quickly; in the field
Slay him, or on the road; so shall his wealth 450
And his possessions on ourselves devolve,
Which we will share equally, but his house
Shall be the Queen's, and his whom she shall wed.
Yet, if not so inclined, ye rather chuse
That he should live and occupy entire 455
His patrimony, then, no longer, here
Assembled, let us revel at his cost,
But let us all with spousal gifts produced
From our respective treasures, woo the Queen,
Leaving her in full freedom to espouse 460
Who proffers most, and whom the fates ordain.

He

He ceased; the assembly silent sat and mute.

Then rose Amphinomus amid them all,

Offspring renown'd of Nisus, son, himself,

Of King Aretias. He had thither led

465

The suitor train who from the pleasant isle

Corn-clad of green Dulichium had arrived,

And by his speech pleased far beyond them all

Penelope, for he was just and wise,

And thus, well-counselling the rest, began.

470

Not I, my friends! far be the thought from me

To slay Telemachus! it were a deed

Momentous, terrible, to slay a prince.

First, therefore, let us counsel ask of heav'n,

And if Jove's oracle that course approve,

475

I will encourage you, and will myself

Be active in his death; but if the Gods

Forbid it, then, by my advice, forbear.

So spake Amphinomus, whom all approved.

Arising then, into Ulysses' house

480

They went, where each his splendid seat resumed.

A novel purpose occupied, meantime,

Penelope; she purposed to appear

Before her suitors, whose design to slay

Telemachus she had from Medon learn'd,

485

The herald, for his ear had caught the sound.

Toward the hall with her attendant train

She moved, and when, most graceful of her sex,

Where sat the suitors she arrived, between

The

The columns standing of the stately dome, 490
 And cov'ring with her white veil's lucid folds
 Her features, to Antinoüs thus she spake:

Antinoüs, proud, contentious, evermore
 To mischief prone! the people deem thee wise
 Past thy compeers, and in all grace of speech 495
 Pre-eminent, but such wast never thou.

Inhuman! why is it thy dark design
 To slay Telemachus? and why with scorn
 Rejectest thou the * suppliant's pray'r, which Jove
 Himself hath witness'd? Plots please not the Gods. 500

Know'st not that thy own father refuge found
 Here, when he fled before the people's wrath
 Whom he had irritated by a wrong
 Which, with a band of Taphian robbers joined,
 He offer'd to the Thesprot, our allies? 505

They would have torn his heart, and would have laid
 All his delights and his possessions waste,
 But my Ulysses flaked the furious heat
 Of their revenge, whom thou requitest now
 Wasting his goods, solliciting his wife, 510
 Slaying his son, and filling me with woe.

But cease, I charge thee, and bid cease the rest.

To whom the son of Polybus replied,
 Eurymachus,—Icarius' daughter wife!
 Take courage, fair Penelope, and chace 515

* Alluding probably to entreaties made to him at some former time by herself and Telemachus, that he would not harm them. Clarke.

These

These fears unreasonable from thy mind!
 The man lives not, nor shall, who while I live,
 And faculty of sight retain, shall harm
 Telemachus, thy son. For thus I say,
 And thus will I perform; his blood shall stream 520
 A fable current from my lance's point
 That moment; for the city-waster Chief
 Ulysses, oft, me placing on his knees,
 Hath fill'd my infant grasp with sav'ry food,
 And giv'n me ruddy wine. I, therefore, hold 525
 Telemachus of all men most my friend,
 Nor hath he death to fear from hand of ours.
 Yet, if the Gods shall doom him, die he must.

So he encouraged her, who yet, himself,
 Plotted his death. She, re-ascending, sought 530
 Her stately chamber, and, arriving there,
 Deplored with tears her long-regretted Lord
 Till Athenæan Pallas azure-eyed
 Dews of soft slumber o'er her lids diffused.

And now, at even-tide, Eumæus reach'd 535
 Ulysses and his son. A yearling swine
 Just slain they skilfully for food prepared,
 When Pallas, drawing nigh, smote with her wand
 Ulysses, at the stroke rend'ring him old,
 And his apparel sordid as before, 540
 Left, knowing him, the swain at once should seek
 Penelope, and let the secret forth.

Then foremost him Telemachus address'd.
Noble Eumæus ! thou art come ; what news
Bring'st from the city ! Have the warrior band 545
Of suitors, hopeless of their ambush, reach'd
The port again, or wait they still for me ?

To whom Eumæus, thou didst thus reply.
No time for such enquiry, nor to range,
Curious, the streets had I, but anxious wish'd 550
To make my message known, and to return.
But, as it chanced, a nimble herald sent
From thy companions, met me on the way,
Who reach'd thy mother first. Yet this I know,
For this I saw. Passing above the town 555
Where they have piled a way-side hill of stones
To Mercury, I beheld a gallant bark
Ent'ring the port ; a bark she was of ours,
The crew were num'rous, and I mark'd her deep-
Laden with shields and spears of double edge. 560
Theirs I conjectured her, and could no more.

He spake, and, by Eumæus unperceived,
Telemachus his father eyed and smiled.
Their task accomplish'd, and the table spread,
They ate, nor any his due portion miss'd, 565
And hunger, now, and thirst both sated, all
To rest repair'd, and took the gift of sleep.

A R G U -

A R G U M E N T

OF THE

S E V E N T E E N T H B O O K.

Telemachus returns to the city, and relates to his mother the principal passages of his voyage; Ulysses, conducted by Eumæus, arrives there also, and enters among the suitors, having been known only by his old dog Argus, who dies at his feet. The curiosity of Penelope being excited by the account which Eumæus gives her of Ulysses, she orders him immediately into her presence, but Ulysses postpones the interview 'till evening, when the suitors having left the palace, there shall be no danger of interruption. Eumæus returns to his cottage.

B O O K X V I I .

NOW look'd Aurora from the East abroad,
When the illustrious offspring of divine
Ulysses bound his sandals to his feet;
He seized his sturdy spear match'd to his gripe,
And to the city meditating quick
Departure now, the swine-herd thus bespake.

Father! I seek the city, to convince
My mother of my safe return, whose tears,
I judge, and lamentation shall not cease.

3 D 2

Till

'Till her own eyes behold me. But I lay
 On thee this charge. Into the city lead,
 Thyself, this hapless guest, that he may beg
 Provision there, a morsel and a drop
 From such as may, perchance, vouchsafe the boon.
 I cannot; vex'd and harass'd as I am. 15
 Feed all, and should the stranger take offence,
 The worse for him. Plain truth is my delight.
 To whom Ulysses, ever-wise, replied.
 Nor is it my desire to be detained.
 Better the mendicant in cities seeks 20
 His dole, vouchsafe it whosoever may,
 Than in the villages. I am not young,
 Nor longer of an age that well accords
 With rural tasks, nor could I all perform.
 That it might please a master to command. 25
 Go then, and when I shall have warm'd my limbs
 Before the hearth, and when the risen sun
 Shall somewhat chase the cold, thy servant's task
 Shall be to guide me thither, as thou bidd'st.
 For this is a vile garb; the frosty air 30
 Of morning would benumb me thus attired,
 And, as ye say, the city is remote.
 He ended, and Telemachus in haste
 Set forth, his thoughts all teeming as he went,
 With dire revenge. Soon in the palace-courts 35
 Arriving, he reclined his spear against
 A column, and proceeded to the hall:

Him

Him Euryclea, first, his nurse perceived,
While on the variegated seats she spread
Their fleecy cov'ring; swift with tearful eyes
40 She flew to him, and the whole female train
Of brave Ulysses swarm'd around his son,
Clasping him, and his forehead and his neck
Kissing affectionate; then came, herself,
As golden Venus or Diana fair,
45 Forth from her chamber to her son's embrace,
The chaste Penelope; with tears she threw
Her arms around him, his bright-beaming eyes
And forehead kiss'd, and with a murmur'd plaint
Maternal, in wing'd accents thus began. 50

Thou hast return'd, light of my eyes! my son!
My lov'd Telemachus! I had no hope
To see thee more when once thou hadst embark'd
For Pylus, privily, and with no consent
From me obtain'd, news-seeking of thy sire.
55 But haste; unfold. Declare what thou hast seen.

To whom Telemachus, discrete, replied.
Ah mother! let my sorrows rest, nor me
From death so lately 'scaped afflict anew,
But, bathed and habited in fresh attire,
60 With all the maidens of thy train ascend
To thy superior chamber, there to vow
A perfect hecatomb to all the Gods,
When Jove shall have avenged our numerous wrongs:
I seek the forum, there to introduce 65

A guest,

A guest, my follower from the Pylian shore,
Whom sending forward with my noble band,
I bade Piræus to his own abode
Lead him, and with all kindness entertain
The stranger, 'till I should myself arrive.

70

He spake, nor flew his words useless away.
She, bathed and habited in fresh attire,
Vow'd a full hecatomb to all the Gods,
Would Jove but recompense her num'rous wrongs.
Then, spear in hand, went forth her son, two dogs
Fleet-footed following him. O'er all his form
Pallas diffused a dignity divine,
And ev'ry eye gazed on him as he pass'd.
The suitors throng'd him round, joy on their lips
And welcome, but deep mischief in their hearts.
He, shunning all that crowd, chose to himself
A seat, where Mentor sat, and Antiphus,
And Halytheses, long his father's friends
Sincere, who of his voyage much enquired.
Then drew Piræus nigh, leading his guest
Toward the forum; nor Telemachus
Stood long aloof, but greeted his approach,
And was accosted by Piræus thus.

75

80

85

Sir! send thy menial women to bring home
The precious charge committed to my care,
Thy gifts at Menelaus' hands received.

90

To whom Telemachus, discrete, replied.
Piræus! wait; for I not yet foresee

The

The upshot. Should these haughty ones effect
My death, clandestine, under my own roof, 95
And parcel my inheritance by lot,
I rather wish those treasures thine, than theirs.
But should I with success plan for them all
A bloody death, then, wing'd with joy, thyself
Bring home those presents to thy joyful friend. 100

So saying, he led the anxious stranger thence
Into the royal mansion, where arrived,
Each cast his mantle on a couch or throne,
And plung'd his feet into a polish'd bath.
There wash'd and lubricated with smooth oils, 105
From the attendant maidens each received
Tunic and shaggy mantle. Thus attired,
Forth from the baths they stepp'd, and sat again.
A maiden, next, with golden ewer charged,
And silver bowl, pour'd water on their hands, 110
And spread the polish'd table, which with food
Of all kinds, remnants of the last regale,
The mistress of the household charge supplied.
Meantime, beside a column of the dome
His mother, on a couch reclining, twirl'd 115
Her slender threads. They to the furnish'd board
Stretch'd forth their hands, and, hunger now and thirst
Both satisfied, Penelope began.

Telemachus ! I will ascend again,
And will repose me on my woeful bed ; 120
For such it hath been, and with tears of mine

Ceaseless

Ceaseless bedew'd, e'er since Ulysses went
With Atreus' sons to Troy. For not a word
Thou would'st vouchsafe me 'till our haughty guests
Had occupied the house again, of all 125
That thou hast heard (if aught indeed thou hast)
Of thy long-absent father's wish'd return.

Her answer'd then Telemachus discrete.
Mother! at thy request I will with truth
Relate the whole. At Pylos' shore arrived 130
We Nestor found, chief of the Pylian race.
Receiving me in his august abode,
He entertain'd me with such welcome kind
As a glad father shews to his own son
Long-lost and newly found; so Nestor me, 135
And his illustrious offspring, entertain'd,
But yet assured me that he nought had heard
From mortal lips of my magnanimous sire,
Whether alive or dead; with his own steeds
He sent me, and with splendid chariot thence 140
To spear-famed Menelaus, Atreus' son.

There saw I Helen, by the God's decree
Auth'ress of trouble both to Greece and Troy.
The Hero Menelaus then enquired
What cause had urged me to the pleasant vale 145
Of Lacedæmon; plainly I rehearsed
The occasion, and the Hero thus replied.

Ye Gods! they are ambitious of the bed
Of a brave man, however base themselves.

But,

But, as it chanc'd when the hart hath laid 150
 Her fawns new-yea'd and sucklings yet, to rest
 In some resistless lion's den, she roams,
 Meantime, the hills, and in the grassy vales
 Feeds heedless, but the lion to his lair
 Returning soon, both her and hers destroys, 155
 So shall thy father, brave Ulysses, them.
 Jove! Pallas! and Apollo! oh that such
 As erst in well-built Lesbos, where he strove
 With Philomelides, whom wrestling, flat
 He threw, when all Achaia's sons rejoiced, 160
 Ulysses, now, might mingle with his foes!
 Short life and bitter nuptials should be theirs.
 But thy inquiries, neither indirect
 Will I evade, nor give thee false reply,
 But all that from the *Anchient of the Deep 165
 I have received will utter, hiding nought.
 The God declared that he had seen thy fire
 In a lone island, sorrowing, and detain'd
 An inmate in the grotto of the nymph
 Calypso, wanting also means by which 170
 To reach the country of his birth again,
 For neither gallant barks nor friends had he
 To speed his passage o'er the boundless waves.
 So Menelaüs spake, the spear-renown'd.
 My errand thus accomplish'd, I return'd— 175

* Proteus.

And by the Gods with gales propitious blest,
Was wafted swiftly to my native shore.

He spake, and tumult in his mother's heart
So speaking, raised. Consolatory, next,
The godlike Theoclyménus began. 180

Confort revered of Laertiades!
Little the Spartan knew, but list to me,
For I will plainly prophecy and sure.
Be Jove of all in heav'n my witness first,
Then, this thy hospitable board, and, last, 185
The household Gods of the illustrious Chief
Ulysses, at whose *hearth I have arrived,
That, even now, within his native isle
Ulysses somewhere sits, or creeps obscure,
Witness of these enormities, and seeds 190
Sowing of dire destruction for his foes;
So sure an augury, while on the deck
Reclining of the gallant bark, I saw,
And with loud voice proclaim'd it to thy son.

Him answer'd then Penelope discrete, 195
Grant heav'n, my guest, that this good word of thine
Fail not! then shalt thou soon such bounty share:
And friendship at my hands, that at first sight
Whoe'er shall meet thee shall pronounce thee blest.

Thus they conferr'd. Meantime the suitors hurl'd 200
The quoit and lance on the smooth area spread

* The hearth was the altar on which the lares or household-gods were worship'd.

Before Ulysses' gate, the custom'd scene
Of their contentions, sports, and clamours rude.
But when the hour of supper now approach'd,
And from the pastures on all sides the sheep
Came with their wonted drivers, Medon then
(For he of all the heralds pleas'd them most,
And waited at the board) them thus address'd.

205

Enough of play, young princes! entering now
The house, prepare we sedulous our feast,
Since in well-timed refreshment harm is none.

210

He spake, whose admonition pleas'd. At once
All, rising, sought the palace; there arrived,
Each cast his mantle off, which on his throne
Or couch he spread, then, brisk, to slaughter fell
Of many a victim; sheep and goats and brawns
They flew, all fatted, and a pastur'd ox,
Hast'ning the banquet; nor with less dispatch
Ulysses and Eumæus now prepared
To seek the town, when thus the swain began.

215

220

My guest! since thy fixt purpose is to seek
This day the city as my master bade,
Though I, in truth, much rather wish thee here
A keeper of our herds, yet, through respect
And rev'rence of his orders, whose reproof
I dread, for masters seldom gently chide,
I would be gone. Arise, let us depart,
For day already is far-spent, and soon
The air of even-tide will chill thee more.

225

To whom Ulysses, ever-wise, replied. 230
 It is enough. I understand. Thou speak'st
 To one intelligent. Let us depart,
 And lead, thyself, the way; but give me, first,
 (If thou have one already hewn) a staff
 To lean on, for ye have described the road 235
 Rugged, and oftentimes dang'rous to the foot.
 So saying, his tatter'd wallet o'er his back
 He cast, suspended by a leathern twist,
 Eumæus gratified him with a staff,
 And forth they went, leaving the cottage kept 240
 By dogs and swains. He city-ward his King
 Led on, in form a squalid beggar old,
 Halting, and in unseemly garb attired.
 But when, slow-travelling, the craggy way,
 They now approach'd the town, and had attain'd 245
 The marble fountain deep, which with its streams
 Pellucid all the citizens supplied,
 (Ithacus had that fountain framed of old
 With Neritus and Polyctor, over which
 A grove of water-nourish'd alders hung 250
 Circular on all sides, while cold the rill
 Ran from the rock, on whose tall summit stood
 The altar of the nymphs, by all who pass'd
 With sacrifice frequented, still, and pray'r)
 Melantheus, son of Dolius, at that fount 255
 Met them; the chosen goats of ev'ry flock,
 With two assistants, from the field he drove,

The

The suitors' supper. He, seeing them both,
In surly accent boorish, such as fired
Ulysses with resentment, thus began. 260

Ay—this is well—The villain leads the vile—
Thus evermore the Gods join like to like.
Thou clumsy swine-herd, whither would'st conduct
This morsel-hunting mendicant obscene,
Defiler base of banquets? many a post 265
Shall he rub smooth that props him while he begs
Lean alms, sole object of his low pursuit,
Who ne'er to sword or tripod yet aspired.

Would'st thou afford him to me for a guard
Or sweeper of my stalls, or to supply 270

My kids with leaves, he should on bulkier thewes
Supported stand, though nourish'd but with whey.

But no such useful arts hath he acquired,
Nor likes he work, but rather much to extort
From others food for his unsated maw. 275

But mark my prophecy, for it is true,
At famed Ulysses' house should he arrive,

His sides shall shatter many a footstool hurl'd
Against them by the offended princes there.

He spake, and drawing nigh, with his rais'd foot, 280

Insolent as he was and brutish, smote
Ulysses' haunch, yet shook not from his path.

The firm-set Chief, who, doubtful, mused awhile
Whether to rush on him, and with his staff

To slay him, or uplifting him on high, 285

Downward

Downward to dash him headlong; but his wrath
 Restraining, calm he suffer'd the affront.
 Him then Eumæus with indignant look
 Rebuking, rais'd his hands, and fervent pray'd.

Nymphs of the fountains, progeny of Jove! 290
 If e'er Ulysses on your altar burn'd
 The thighs of fatted lambs, or kidlings, grant
 This my request. O let the Hero soon,
 Conducted by some Deity, return!
 So shall he quell that arrogance which life 295
 Thou now indulgest, foaming day by day
 The city, while bad shepherds mar the flocks.

To whom the goat-herd answer thus return'd
 Melantheus. Marvellous! how rare a speech
 The subtle cur hath framed! whom I will send 300
 Far hence at a convenient time on board
 My bark, and sell him at no little gain.
 I would, that he who bears the silver bow
 As sure might pierce Telemachus this day
 In his own house, or that the suitors might, 305
 As that same wand'rer shall return no more!

He said, and them left pacing slow along,
 But soon, himself, at his Lord's house arrived;
 There ent'ring bold, he with the suitors sat
 Opposite to Eurymachus, for him 310
 He valued most. The stewers his portion placed
 Of meat before him, and the maiden, chief
 Directress of the household, gave him bread.

And

And now, Ulysses, with the swain his friend
Approach'd, when, hearing the harmonious lyre, 315
Both stood, for Phemius had begun his song.
He grasp'd the swine-herd's hand, and thus he said.

This house, Eumæus, of Ulysses seems
Passing magnificent, and to be known
With ease for his among a thousand more. 320
One pile supports another, and a wall
Crested with battlements surrounds the court;
Firm, too, the folding doors all force of man
Defy; but numerous guests, as I perceive,
Now feast within; witness the sav'ry steam 325
Fast-fuming upward, and the sounding harp,
Divine associate of the festive board.

To whom, Eumæus, thou didst thus reply.
Thou hast well guess'd; no wonder; thou art quick
On ev'ry theme; but let us well forecast. 330
This business. Wilt thou, entering first, thyself,
The splendid mansion, with the suitors mix,
Me leaving here? or shall I lead the way
While thou remain'st behind? yet linger not,
Lest, seeing thee without, some servant strike 335
Or drive thee hence. Consider which were best.

Him answer'd, then, the patient Hero bold.
It is enough. I understand. Thou speak'st
To one intelligent. Lead thou the way
Me leaving here, for neither stripes nor blows 340
To me are strange. Much exercised with pain

In fight and on the Deep; I have long since
 Learn'd patience. Follow, next, what follow may !
 But, to suppress the appetite, I deem
 Impossible; the stomach is a source 345
 Of ills to man, an avaricious gulph
 Destructive, which to satiate, ships are rigg'd,
 Seas travers'd, and fierce battles waged remote.

Thus they discoursing stood; Argus the while,
 Ulysses' dog, uplifted where he lay 350
 His head and ears erect. Ulysses him
 Had bred long since, himself, but rarely used,
 Departing, first, to Ilium. Him the youths
 In other days led frequent to the chase
 Of wild goat, hart and hare; but now he lodg'd 355
 A poor old cast-off, of his Lord forlorn,
 Where mules and oxen had before the gate
 Much ordure left, with which Ulysses' hinds
 Should, in due time, manure his spacious fields.
 There lay, with dog-devouring vermin foul 360
 All over, Argus; soon as he perceived
 Long-lost Ulysses nigh, down fell his ears
 Clapp'd close, and with his tail glad sign he gave
 Of gratulation, impotent to rise
 And to approach his master as of old. 365
 Ulysses, noting him, wiped off a tear
 Unmark'd, and of Eumæus quick enquired.

I can but wonder seeing such a dog
 Thus lodg'd, Eumæus ! beautiful in form

He

He is, past doubt, but whether he hath been 370
 As fleet as fair ~~we~~ know not; rather such
 Perchance as masters sometimes keep to grace
 Their tables, nourish'd more for show than use.

To whom Eumæus, thou didst thus reply.
 He is the dog of one dead far remote. 375
 But had he now such feat-performing strength
 As when Ulysses left him, going hence.
 To Ilium, in one moment thou shouldst mark,
 Astonish'd, his agility and force.

He never in the sylvan deep recess 380
 The wild beast saw that 'scaped him, and he track'd
 Their steps infallible; but he hath now
 No comfort, for (the master dead afar)
 The heedless servants care not for his dog.
 Domestic, missing once their Lord's controul, 385
 Grow wilful, and refuse their proper tasks;
 For whom Jove dooms to servitude, he takes
 At once the half of that man's worth away.

He said, and, ent'ring at the portal, join'd
 The suitors. Then his destiny released 390
 Old Argos, soon as he had lived to see
 Ulysses in the twentieth year restored.

Godlike Telemachus, long ere the rest,
 Marking the swine-herd's entrance, with a nod
 Summon'd him to approach. Eumæus cast 395
 His eye around, and seeing vacant there
 The seat which the dispenser of the feast

Was wont to occupy while he supplied
The num'rous guests, planted it right before
Telemachus, and at his table sat, 400

On which the herald placed for him his share
Of meat, and from the baskets gave him bread.
Soon after *him*, Ulysses enter'd slow
The palace, like a squalid beggar old,
Staff-propp'd, and in loose tatters foul attired. 405

Within the portal on the ashen sill
He sat, and, seeming languid, lean'd against
A cypress pillar by the builder's art
Polish'd long since, and planted at the door.
Then took Telemachus a loaf entire 410

Forth from the elegant basket, and of flesh
A portion large as his two hands contained,
And, beck'ning close the swine-herd, charged him thus.

These to the stranger; whom advise to ask
Some dole from ev'ry suitor; bashful fear 415
Ill suits the mendicant by want oppress'd.

He spake; Eumæus went, and where he sat
Arriving, in wing'd accents thus began.

Telemachus, oh stranger, sends thee these,
And counsels thee to importune for more 420
The suitors, one by one; for bashful fear
Ill suits the mendicant by want oppress'd.

To whom Ulysses, ever-wise, replied.
Jove; King of all, grant ev'ry good on earth
To kind Telemachus, and the complete 425

Accomplishment

Accomplishment of all that he desires!

He said, and with both hands outspread, the melfs
Receiving as he sat, on his worn bag
Dispos'd it at his feet. Long as the bard
Chaunted, he ate, and when he ceas'd to eat, 430
Then also ceas'd the bard divine to sing.

And now ensued loud clamour in the hall
And tumult, when Minerva, drawing nigh
To Laertiades, impell'd the Chief
Crufts to collect, or any pittance small 435
At ev'ry fuitor's hand, for trial's fake
Of just and unjust; yet deliv'rance none
From evil she design'd for any there.

From * left to right his progress he began
Petitioning, with outstretch'd hands, the throng, 440
As one familiar with the beggar's art.
They, pitying, gave to him; but view'd him still
With wonder, and enquiries mutual made
Who, and whence was he? Then the goat-herd rose
Melanthius, and th' assembly thus address'd. 445

Hear me, ye fuitors of th' illustrious Queen!
This guest, of whom ye ask, I have beheld
Elsewhere; the swine-herd brought him; but himself
I know not, neither who nor whence he is.

So he; then thus Antinoüs stern rebuked 450
The swine-herd. Ah, notorious as thou art,

* That he might begin auspiciously. Wine was served in the same direction. F.

Why hast thou shewn this vagabond the way
Into the city? are we not enough

Infested with these troublers of our feasts?

Deem'st it a trifle that such numbers eat 455

At thy Lord's cost, and hast thou, therefore, led

This fellow hither, found we know not where?

To whom Eumæus, thou didst thus reply.

Antinoüs! though of high degree, thou speak'st

Not wisely. What man to another's house 460

Repairs to invite him to a feast, unless

He be of those who by profession serve

The public, prophet, healer of disease,

Ingenious artist, or some bard divine

Whose music may exhilarate the guests? 465

These, and such only, are in ev'ry land

Call'd to the banquet; none invites the poor,

Who much consume, and no requital yield.

But thou of all the suitors roughly treat'st

Ulysses' servants most, and chiefly me; 470

Yet thee I heed not, while the virtuous Queen

Dwells in this palace, and her godlike son.

To whom Telemachus, discrete, replied.

Peace! answer not verbose a man like him.

Antinoüs hath a tongue accusom'd much 475

To tauntings, and promotes them in the rest.

Then, turning to Antinoüs, quick he said—

Antinoüs! as a father for his son

Takes thought, so thou for me, who bidd'st me chase

The

The stranger harshly hence; but *God forbid!
 Impart to him. I grudge not, but myself
 Exhort thee to it; neither, in this cause,
 Fear thou the Queen, or in the least regard
 Whatever menial throughout all the house
 Of famed Ulysses. Ah! within thy breast
 Dwells no such thought; thou lov'st not to impart
 To others, but to gratify thyself.

480

485

To whom Antinoüs answer thus return'd.
 High-soaring and intemp'rate in thy speech
 How hast thou said, Telemachus? Would all
 As much bestow on him, he should not seek
 Admittance here again three months to come.

490

So saying, he seized the stool which, banquetting,
 He press'd with his nice feet, and from beneath
 The table forth advanced it into view.
 The rest all gave to him, with bread and flesh
 Filling his wallet, and Ulysses, now,
 Returning to his threshold, there to taste
 The bounty of the Greeks, paused in his way
 Beside Antinoüs, whom he thus address'd.

495

500

Kind sir, vouchsafe to me! for thou appear'st
 Not least, but greatest of the Achaians here,
 And hast a kingly look. It might become
 Thee therefore above others to bestow,
 So should I praise thee wheresoe'er I roam.
 I also lived the happy owner once
 Of such a stately mansion, and have giv'n

505

* Here again *Θεός* occurs in the abstract.

To num'rous wand'ers (whencefoe'er they came)
All that they needed; I was also served
By many, and enjoy'd all that denotes 510
The envied owner opulent and blest.
But Jove (for so it pleas'd him) hath reduced
My all to nothing, prompting me, in league
With rovers of the Deep, to sail afar
To Ægypt, for my sure destruction there. 515
Within th' Ægyptian stream my barks well-oar'd
I station'd, and, enjoining strict my friends
To watch them close-attendant at their side,
Commanded spies into the hill-tops; but they,
Under the impulse of a spirit rash 520
And hot for quarrel, the well-cultur'd fields
Pillaged of the Ægyptians, captive led
Their wives and little-ones, and slew the men.
Ere long, the loud alarm their city reach'd.
Down came the citizens, by dawn of day, 525
With horse and foot and with the gleam of arms
Filling the plain. Then Jove with panic dread
Struck all my people; none found courage more
To stand, for mischiefs swarm'd on ev'ry side.
There, num'rous by the glitt'ring spear we fell 530
Slaughter'd, while others they conducted thence
Alive to servitude; but me they gave
To Dmetor, King in Cyprus, Jafus' son;
He entertain'd me liberally, and thence
This land I reach'd, but poor and woe-begone. 535
Then

Then answer thus Antinoüs harsh return'd.
 What dæmon introduced this nuisance here,
 This troubler of our feast? stand yonder, keep
 Due distance from my table, or expect
 To see an Ægypt and a Cyprus worse 540
 Than those, bold mendicant and void of shame!
 Thou hauntest each, and, inconfid'rate, each
 Gives to thee, because gifts at others cost
 Are cheap, and, plentifully serv'd themselves,
 They squander, heedless, viands not their own. 545

To whom Ulysses while he slow retired.
 Gods! how illib'ral with that specious form!
 Thou wouldst not grant the poor a grain of salt
 From thy own board, who at another's fed
 So nobly, canst not spare a crust to me. 550

He spake; then raged Antinoüs still the more,
 And in wing'd accents, louring, thus replied.

Take such dismissal now as thou deserv'st,
 Opprobrious! hast thou dared to scoff at me?

So saying, he seized his stool, and on the joint 555
 Of his right shoulder smote him; firm as rock
 He stood, by no such force to be displaced,
 But silent shook his brows, and dreadful deeds
 Of vengeance ruminating, sought again
 His feat the threshold, where his bag full-charged 560
 He grounded, and the suitors thus address'd.

Hear now, ye suitors of the matchless Queen,
 My bosom's dictates. Trivial is the harm,

Scarce,

Scarce felt, if, fighting for his own, his sheep
 Perchance, or beeves, a man receive a blow. 565
 But me Antinoüs struck for that I ask'd
 Food from him merely to appease the pangs
 Of hunger, source of num'rous ills to man.
 If then the poor man have a God t' avenge
 His wrongs, I pray to him that death may seize 570
 Antinoüs, ere his nuptial hour arrive!

To whom Antinoüs answer thus return'd,
 Son of Eupithes. Either seated there
 Or going hence, eat, stranger, and be still;
 Left for thy insolence, by hand or foot 575
 We drag thee forth, and thou be slay'd alive.

He ceased, whom all indignant heard, and thus
 Ev'n his own proud companions censured him.

Antinoüs! thou didst not well to smite
 The wretched vagabond. O thou art doom'd 580
 For ever, if * there be a God in heav'n;
 For, in similitude of strangers oft,
 The Gods, who can with ease all shapes assume,
 Repair to populous cities, where they mark
 The outrageous and the righteous deeds of men. 585

** Εἰ δὲ καὶ τις θεοῦφανής τις ὅστις*

Eustathius, and Clarke after him, understand an *apostrophe* here, as if the speaker meant to say—what if there should be? or—suppose there should be? But the sentence seems to fall in better with what follows interpreted as above, and it is a sense of the passage not warranted by the opinion of other commentators.

See Schaefelbergerus.

So

So they, for whose reproof he little cared.
 But in his heart Telemachus that blow
 Repented, anguish-torn, yet not a tear
 He shed, but silent shook his brows, and mused
 Terrible things. Penelope, meantime, 590
 Told of the wand'rer so abused beneath
 Her roof, among her maidens thus exclaim'd.

So may Apollo, glorious archer, smite
 Thee also! Then Eurynome replied,
 Oh might our pray'rs prevail, none of them all 595
 Should see bright-charioted Aurora more.

Her answer'd then Penelope discrete.
 Nurse! they are odious all, for that alike
 All teem with mischief; but Antinoüs' looks
 Remind me ever of the gloom of death. 600
 A stranger hath arrived who, begging, roams
 The house, (for so his penury enjoins)
 The rest have giv'n him, and have fill'd his bag
 With viands, but Antinoüs hath bruised
 His shoulder with a foot-stool hurl'd at him. 605

While thus the Queen conversing with her train
 In her own chamber sat, Ulysses made
 Plenteous repast. Then, calling to her side
 Eumæus, thus she signified her will.

Eumæus, noble friend! bid now approach 610
 Yon stranger. I would speak with him, and ask
 If he have seen Ulysses, or have heard
 Tidings, perchance, of the afflicted Chief,

For much a wand'rer by his garb he seems.

To whom, Eumæus, thou didst thus reply. 615
 Were those Achæians silent, thou should'st hear,
 O Queen! a tale that would console thy heart.
 Three nights I housed him, and within my cot
 Three days detain'd him, (for his ship he left
 A fugitive, and came direct to me) 620
 But half untold his history still remains.
 As when his eye one fixes on a bard
 From heav'n instructed in such themes as charm
 The ear of mortals, ever as he sings
 The people press, insatiable, to hear, 625
 So, in my cottage, seated at my side,
 That stranger with his tale enchanted me.
 Laertes, he affirms, hath been his guest
 Erewhile in Crete, where Minos' race resides,
 And thence he hath arriv'd, after great loss, 630
 A suppliant to the very earth abas'd;
 He adds, that in Thesprotia's neighbour realm
 He of Ulysses heard, both that he lives,
 And that he comes laden with riches home.

To whom Penelope, discrete, replied. 635
 Haste; call him. I would hear, myself, his tale.
 Meantime, let these, or in the palace gate
 Sport jocular, or here; their hearts are light,
 For their possessions are secure; *their* wine
 None drinks, or eats *their* viands, save their own, 640
 While my abode, day after day, themselves

Haunting,

Haunting, my beeves and sheep and fatted goats
 Slay for the banquet, and my casks exhaust
 Extravagant, whence endless waste ensues;
 For no such friend as was Ulysses once
 Have I to expel the mischief. But might he
 Revisit once his native shores again,
 Then, aided by his son, he should avenge,
 Incontinent, the wrongs which now I mourn.

645

Then sneezed Telemachus with sudden force,
 That all the palace rang; his mother laugh'd,
 And in wing'd accents thus the swain bespake.

650

Haste—bid him hither—heard'st thou not the sneeze.
 Propitious of my son? oh might it prove
 A presage of inevitable death
 To all these revellers! may none escape!
 Now mark me well. Should the event his tale
 Confirm, at my own hands he shall receive
 Mantle and tunic both for his reward.

655

She spake; he went, and where Ulysses sat
 Arriving, in wing'd accents thus began.

660

Penelope, my venerable friend!
 Calls thee, the mother of Telemachus.
 Oppress'd by num'rous troubles, she desires
 To ask thee tidings of her absent Lord.
 And should the event verify thy report,
 Thy meed shall be (a boon which much thou need'st)
 Tunic and mantle; but she gives no more;

665

Thy * sustenance thou must, as now, obtain,
 Begging it at their hands who chuse to give. 670

Then thus Ulysses, Hero toil-inured,

Eumæus ! readily I can relate

Truth, and truth only, to the prudent Queen

Icarius' daughter ; for of him I know

Much, and have suffer'd sorrows like his own. 675

But dread I feel of this imperious throng

Perverse, whose riot and outrageous acts

Of violence echo through the vault of heav'n.

And, even now, when for no fault of mine

You sutor struck me as I pass'd, and fill'd 680

My flesh with pain, neither Telemachus

Nor any interposed to stay his arm.

Now, therefore, let Penelope, although

Impatient, 'till the sun descend postpone

Her questions ; then she may enquire secure 685

When comes her husband, and may nearer place

My seat to the hearth-side, for thinly clad.

Thou know'st I am, whose aid I first implored,

He ceas'd ; at whose reply Eumæus sought

Again the Queen, but ere he yet had pass'd 690

The threshold, thus she greeted his return.

Com'st thou alone, Eumæus ? why delays

The invited wand'rer ? dreads he other harm ?

* This seems added by Eumæus to cut off from Ulysses the hope that might otherwise tempt him to use fiction.

Or sees he aught that with a bashful awe
Fills him? the bashful poor are poor indeed. 693

To whom, Eumæus, thou didst thus reply:
He hath well spoken; none who would decline
The rudeness of this contumacious throng
Could answer otherwise; then he entreats
To wait 'till sun-set, and that rouse, O Queen, 700
Thou shalt thyself far more commodious find,
To hold thy conf'rence with the guest, alone.

Then answer thus Penelope return'd.
The stranger, I perceive, is not unwise,
Whoe'er he be, for on the earth are none 705
Proud, insolent, and profligate as these.

So spake the Queen. Then (all his message told)
The good Eumæus to the suitors went
Again, and with his head inclin'd toward
Telemachus, lest others should his words 710
Witness, in accents wing'd him thus address'd.

Friend and kind master! I return to keep
My herds, and to attend my rural charge,
Whence we are both sustain'd. Keep thou, meantime,
All here with vigilance, but chiefly watch 715
For thy own good, and save *thyself* from harm;
For num'rous here brood mischief, whom the Gods
Exterminate, ere yet their plots prevail!

To whom Telemachus, discrete, replied.
So be it, father! and (thy evening-meal 720
Eaten) depart; to-morrow come again,

Bringing

Bringing fair victims hither; I will keep,
I and the Gods, meantime, all here secure.

He ended; then resumed once more the swain
His polish'd feast, and, both with wine and food 725
Now satiate, to his charge return'd, the court
Leaving and all the palace throng'd with guests;
They (for it now was evening) all alike
Turn'd jovial to the song and to the dance.

A R G U-

A R G U M E N T
OF THE
E I G H T E E N T H B O O K.

The beggar Irus arrives at the palace; a combat takes place between him and Ulysses, in which Irus is by one blow vanquished. Penelope appears to the suitors, and having reminded them of the presents which she had a right to expect from them, receives a gift from each. Eurymachus, provoked by a speech of Ulysses, flings a footstool at him, which knocks down the cup-bearer; a general tumult is the consequence, which continues till by the advice of Telemachus, seconded by Amphinomus, the suitors retire to their respective homes.

B O O K XVIII.

NOW came a public mendicant, a man
Accustom'd, seeking alms, to roam the streets
Of Ithaca; one never sated yet
With food or drink; yet muscle had he none,
Or strength of limb, though giant-built in show. 5
Arnæus was the name which at his birth
His mother gave him; but the youthful band
Of suitors, whom as messenger he served,
All named him Irus. He, arriving, sought
To drive Ulysses forth from his own home, 19
And

And in rough accents rude him thus rebuked.

Forth from the porch, old man! left by the foot
I drag thee quickly forth. Seest not how all
Wink on me, and by signs give me command
To drag thee hence? nor is it aught but shame 15
That checks me. Yet arise, left soon with fists
Thou force me to adjust our difference.

To whom Ulysses, low'ring dark, replied.
Peace, fellow! neither word nor deed of mine
Wrongs thee, nor feel I envy at the boon, 20
However plentiful, which thou receiv'st.
The fill may hold us both; thou dost not well
To envy others; thou appear'st like me
A vagrant; plenty is the gift of heav'n.

But urge me not to trial of our fists, 25
Lest thou provoke me, and I stain with blood
Thy bosom and thy lips, old as I am.
So, my attendance should to-morrow prove
More tranquil here; for thou should'st leave, I judge,
Ulysses' mansion, never to return. 30

Then answer'd Irus, kindling with disdain.
Gods! with what volubility of speech
The table-hunter prates, like an old hag
Collied with chimney-smutch! but ah beware! 35
For I intend thee mischief, and to dash
With both hands ev'ry grinder from thy gums,
As men untooth a pig pilf'ring the corn.
Come—gird thee, that all here may view the strife—

But

But how wilt thou oppose one young as I?

Thus on the threshold of the lofty gate 40
They, wrangling, chafed each other, whose dispute
The high-born youth Antinoüs mark'd; he laugh'd
Delighted, and the suitors thus address'd.

Oh friends! no pastime ever yet occur'd
Pleasant as this which, now, the Gods themselves 45
Afford us. Irus and the stranger brawl
As they would box. Haste—let us urge them on.

He said; at once loud-laughing all arose;
The ill-clad disputants they round about
Encompass'd, and Antinoüs thus began. 50

Attend ye noble suitors to my voice.
Two paunches lie of goats here on the fire,
Which fill'd with fat and blood we set apart
For supper; he who conquers, and in force
Superior proves, shall freely take the paunch 55
Which he prefers, and shall with us thenceforth
Feast always; neither will we here admit
Poor man beside to beg at our repasts.

He spake, whom all approved; next, artful Chief
Ulysses thus, dissembling, them address'd. 60

Princes! unequal is the strife between
A young man and an old with mis'ry worn;
But hunger, always counsellor of ill,
Me moves to fight, that many a bruise received,
I may be foil'd at last. Now swear ye all 65
A solemn oath, that none, for Irus' sake

3 H

Shall,

Shall, interposing, smite me with his fist
Clandestine, forcing me to yield the prize.

He ceas'd, and, as he bade, all present swore
A solemn oath; then thus, amid them all
Standing, Telemachus majestic spake.

Guest! if thy courage and thy manly mind
Prompt thee to banish this man hence, no force
Fear thou beside, for who smites thee, shall find
Yet other foes to cope with; I am here
In the host's office, and the royal Chiefs
Eurymachus and Antinoüs, alike
Discrete, accord unanimous with me.

He ceas'd, whom all approved. Then, with his rags
Ulysses braced for decency his loins
Around, but gave to view his brawny thighs
Proportion'd fair, and stripp'd his shoulders broad,
His chest and arms robust; white, at his side,
Dilating more the Hero's limbs and more
Minerva stood; the assembly with fixt eyes
Astonish'd gazed on him, and, looking full
On his next friend, a suitor thus remark'd.

Irus shall be in Irus found no more.
He hath pull'd evil on himself. What thewes
And what a haunch the senior's tatters hid!

So he—meantime in Irius' heart arose
Horrible tumult; yet, his loins by force
Girding, the servants dragg'd him to the fight
Pale, and his flesh all quiv'ring as he came;

Whose

Whose terrors thus Antinoüs sharp rebuked. 99

Now, wherefore liv'st, and why wast ever born
Thou mountain-mass of earth! if such dismay
Shake thee at thought of combat with a man
Antient as he, and worn with many woes?
But mark, I threaten not in vain; should he 100
O'ercome thee, and in force superior prove,
To Echetus thou go'st; my fable bark
Shall waft thee to Epirus, where he reigns
Enemy of mankind; of nose and ears
He shall despoil thee with his ruthless steel, 105

* And tearing by the roots the parts away
That mark thy sex, shall cast them to the dogs.
He said; His limbs new terrors at that sound
Shook under him; into the middle space
They led him, and each raised his hands on high. 110
Then doubtful stood Ulysses toil-inured,
Whether to strike him lifeless to the earth
At once, or fell him with a managed blow.
To smite with managed force at length he chose
As wisest, lest, betray'd by his own strength, 115
He should be known. With elevated fists
Both stood; him Irus on the shoulder struck,
But he his adversary on the neck
Pass'd close beneath his ear; he split the bones,

* Tradition says that Echetus, for a love-affair, condemned his daughter to lose her eyes, and to grind iron barley-grains, while her lover was doomed to suffer what Antinoüs threatens to Irus. E.

And blood in fable streams ran from his mouth. 120

With many an hideous yell he dropp'd, his teeth
Chatter'd, and with his heels he drumm'd the ground.

The wooers, at that sight, lifting their hands
In glad surprize, laugh'd all their breath away.

Then, through the vestibule, and right across 125

The court, Ulysses dragg'd him by the foot:

Into the portico, where propping him

Against the wall, and giving him his staff,

In accents wing'd he bade him thus farewell:

: There seated now, dogs drive and swine away, 130

Nor claim (thyself so base) supreme controul.

O'er other guests and mendicants, lest harm

Reach thee; hereafter, heavier still than this.

So saying, his tatter'd wallet o'er his back

He threw suspended by its leathern twift, 135

And tow'rd the threshold turning, sat again.

They laughing ceaseless still, the palace-door

Re-enter'd, and him, courteous, thus bespake.

Jove, and all Jove's assessors in the skies

Vouchsafe thee, stranger, whatsoe'er it be, 140

Thy heart's desire! who hast our ears reliev'd

From that insatiate beggar's irksome tone.

Soon to Epirus he shall go, dispatch'd

To Echetus the King, pest of mankind.

So they; to whose propitious words the Chief 145

Listen'd delighted. Then Antinoüs placed

The paunch before him, and Amphinomus

Two

Two loaves, selected from the rest; he fill'd

A goblet also, drank to him, and said,

My father, hail! O stranger, be thy lot

150

Hereafter blest, though adverse now and hard!

To whom Ulysses, ever-wise, replied.

To me, Amphinomus, endued thou seem'st

With much discretion, who art also son

Of such a sire, whose fair report I know,

155

Dulichian Nysus opulent and good.

Fame speaks thee his, and thou appear'st a man

Judicious; hear me, therefore; mark me well.

Earth nourishes, of all that breathe or creep,

No creature weak as man; for while the Gods

160

Grant him prosperity and health, no fear

Hath he, or thought, that he shall ever mourn;

But when the Gods with evils unforeseen

Smite him, he bears them with a grudging mind;

For such as the complexion of his lot

165

By the appointment of the Sire of all,

Such is the colour of the mind of man.

I, too, have been familiar in my day

With wealth and ease, but I was then self-will'd,

And many wrong'd, embolden'd by the thought

170

Of my own father's and my brethren's pow'r.

Let no man, therefore, be unjust, but each

Use modestly what gift soe'er of heav'n.

So do not these. These ever bent I see

On deeds injurious, the possessions large

175

Consuming,

Confuming, and dishonouring the wife
 Of one, who will not, as I judge, remain
 Long absent from his home, but is, perchance,
 Ev'n at the door. Thee, therefore, pray the Gods
 Steal hence in time! ah, meet not his return
 To his own country! for they will not part,
 (He and the suitors), without blood, I think,
 If once he enter at these gates again!

He ended, and, libation pouring, quaff'd
 The generous juice, then in the prince's hand
 Replaced the cup; he, pensive, and his head
 Inclining low, pass'd from him; for his heart
 Foreboded ill; yet 'scaped not even he,
 But in the snare of Pallas caught, his life
 To the heroic arm and spear resign'd
 Of brave Telemachus. Reaching, at length,
 The seat whence he had ris'n, he sat again.

Minerva then, Goddesses cerulean-eyed,
 Prompted Icarius' daughter to appear
 Before the suitors; so to expose the more
 Their drift iniquitous, and that herself
 More bright than ever in her husband's eyes
 Might shine, and in her son's. Much mirth she *feign'd,
 And, bursting into laughter, thus began.

I wish, Eurynome! (who never felt
 That wish 'till now), though I detest them all,

* This seems the sort of laughter intended by the word *Agrippa*.

To appear before the suitors, in whose ears
I will admonish, for his good, my son,
Not to associate with that lawless crew
Too much, who speak him fair, but foul intend. 205

Then answer thus Eurynome return'd.
My daughter! wisely hast thou said and well,
Go! bathe thee and anoint thy face, then give
To thy dear son such counsel as thou wilt
Without reserve; but shew not there thy cheeks 210
Sullied with tears, for profit none accrues
From grief like thine, that never knows a change.
And he is now bearded, and hath attained
That age which thou wast wont with warmest pray'r
To implore the Gods that he might live to see. 215

Her answer'd, then, Penelope discrete.
Persuade not me, though studious of my good,
To bathe, Eurynome! or to anoint
My face with oil; for all my charms the Gods
Inhabitants of Olympus then destroy'd 220
When he, embarking, left me. Go, command
Hippodamia and Autonoe
That they attend me to the hall, and wait
Beside me there; for decency forbids
That I should enter to the men, alone. 225

She ceas'd, and through the house the antient dame
Hasted to summon whom she had enjoin'd.

But Pallas, Goddess of the azure eyes,
Diffused, meantime, the kindly dew of sleep

Around

Around Icarius' daughter; on her couch 230

Reclining, soon as she reclined, she dozed,

And yielded to soft slumber all her frame.

Then, that the suitors might admire her more,

The glorious Goddess cloath'd her, as she lay,

With beauty of the skies; her lovely face 235

She with ambrosia purified, with such

As Cytherea chaplet-crown'd employs

Herself, when in the eye-ensnaring dance

She joins the Graces; to a statelier height

Beneath her touch, and ampler size she grew, 240

And fairer than the elephantine bone

Fresh from the carver's hand. These gifts conferr'd

Divine, the awful Deity retired.

And now, loud-prattling as they came, arrived

Her handmaids; sleep forsook her at the sound, 245

She wiped away a tear, and thus she said.

Me gentle sleep, sad mourner as I am,

Hath here involved. O would that by a death

As gentle chaste Diana would herself

This moment set me free, that I might waste 250

My life no longer in heart-felt regret

Of a lamented husband's various worth

And virtue, for in Greece no Peer had he!

She said, and through her chambers' stately door

Issuing, descended; neither went she sole, 255

But with those two fair menials of her train.

Arriving, most majestic of her sex,

In

In presence of the num'rous guests, beneath
 The portal of the stately dome she stood
 Between her maidens, with her lucid veil 260
 Mantling her lovely cheeks. Then, ev'ry knee
 Trembled, and ev'ry heart with am'rous heat
 Dissolv'd, her charms all coveting alike,
 While to Telemachus her son she spake.

Telemachus ! thou art no longer wise 265
 As once thou wast, and even when a child.
 For thriven as thou art, and at full size
 Arrived of man, so fair-proportion'd, too,
 That ev'n a stranger, looking on thy growth
 And beauty, would pronounce thee nobly born, 270
 Yet is thy intellect still immature.

For what is this ? why suffer'st thou a guest
 To be abused in thy own palace ? how ?
 Know'st not that if the stranger seated here
 Endure vexation, the disgrace is thine ? 275

Her answer'd, then, Telemachus discrete.
 I blame thee not, my mother, that thou feel'st
 Thine anger moved ; yet want I not a mind
 Able to mark and to discern between
 Evil and good, child as I lately was, 280
 Although I find not promptitude of thought
 Sufficient always, overaw'd and check'd
 By such a multitude, all bent alike
 On mischief, of whom none takes part with me.
 But Irus and the stranger have not fought, 285

Urged by the suitors, and the stranger prov'd
 Victorious; yes—heav'n knows how much I wish
 That, (in the palace some, some in the court)
 The suitors all sat vanquish'd, with their heads
 Depending low, and with enfeebled limbs, 290
 Even as that same Irus, while I speak,
 With chin on bosom propp'd at the hall-gate
 Sits drunkard-like, incapable to stand
 Erect, or to regain his proper home.
 So they; and now addressing to the Queen 295
 His speech, Eurymachus thus interposed.

O daughter of Icarius! could all eyes
 Throughout * Iasian Argos view thy charms,
 Discrete Penelope! more suitors still
 Assembling in thy courts would banquet here. 300
 From morn to eve; for thou surpass'st far
 In beauty, stature, worth, all womankind.

To whom replied Penelope discrete.
 The Gods, Eurymachus! reduced to nought
 My virtue, beauty, stature, when the Greeks, 305
 Whom my Ulysses follow'd, sail'd to Troy.
 Could he, returning, my domestic charge
 Himself intend, far better would my fame
 Be so secured, and wider far diffused.
 But I am wretched now, such storms the Gods 310

* From Iliis, once King of Peloponnesus.

Of woe have sent me. When he left his home,
Clasping my wrist with his right hand, he said.

My love! for I imagine not that all
The warrior Greeks shall safe from Troy return,
Since fame reports the Trojans brave in fight, 315
Skill'd in the spear, mighty to draw the bow,
And nimble vaulters to the backs of steeds
High-mettled, which to speediest issue bring
The dreadful struggle of all-wasting war—
I know not, therefore, whether heav'n intend 320
My safe return, or I must perish there.
But manage thou at home. Cherish, as now,
While I am absent, or more dearly still
My parents, and what time our son thou seest
Mature, then wed; wed even whom thou wilt, 325
And hence to a new home.—Such were his words,
All which shall full accomplishment ere long
Receive. The day is near, when hapless I,
Lost to all comfort by the will of Jove,
Must meet the nuptials that my soul abhors. 330
But this thought now afflicts me, and my mind
Continual haunts. Such was not heretofore
The suitors custom'd practice; all who chose
To engage in competition for a wife
Well-qualitied and well-endow'd, produced 335
From their own herds and fatted flocks a feast
For the bride's friends, and splendid presents made,
But never ate as ye, at others' cost.

She ceased; then brave Ulysses toil-inured
Rejoiced that, soothing them, she sought to draw 340
From each some gift, although on other views,
And more important far, himself intent.

Then thus Antinoüs, Eupithes' son.
Icarius' daughter wife! only accept
Such gifts as we shall bring, for gifts demand 345
That grace, nor can be decently refused;
But to our rural labours, or elsewhere
Depart not we, till first thy choice be made
Of the Achaian, chief in thy esteem.

Antinoüs spake, whose answer all approved. 350
Then each dispatch'd his herald who should bring
His master's gift. Antinoüs' herald, first,
A mantle of surpassing beauty brought,
Wide, various, with no fewer clasps adorn'd
Than twelve, all golden, and to ev'ry clasp 355
Was fitted opposite its eye exact.

Next, to Eurymachus his herald bore
A necklace of wrought gold, with amber rich
Bestudded, ev'ry bead bright as a sun.

Two servants for Eurydamas produced 360
Ear-pendants fashion'd with laborious art,
Broad, triple-gemm'd, of brilliant light profuse.

The herald of Polyctor's son, the prince
Pisander, brought a collar to his Lord,
A sumptuous ornament, Each Grecian gave, 365
And each a gift dissimilar from all.

Then,

Then, loveliest of her sex, turning away,
 She sought her chamber, whom her maidens fair
 Attended, charged with those illustrious gifts.
 Then turn'd they all to dance and pleasant song — 370
 Joyous, expecting the approach of even.
 Ere long the dusky evening came, and them
 Found sporting still. Then, placing in the hall
 Three hearths, that should illumine wide the house,
 They compass'd them around with fuel-wood 375
 Long-season'd and new-split, mingling the sticks
 With torches. The attendant women watch'd
 And fed those fires by turns, to whom, himself,
 Their unknown Sovereign thus his speech address'd:

Ye maidens of the long-regretted Chief 380
 Ulysses! to the inner courts retire,
 And to your virtuous Queen, that following there
 Your several tasks, spinning and combing wool,
 Ye may amuse her; I, meantime, for these
 Will furnish light, and should they chuse to stay 385
 Till golden morn appears, they shall not tire
 My patience aught, for I can much endure!

He said; they, sitting, on each other gazed:
 But one, Melantho with the blooming cheeks,
 Rebuked him rudely. Double was her fire, 390
 But by Penelope she had been reared
 With care maternal, and in infant years
 Supplied with many a toy; yet even she
 Felt not her mistress' sorrows in her heart,

But,

But, of Eurymachus enamour'd, oft
His lewd embraces met; ~~he~~, with sharp speech:

Reproachful, to Ulysses thus replied.

Why—what a brain-sick vagabond art thou!

Who neither wilt to the smith's forge retire

For sleep, nor to the public portico,

But here remaining, with audacious pride

Disturb'st this numerous company, ~~and~~ ^{affirm'st}

By no respect or fear, either than art

With wine intoxicated, or, perdition.

Art always fool, and therefore babblest now.

Say, art thou drunk with joy that thou hast foiled

The beggar Irus? Terrible, left a man

Stronger than Irus suddenly arise,

Who on thy temples pelting thee with blows

Far heavier than his, shall drive thee hence

With many a bruise, and foul with thy own blood.

To whom Ulysses, frowning stern, replied.

Snarler! Telemachus shall be inform'd

This moment of thy eloquent harangue,

That he may hew thee for it, limb from limb.

So saying, he ~~seized~~ the women; back they flew

Into the house, but each with faltering knees

Through dread, for they believ'd his threats sincere.

He, then, illumin'd by the triple blaze,

Watch'd close the lights, busy from hearth to hearth,

But in his soul, meantime, far other thoughts

Revolved, tremendous, not conceived in vain.

Nor

Nor Pallas (that they might ~~snatch~~ more
 Laertes' son) permitted to obtain
 From heart-corroding bitterness of speech 425
 Those suitors proud, of whom Eurymachus,
 Offspring of Polybus, while thus he jeer'd
 Ulysses, set the others in a roar.

Hear me, ye suitors of the illustrious Queen!
 I shall promulge my thought. This man, methinks, 430
 Not unconduct'd by the Gods, hath reach'd
 Ulysses' mansion, for to me the light
 Of wonder torches altogether seems
 His own, an emanation from his head,
 Which not the smallest growth of hair obscures. 435

He ended; and the city-waster Chief
 Himself accosted next: Art thou disposed
 To serve me, friend! would I afford thee hire,
 A labourer at my farm? thou shalt not want
 Sufficient wages; thou may'st there collect 440
 Stones for my fences, and may'st plant my oaks,
 For which I would supply thee all the year
 With food, and cloaths, and sandals for thy feet.
 But thou hast learn'd less creditable arts,
 Nor hast a will to work, preferring much 445
 By beggary from others to extort
 Wherewith to feed thy never-sated maw.

Then answer, thus, Ulysses wife return'd.
 Forbear, Eurymachus; for were we match'd

In.

In work against each other, thou and I, 450
 Mowing in spring-time, when the days are long,
 I with my well-bent sickle in my hand,
 Thou arm'd with one as keen, for trial sake
 Of our ability to toil unfed
 Till night, grass still sufficing for the proof, 455
 Or if, again, it were our task to drive
 Yoked oxen of the noblest breed, sleek-hair'd,
 Big-limb'd, both batten'd to the full with grass,
 Their age and aptitude for work the same,
 Not soon to be fatigued, and were the field 460
 In size four acres, with a glebe through which
 The share might smoothly slide, then should'st thou see
 How strait my furrow should be cut and true.—
 Or should Saturnian Jove this day excite
 Here, battle, or elsewhere, and were I arm'd. 465
 With two bright spears and with a shield, and bore
 A brazen casque well-fitted to my brows,
 Me, then, thou should'st perceive mingling in fight
 Amid the foremost Chiefs, nor with the crime
 Of idle beggary should'st upbraid me more. 470
 But thou art much a railer, one whose heart
 Pity moves not, and seem'st a mighty man
 And valiant to thyself, only because
 Thou herd'st with few, and those of little worth.
 But should Ulysses come, at his own isle. 475
 Again arrived, wide as these portals are,

To

To thee, at once, too narrow they should seem
To shoot thee forth with speed enough abroad.

He ceased—then tenfold indignation fired
Eurymachus; he furrow'd deep his brow 480
With frowns, and in wing'd accents thus replied.

Wretch, I shall roughly handle thee anon,
Who thus with fluent prate presumptuous dar'st
Disturb this num'rous company, restrain'd
By no respect or fear. Either thou art 485
With wine intoxicated, or, perchance,
Art always fool, and therefore babblest now;
Or thou art frantic haply with delight
That thou hast foil'd yon vagabond obscure.

So saying, he seiz'd a fool; but to the knees 490
Ulysses flew of the Dulichian Prince.
Amphinomus, and sat, fearing incensed
Eurymachus; he on his better hand
Smote full the cup-bearer; on the hall-floor
Loud rang the fallen beaker, and himself 495
Lay on his back clamouring in the dust.
Strait through the dusky hall tumult ensued.
Among the suitors, of whom thus, a youth,
With eyes directed to the next, exclaim'd.

Would that this rambling stranger had elsewhere 500
Perish'd, or ever he had here arrived,
Then no such uproar had he caus'd as this!
This doth the beggar; he it is for whom.

We wrangle thus, and may despair of peace
Or pleasure more; now look for strife alone. 505

Then in the midst Telemachus upstood
Majestic, and the suitors thus bespake.
Sirs! ye are mad, and can no longer eat.
Or drink in peace; some dæmon troubles you.
But since ye all have feasted, to your homes 510
Go now, and, at your pleasure, to your beds;
Soonest were best, but I thrust no man hence.

He ceased; they gnawing stood their lips, aghast
With wonder that Telemachus in his speech
Such boldness used. Then rose Amphinomus, 515
Brave son of Nisus offspring of the King
Aretus, and the assembly thus address'd.

My friends! let none with contradiction thwart
And rude reply words rational and just;
Assault no more the stranger, nor of all 520
The servants of renown'd Ulysses here
Harm any. Come. Let the cup-bearer fill
To all, that due libation made, to rest
We may repair at home, leaving the Prince
To accommodate beneath his father's roof 525
The stranger, for he is the Prince's guest.

He ended, whose advice none disapproved.
The Hero Mulus then, Dulichian-born,
And herald of Amphinomus, the cup
Filling, dispensed it, as he stood, to all; 530
They,

They, pouring forth to the Immortals, quaff'd
 The luscious bev'rage, and when each had made
 Libation, and such measure as he would
 Of wine had drunk, then all to rest retired.

3 K 2

ARGU-

A R G U M E N T

OF THE

N I N E T E E N T H B O O K.

Ulysses and Telemachus remove the arms from the hall to an upper-chamber. The Hero then confers with Penelope, to whom he gives a fictitious narrative of his adventures. Euryclea, while bathing Ulysses, discovers him by a scar on his knee, but he prevents her communication of that discovery to Penelope.

B O O K XIX.

THEY went, but left the noble Chief behind
In his own house, contriving, by the aid
Of Pallas, the destruction of them all,
And thus, in accents wing'd, again he said.

My son! we must remove and safe dispose
All these my well-forged implements of war;
And should the suitors, missing them, enquire
Where are they? thou shalt answer smoothly thus—
I have convey'd them from the reach of smoke,
For they appear no more the same which erst
Ulysses, going hence to Ilium, left,
So smirch'd and sullied by the breath of fire.

5

10

This

This weightier reason (thou shalt also say)
Some God suggested to me,—left, inflamed
With wine, ye wound each other in your brawls, 15
Shaming both feast and courtship; for the view
Itself of arms incites to their abuse.

He ceased, and, in obedience to his will,
Calling the antient Euryclea forth,
His nurse, Telemachus enjoined her thus. 20

Go—shut the women in; make fast the doors
Of their apartment, while I safe dispose
Elsewhere, my father's implements of war,
Which, during his long absence, here have stood
'Till smoke hath sullied them. For I have been 25
An infant hitherto, but, wiser grown,
Would now remove them from the breath of fire.

Then thus the gentle matron in return.
Yes truly—and I wish that now, at length,
Thou would'st assert the privilege of thy years, 30
My son, thyself assuming charge of all,
Both house and stores; but who shall bear the light?
Since they, it seems, who would, are all forbidden.

To whom Telemachus discrete replied.
This guest; for no man, from my table fed, 35
Come whence he may, shall be an idler here.

He ended, nor his words flew wing'd away,
But Euryclea bolted ev'ry door.
Then, starting to the task, Ulysses caught,
And his illustrious son, the weapons thence, 40

Helmet,

Helmet, and bossy shield, and pointed spear,
While Pallas from a golden lamp illumed
The dusky way before them. At that sight
Alarm'd, the Prince his father thus address'd.

Whence—whence is this, my father? I behold 45
A prodigy! the walls of the whole house,
The arches, fir-tree beams, and pillars tall
Shine in my view, as with the blaze of fire!
Some Pow'r celestial, doubtless, is within.

To whom Ulysses, ever-wise, replied. 50
Soft! ask no questions. Give no vent to thought.
Such is the custom of the Pow'rs divine.
Hence, thou, to bed. I stay, that I may yet
Both in thy mother and her maidens move
More curiosity; yes—the with tears 55
Shall question me of all that I have seen.

He ended, and the Prince, at his command,
Guided by flaming torches, sought the couch
Where he was wont to sleep, and there he slept
On that night also, waiting the approach 60
Of sacred dawn. Thus was Ulysses left
Alone, and planning fat in solitude,
By Pallas' aid, the slaughter of his foes.

At length, Diana-like, or like herself,
'All golden Venus, (her apartment left) 65
Enter'd Penelope. Beside the hearth
Her women planted her accustom'd seat
With silver wreathed and ivory. That throne

Icmalius

Icmalius made, artist renown'd, and join'd
A footstool to its splendid frame beneath, 70
Which ever with an ample fleece they spread.
There sat discrete Penelopé; then came
Her beautiful attendants from within,
Who clear'd the litter'd bread, the board, and cups
From which the insolent companions drank. 75
They also raked the embers from the hearths
Now dim, and with fresh billets piled them high,
Both for illumination and for warmth.
Then yet again Melantho with rude speech
Opprobrious, thus, assail'd Ulysses' ear. 80

Guest—wilt thou trouble us throughout the night
Ranging the house? and linger'st thou a spy
Watching the women? Hence—get thee abroad,
Glad of such fare as thou hast found, or soon
With torches beaten we will thrust thee forth. 85

To whom Ulysses, frowning stern, replied.
Petulant woman! wherefore thus incensed
Inveigh'st thou against me? is it because
I am not sleek? because my garb is mean?
Because I beg? thanks to necessity— 90
I would not else. But such as I appear,
Such all who beg and all who wander are.
I also lived the happy owner once
Of such a stately mansion, and have giv'n
To num'rous wand'ers, whence'er they came, 95
All that they needed; I was also served

By

By many, and enjoy'd all that denotes
 The envied owner opulent and blest.
 But Jove (for so it pleas'd him) hath reduced
 My all to nothing. Therefore well beware 100
 Thou also, mistress, lest a day arrive
 When all these charms by which thou shin'st among
 Thy sister-menials, fade; fear, too, lest her
 Thou should'st perchance irritate, whom thou serv'st,
 And lest Ulysses come, of whose return 105
 Hope yet survives; but even though the Chief
 Have perish'd, as ye think, and comes no more,
 Consider yet his son, how bright the gifts
 Shine of Apollo in the illustrious Prince
 Telemachus; no woman, unobserved 110
 By him, can now commit a trespass here;
 His days of heedless infancy are past.

He ended, whom Penelope discrete
 O'erhearing, her attendant sharp rebuked.
 Shameless, audacious woman! known to me, 115
 Is thy great wickedness, which with thy life
 Thou shalt atone; for thou wast well aware,
 (Hearing it from myself) that I design'd
 To ask this stranger of my absent Lord,
 For whose dear sake I never cease to mourn. 120

Then to her household's governess she said.
 Bring now a feat, and spread it with a fleece,
 Eurynome! that, undisturb'd, the guest
 May hear and answer all that I shall ask.

She

She ended. Then the matron brought in haste . 125
A polish'd feat, and spread it with a fleece,
On which the toil-accustom'd Hero sat,
And thus the chaste Penelope began.

Stranger! my first enquiry shall be this—
Who art thou? whence? where born, and sprung from
whom? . 130

Then answer thus Ulysses, wife, return'd.
O Queen! uncensurable by the lips
Of mortal man! thy glory climbs the skies
Unrivall'd, like the praise of some great King
Who o'er a num'rous people and renown'd . 135
Presiding like a Deity, maintains
Justice and truth. The earth, under his sway,
Her produce yields abundantly; the trees
Fruit-laden bend; the lusty flocks bring forth;
The Ocean teems with finny swarms beneath . 140
His just controul, and all the land is blest.
Me therefore, question of what else thou wilt
In thy own palace, but forbear to ask
From whom I sprang, and of my native land,
Lest thou, reminding me of those sad themes, . 145
Augment my woes; for I have much endured;
Nor were it seemly, in another's house,
To pass the hours in sorrow and in tears,
Wearisome when indulg'd with no regard
To time or place; thy train (perchance thyself) . 150
Would blame me, and I should reproach incur.

As one tear-deluged through excess of wine.

Him answer'd then Penelope discrete.

The immortal Gods, O stranger, then destroy'd
My form, my grace, my beauty, when the Greeks 155

Whom my Ulysses follow'd, sail'd to Troy.

Could he, returning, my domestic charge

Himself intend, far better would my fame

Be so secured, and wider far diffused.

But I am wretched now, such storms of woe 160

The Gods have sent me; for as many Chiefs

As hold dominion in the neighbour isles

Samos, Dulichium, and the forest-crown'd

Zacynthus; others, also, rulers here.

In pleasant Ithaca, me, loth to wed, 165

Woo ceaseless, and my household stores consume.

I therefore, neither guest nor suppliant heed,

Nor public herald more, but with regret

Of my Ulysses wear my soul away.

They, meantime, press my nuptials, which by art 170

I still procrastinate. Some God the thought

Suggested to me, to commence a robe

Of amplest measure and of subtlest woof,

Laborious task; which done, I thus address'd them.

Princes, my suitors! since the noble Chief 175

Ulysses is no more, enforce not now

My nuptials; wait 'till I shall finish first

A fun'ral robe (lest all my threads be marr'd)

Which for the ancient Hero I prepare

Laertes,

Laertes, looking for the mournful hour 180
When fate shall snatch him to eternal rest.
Else, I the censure dread of all my sex,
Should he, so wealthy, want at last a shroud.
Such was my speech; they, unsuspecting all,
With my request complied. Thenceforth, all day 185
I wove the ample web, and, by the aid
Of torches, ravell'd it again at night.
Three years by artifice I thus their suit
Eluded safe; but when the fourth arrived,
And the same season after many moons 190
And fleeting days return'd, passing my train
Who had neglected to release the dogs,
They came, surprized, and reprimanded me.
Thus, through necessity, not choice, at last
I have perform'd it, in my own despight. 195
But no escape from marriage now remains,
Nor other subterfuge for me; meantime
My parents urge my nuptials, and my son
(Of age to note it) with disgust observes
His wealth consumed; for he is now become 200
Adult, and abler than myself to rule
The house, a Prince distinguish'd by the Gods.
Yet, stranger, after all, speak thy descent;
Say whence thou art; for not of fabulous birth
Art thou, nor from the oak, nor from the rock. 205
Her answer'd then Ulysses, ever-wise.
O spouse revered of Laertiades!

Resolv'st thou still to learn from whom I sprang?
 Learn then; but know that thou shalt much augment
 My present grief, natural to a man 216
 Who hath, like me, long exiled from his home
 Through various cities of the sons of men
 Wander'd remote, and num'rous woes endured.
 Yet, though it pain me, I will tell thee all.

There is a land amid the fable flood 215
 Call'd Crete; fair, fruitful, circled by the sea.
 Num'rous are her inhabitants, a race
 Not to be summ'd, and ninety towns she boasts.
 Diverse their language is; Achæians some,
 And some indigenous are; Cydonians there, 220
 Crest-shaking Dorians, and Pelasgians dwell.
 One city in extent the rest exceeds,
 Gnoſſus; the city in which Minos reign'd,
 Who, ever at a nine-years-close, conferr'd
 With Jove himself; from him my father sprang, 225
 The brave Deucalion; for Deucalion's sons
 Were two, myself and King Idomeneus.
 To him he, on board his gallant barks
 Follow'd the Atridæ. I, the youngest-born,
 By my illustrious name, Æthon, am known, 230
 But he ranks foremost both in worth and years.
 There I beheld Ulyſſes, and within
 My walls receiv'd him; for a violent wind
 Had driv'n him from Malea (while he fought
 The shores of Troy) to Crète. The storm his barks 235
 Bore

Bore into the Amnifus, for the cave
 Of Ilythia known, a dang'rous port,
 And which with difficulty he attain'd.
 He, landing, instant to the city went,
 Seeking Idomeneus; his friend of old, 240
 As he affirm'd, and one whom much he lov'd.
 But *he* was far remote, ten days advanced,
 Perhaps eleven, on his course to Troy.
 Him, therefore, I conducted to my home,
 Where hospitably, and with kindest care 245
 I entertain'd him, (for I wanted nought)
 And for himself procured and for his band,
 By publick contribution, corn, and wine,
 And beeves for food, that all might be sufficed.
 Twelve days his noble Grecians there abode, 250
 Port-lock'd by Boreas blowing with a force:
 Refistless even on the land, some God
 So roused his fury; but the thirteenth day
 The wind all fell, and they embark'd again.
 With many a fiction specious, as he sat, 255
 He thus her ear amused; she at the sound
 Melting, with fluent tears her cheeks bedew'd;
 And as the snow by Zephyrus diffused,
 Melts on the mountain tops, when Eurys breathes,
 And fills the channels of the running streams, 260
 So melted she, and down her lovely cheeks
 Pour'd fast the tears, him mourning as remote
 Who sat beside her. Soft compassion touch'd.

Ulysses

Ulysses of his comfort's silent woe;
His eyes, as they had been of steel or horn, 265
Moved not, yet artful, he suppress'd his tears.
And she, at length, with overflowing grief
Sate, replied, and thus enquired again.

Now, stranger, I shall prove thee, as I judge,
If thou, indeed, hast entertain'd in Crete 270
My spouse and his brave followers, as thou say'st.
Describe his raiment and himself; his own
Appearance, and the appearance of his friends.

Then her Ulysses answer'd, ever-wise.
Hard is the task, O Queen! (so long a time 275
Hath since elaps'd) to tell thee. Twenty years

Have pass'd since he forsook my native isle,
Yet, from my best remembrance, I will give
A likeness of him, such as now I may.

A double cloak, thick-piled, Mæonian-dyed, 280
The noble Chief had on; two fast'nings held
The golden clasp, and it display'd in front.

A well-wrought pattern with much art design'd.
An hound between his fore-feet holding fast
A dappled fawn, gaped eager on his prey. 285

All wonder'd, seeing, how in lifeless gold
Express'd, the dog with open mouth her throat
Attempted still, and how the fawn with hoofs

Thrust trembling forward, struggled to escape.
That glorious mantle much I noticed, soft 290
To touch, as the dried garlick's glossy film;

Such

Such was the smoothness of it, and it shone
 Sun-bright; full many a maiden, trust me, view'd
 The splendid texture with admiring eyes.
 But mark me now; deep treasure in thy mind 295
 This word. I know not if Ulysses wore
 That cloak at home, or whether of his train
 Some warrior gave it to him on his way,
 Or else some host of his; for many loved
 Ulysses, and with him might few compare. 300
 I gave to him, myself, a brazen sword,
 A purple cloak magnificent, and vest
 Of royal length, and, when he fought his bark,
 With princely pomp dismiss'd him from the shore.
 An herald also waited on the Chief, 305
 Somewhat his senior; him I next describe.
 His back was bunch'd, his visage swarthy, curl'd
 His poll, and he was named Eurybates;
 A man whom most of all his followers far
 Ulysses honour'd, for their minds were one. 310
 He ceased; she, recognizing all the proofs
 Distinctly by Ulysses named, was moved
 Still more to weep, 'till with o'erflowing grief
 Sate, at length she answer'd him again.
 Henceforth, O stranger, thou who hadst before 315
 My pity, shalt my reverence share and love.
 I folded for him with these hands the cloak
 Which thou describ'st, produced it when he went,
 And gave it to him; I that splendid clasp

Attach'd

Attach'd to it myself, more to adorn 320

My honour'd Lord, whom to his native land :

Return'd secure I shall receive no more.

In such an evil hour Ulysses went

To that bad city never to be named.

To whom Ulysses, ever-wise, replied. 325

Consort revered of Laertiades !

No longer let anxiety impair

Thy beauteous form, nor any grief consume

Thy spirits more for thy Ulysses' sake.

And yet I blame thee not ; a wife deprived 330

Of her first mate to whom she had produced

Fair fruit of mutual love, would mourn his loss,

Although he were inferior far to thine,

Whom fame affirms the semblance of the Gods.

But cease to mourn. Hear me. I will relate 335

A faithful tale, nor will from thee withhold

Such tidings of Ulysses living still,

And of his safe return, as I have heard

Lately, in yon neighb'ring opulent land

Of the Thesprotians. He returns enrich'd 340

With many precious stores from those obtain'd

Whom he hath visited ; but he hath lost,

Departing from Thrinacia's isle, his bark

And all his lov'd companions in the Deep,

For Jove was adverse to him, and the Sun, 345

Whose bees his followers slew. They perish'd all

Amid the billowy flood ; but Him, the keel

Bestriding

Bestriding of his bark, the waves at length
Cast forth on the Phæacian's land, a race
Allied to heav'n, who rev'renced like a God 350
Thy husband, honour'd him with num'rous gifts,
And willing were to have convey'd him home:
Ulysses, therefore, had attain'd long since
His native shore, but that he deem'd it best
To travel far, that he might still amass 355
More wealth; so much Ulysses all mankind
Excels in policy, and hath no peer.
This information from Thesprotia's King
I gain'd, from Phidon; to myself he swore
Libation offering under his own roof, 360
That both the bark was launch'd, and the stout crew
Prepared, that should conduct him to his home.
But me he first dismiss'd; for, as it chanced,
A ship lay there of the Thesprotians, bound
To corn-enrich'd Dulichium. All the wealth 365
He shew'd me by the Chief amass'd, a store
To feed the house of yet another Prince
To the tenth generation; so immense
His treasures were within that palace lodg'd.
Himself he said was to Dodona gone, 370
Counsel to ask from the oracular oaks
Sublime of Jove, how safest he might seek,
After long exile thence, his native land,
If openly were best, or in disguise.
Thus, therefore, he is safe, and at his home 375

Well-nigh arrived, nor shall his country long
 Want him. I swear it with a solemn oath.
 First Jove be witness, King and Lord of all !
 Next these domestic Gods of the renown'd
 Ulysses, in whose royal house I sit, 380
 That thou shalt see my saying all fulfill'd.
 Ulysses shall this self-same year return,
 This self-same month, ere yet the next begin.

Him answer'd then Penelope discrete.

Grant heav'n, my guest, that this good word of thine 385
 Fail not ! then, soon shalt thou such bounty share
 And friendship at my hands, that, at first sight,
 Whoe'er shall meet thee shall pronounce thee blest.
 But ah ! my soul forebodes how it will prove ;
 Neither Ulysses will return, nor thou 390
 Receive safe conduct hence ; for we have here
 None, such as once Ulysses was, to rule
 His household with authority, and to send
 With honourable convoy to his home
 The worthy guest, or to regale him here. 395
 Give him the bath, my maidens ; spread his couch
 With linen soft, with fleecy * gaberlines
 And rugs of splendid hue, that he may lie
 Waiting, well-warm'd, the golden morn's return.
 Attend him also at the peep of day 400
 With bath and unction, that, his feat resumed

* A gaberline is a shaggy cloak of coarse but warm materials. Such always make part of Homer's bed-furniture.

Here

Here in the palace, he may be prepared
For breakfast with Telemachus; and woe
To him who shall presume to incommode
Or cause him pain; that man shall be cashier'd 405
Hence instant, burn his anger as it may.

For how, my honour'd inmate! shalt thou learn
That I in wisdom œconomic aught
Pass other women, if unbathed, unoil'd,
Ill-clad, thou sojourn here? man's life is short. 410

Who so is cruel, and to cruel arts
Addict, on him all men, while yet he lives,
Call plagues and curses down, and after death
Scorn and proverbial mock'ries hunt his name.
But men, humane themselves, and giv'n by choice 415
To offices humane, from land to land
Are rumour'd honourably by their guests,
And ev'ry tongue is busy in their praise.

Her answer'd, then, Ulysses ever-wise.
Confort revered of Laertiades! 420
Warm gaberdines and rugs of splendid hue
To me have odious been, since first the fight
Of Crete's snow-mantled mountain-tops I lost,
Sweeping the billows with extended oars.

No; I will pass, as I am wont to pass 425
The sleepless night; for on a fordid couch
Outstretch'd, full many a night have I repos'd
Till golden-charioted Aurora dawn'd.

Nor me the foot-bath pleases more; my foot

Shall none of all thy ministring maidens touch, 430
Unless there be some antient matron grave
Among them, who hath pangs of heart endured
Num'rous, and keen as I have felt myself;
Her I refuse not. She may touch my feet.

Him answer'd then prudent Penelope. 435
Dear guest! for of all travellers here arrived
From distant regions, I have none received
Discrete as thou, or whom I more have lov'd,
So just thy matter is, and with such grace
Express'd. I have an antient maiden grave, 440
The nurse who at my hapless husband's birth
Receiv'd him in her arms, and with kind care
Maternal rear'd him; she shall wash thy feet,
Although decrepid. Euryclea, rise!
Wash one coeval with thy Lord; for such 445
The feet and hands, it may be, are become
Of my Ulysses now; since man beset
With sorrow once, soon wrinkled grows and old.

She said, then Euryclea with both hands
Cov'ring her face, in tepid tears profuse 450
Dissolved, and thus in mournful strains began.

Alas! my son, trouble for thy dear sake
Distracts me. Jove surely of all mankind
Thee hated most, though ever in thy heart
Devoutly giv'n; for never mortal man 455
So many thighs of fatted victims burn'd,
And chosen hecatombs produced as thou

To

To Jove the Thund'rer, him entreating still
That he would grant thee a serene old age,
And to instruct, thyself, thy glorious son. 460

Yet thus the God requites thee, cutting off
All hope of thy return—oh antient sir!
Him too, perchance, where'er he sits a guest
Beneath some foreign roof, the women taunt,
As all these shameless ones have taunted thee, 465

Fearing whose mock'ry thou forbidd'st their hands
This office, which Icarius' daughter wife
To me enjoins, and which I, glad, perform.
Yes, I will wash thy feet; both for her sake
And for thy own,—for sight of thee hath raised 470
A tempest in my mind. Hear now the cause!

Full many a guest forlorn we entertain,
But never any have I seen, whose size,
The fashion of whose foot, and pitch of voice,
Such likeness of Ulysses show'd, as thine. 475

To whom Ulysses, ever shrewd, replied.
Such close similitude, O antient dame!
As thou observ'st between thy Lord and me,
All, who have seen us both, have ever found.

He said; then taking the resplendent vase 480
Allotted always to that use, she first
Infused cold water largely, then, the warm.
Ulysses (for beside the hearth he sat)

Turn'd quick his face into the shade, alarm'd
Lest, handling him, she should at once remark. 485

His

His fear, and all his stratagem unveil.
 She then, approaching, minister'd the bath
 To her own King, and at first touch discern'd
 That token, by a bright-tusk'd boar of old
 Impress'd, what time he to Parnassus went 490
 To visit there Autolycus and his sons,
 His mother's noble sire, who all mankind
 In * furtive arts and fraudulent oaths excell'd,
 For such endowments he by gift receiv'd
 From Hermes' self, to whom the thighs of kids 495
 He offer'd and of lambs, and, in return,
 The watchful Hermes never left his side.
 Autolycus, arriving in the isle
 Of pleasant Ithaca, the new-born son
 Of his own daughter found, whom on his knees 500
 At close of supper Euryclea placed,
 And thus the royal visitant address'd.

Thyself, Autolycus! devise a name
 For thy own daughter's son, by num'rous pray'rs
 Of thine and fervent, from the Gods obtained. 505

Then answer thus Autolycus return'd.
 My daughter and my daughter's spouse! the name
 Which I shall give your boy, that let him bear.
 Since after provocation and offence

* Homer's morals seem to allow to a good man dissimulation, and even an ambiguous oath, should they be necessary to save him from a villain. Thus in Book XX. Telemachus swears by Zeus, that he does not hinder his mother from marrying whom she pleases of the wooers, though at the same time he is plotting their destruction with his father. F.

To numbers giv'n of either sex, I come, 510
 Call him *Ulysses; and when, grown mature,
 He shall Parnassus visit, the abode
 Magnificent in which his mother dwelt,
 And where my treasures lie, from my own stores
 I will enrich and send him joyful home. 515

Ulysses, therefore, that he might obtain
 Those princely gifts, went thither. Him arrived,
 With right-hand gratulation and with words
 Of welcome kind, Autolycus received,
 Nor less his offspring; but the mother most 520
 Of his own mother clung around his neck,
 Amphithea; she with many a fervent kiss
 His forehead press'd, and his bright-beaming eyes.
 Then bade Autolycus his noble sons
 Set forth a banquet. They, at his command, 525
 Led in a fatted ox of the fifth year,
 Which flaying first, they spread him carved abroad,
 Then scored his flesh, transfix'd it with the spits,
 And roasting all with culinary skill
 Exact, gave each his portion. Thus they sat 530
 Feasting all day, and 'till the sun declined;
 But when the sun declined, and darkness fell,
 Each sought his couch, and took the gift of sleep.
 Then, soon as day-spring's daughter rosy-palm'd
 Aurora look'd abroad, forth went the hounds, 535

* In the Greek 'ΟΔΥΣΣΕΥΣ' from the verb 'ὀδύσσω—I am angry.

And

And, with the hounds Ulysses, and the youths,
Sons of Autolycus, to chase the boar.
Arrived at the Parnassian mount, they climb'd
His bushy sides, and to his airy heights
Ere long attain'd. It was the pleasant hour 540
When from the gently-swelling flood profound
The sun, emerging, first smote on the fields.
The hunters reach'd the valley; foremost ran,
Questing, the hounds; behind them, swift, the sons
Came of Autolycus, with whom advanced 545
The illustrious Prince Ulysses, pressing close
The hounds, and brandishing his massy spear:
There, hid in thickest shades, lay an huge boar:
That covert neither rough winds blowing moist
Could penetrate, nor could the noon-day sun 550
Smite through it, or fast falling show'rs pervade,
So thick it was, and underneath, the ground
With litter of dry foliage strew'd profuse.
Hunters and dogs approaching him, his ear
The sound of feet perceived; upridging high 555
His bristly back and glaring fire, he sprang
Forth from the shrubs, and in defiance stood
Near and right opposite. Ulysses, first,
Rush'd on him, elevating his long spear
Ardent to wound him; but, preventing quick 560
His foe, the boar gash'd him above the knee.
Much flesh, assailing him oblique, he tore
With his rude tusk, but to the Hero's bone

Pierced

Pierced not; Ulysses *his* right shoulder reach'd;
And with a deadly thrust impell'd the point. 565

Of his bright spear through him and far beyond.

Loud yell'd the boar, sank in the dust, and died.

Around Ulysses, then, the busy sons

Throng'd of Autolycus; expert they braced

The wound of the illustrious hunter bold, 570

With incantation stanch'd the sable blood,

And fought in haste their father's house again,

Whence, heal'd and gratified with splendid gifts

They sent him soon rejoicing to his home,

Themselves rejoicing also. Glad their son 575

His parents saw again; and of the scar

Enquired, where giv'n, and how? He told them all,

How to Parnassus with his friends he went,

Sons of Autolycus to hunt, and how

A boar had gash'd him with his iv'ry tusk. 580

That scar, while chasing him with open palms,

The matron knew; she left his foot to fall;

Down dropp'd his leg into the vase; the brass

Rang, and, o'ertilted by the sudden shock,

Poured forth the water, flooding wide the floor. 585

Her spirit joy at once and sorrow seized;

Tears fill'd her eyes; her intercepted voice

Died in her throat; but to Ulysses' beard

Her hand advancing, thus, at length she spake.

Thou art himself, Ulysses. Oh my son! 590

Dear to me, and my master as thou art,

I knew thee not, 'till I had touch'd the scar.

She said, and to Penelope her eyes

Directed, all impatient to declare

Her own Ulysses even then at home.

595

But she, nor eye nor ear for aught that pass'd

Had then, her fixt attention so entire

Minerva had engaged. Then, darting forth

His arms, the Hero with his right-hand close

Compress'd her throat, and nearer to himself

600

Drawing her with his left, thus caution'd her.

Why would'st thou ruin me? Thou gav'st me milk

Thyself from thy own breast. See me return'd

After long sufferings, in the twentieth year,

To my own land. But since (some God the thought

605

Suggesting to thee) thou hast learn'd the truth,

Silence! lest others learn it from thy lips.

For this I say, nor shall the threat be vain;

If God vouchsafe to me to overcome

The haughty suitors, when I shall inflict

610

Death on the other women of my house,

Although my nurse, thyself shalt also die.

Him answer'd Euryclea then, discrete.

My son! oh how could so severe a word

Escape thy lips? my fortitude of mind

615

Thou know'st, and even now shalt prove me firm

As iron, secret as the stubborn rock.

But hear and mark me well. Should'st thou prevail,

Assisted by a Pow'r divine, to slay

The

The haughty suitors, I will then, myself, 620
Give thee to know of all the female train
Who have dishonour'd thee, and who respect.

To whom Ulysses, ever-wise, replied.
My nurse, it were superfluous; spare thy tongue
That needless task. I can distinguish well 625
Myself, between them; and shall know them all;
But hold thy peace. Hush! leave it with the Gods.

So he; then went the antient matron forth,
That she might serve him with a second bath,
For the whole first was spilt. Thus, laved at length, 630
And smooth'd with oil, Ulysses nearer pull'd
His seat toward the glowing hearth to enjoy
More warmth, and drew his tatters o'er the scar.
Then, prudent, thus Penelope began:

One question, stranger, I shall yet propound, 635
Though brief, for soon the hour of soft repose
Grateful to all, and even to the sad
Whom gentle sleep forsakes not, will arrive.
But heav'n to me immeasurable woe
Affigns,—whose sole delight is to consume 640
My days in sighs, while here retired I sit,
Watching my maidens labours and my own;
But (night return'd, and all to bed retired)
I press mine also, yet with deep regret
And anguish lacerated, even there. 645
As when at spring's first entrance, her sweet song
The azure-crested nightingale renews,

Daughter of Pandarus; within the grove's
 Thick foliage perch'd, she pours her echoing voice
 Now deep, now clear, still varying the strain . . . 650
 With which she mourns her Itylus, her son
 By royal Zethus, whom she, *erring, flew,
 So also I, by soul-distressing doubts
 Toss'd even, muse if I shall here remain
 A faithful guardian of my son's affairs, . . . 655
 My husband's bed respecting, and not less
 My own fair fame, or whether I shall him
 Of all my suitors follow to his home
 Who noblest seems, and offers richest dow'r.
 My son while he was infant yet, and own'd . . . 660
 An infant's mind, could never give consent
 That I should wed and leave him; but, at length,
 Since he hath reached the stature of a man,
 He wishes my departure hence, the waste
 Viewing indignant by the suitors made. . . . 665
 But I have dream'd, Hear, and expound my dream.
 My geese are twenty, which within my walls
 I feed with sodden wheat; they serve to amuse
 Sometimes my sorrow. From the mountains came
 An eagle, huge, hook-beak'd, brake all their necks, . 670
 And flew them; scatter'd on the palace-floor
 They lay, and he soar'd swift into the skies.

* She intended to slay the son of her husband's brother Amphion, incited to it by
 envy of his wife, who had six children, while herself had only two, but through
 mistake she slew her own son Itylus, and for her punishment was transformed by Jupiter
 into a nightingale.

Dream

Dream only as it was, I wept aloud,
Till all my maidens, gather'd by my voice,
Arriving, found me weeping still, and still 675

Complaining, that the eagle had at once
Slain all my geese. But, to the palace-roof
Stooping again, he sat, and, with a voice
Of human sound, forbade my tears, and said—

Courage! O daughter of the far-renown'd 680
Icarius! no vain dream thou hast beheld,
But, in thy sleep; a truth. The slaughter'd geese
Denote thy suitors. I who have appear'd
An eagle in thy fight, am yet indeed
Thy husband, who have now, at last, return'd, 685
Death, horrid death designing for them all.

He said; then waking at the voice, I cast
An anxious look around, and saw my geese
Beside their tray, all feeding as before.

Her then Ulysses answer'd, ever-wife. 690
O Queen! it is not possible to miss
Thy dream's plain import, since Ulysses' self
Hath told thee the event; thy suitors all
Must perish; not one suitor shall escape.

To whom Penelope discrete replied, 695
Dreams are inexplicable, O my guest!
And oft-times mere delusions that receive
No just accomplishment. * There are two * gates.

* The difference of the two substances may perhaps serve to account for the preference given in this case to the gate of horn; horn being transparent, and as such emblematical of truth, while ivory, from its whiteness, promises light, but is, in fact, opaque. F.

Through

Through which the fleeting phantoms pass; of horn
 Is one, and one of ivory. Such dreams 700
 As through the thin-leaf'd iv'ry portal come
 Sooth, but perform not, utt'ring empty sounds;
 But such as through the polish'd horn escape,
 If, haply seen by any mortal eye,
 Prove faithful witnesses, and are fulfill'd. 705
 But through those gates my wond'rous dream, I think,
 Came not; thrice welcome were it else to me
 And to my son. Now mark my words; attend.
 This is the hated morn that from the house
 Removes me of Ulysses. I shall fix, 710
 This day, the rings for trial to them all
 Of archer-ship; Ulysses' custom was
 To plant twelve * spikes, all regular arranged
 Like galley-props, and crested with a ring,
 Then standing far remote, true in his aim 715
 He with his whizzing shaft would thrid them all.
 This is the contest in which now I mean
 To prove the suitors; him, who with most ease
 Shall bend the bow, and shoot through all the rings,
 I follow, this dear mansion of my youth 720
 Leaving, so fair, so fill'd with ev'ry good,
 Though still to love it even in my dreams.

* The translation here is somewhat *plagiaristic* for the sake of perspicuity; the original is clear in itself, but not to us who have no such practice. Twelve stakes were fixt in the earth, each having a ring at the top; the order in which they stood was so exact, that an arrow sent with an even hand through the first ring, would pass them all.

Her

Her answer'd then Ulysses, ever-wise.
 Confort revered of Laertiades !
 Postpone not this contention, but appoint 725
 Forthwith the trial ; for Ulysses here
 Will sure arrive, ere they (his polish'd bow
 Long tamp'ring) shall prevail to stretch the nerve,
 And speed the arrow through the iron rings.

To whom Penelope replied discrete. 730
 Would'st thou with thy sweet converse, O my guest !
 Here sooth me still, sleep ne'er should influence
 These eyes the while ; but always to resist
 Sleep's pow'r is not for man, to whom the Gods
 Each circumstance of his condition here 735
 Fix universally. Myself will seek
 My own apartment at the palace-top,
 And there will lay me down on my sad couch,
 For such it hath been, and with tears of mine
 Ceaseless bedew'd, e'er since Ulysses went 740
 To that bad city, never to be named.

There will I sleep ; but sleep thou here below,
 Either, thyself, preparing on the ground
 Thy couch, or on a couch by these prepared.

So saying, she to her splendid chamber thence: 745
 Retired, not sole, but by her female train
 Attended ; there arrived, she wept her spouse,
 Her lov'd Ulysses, 'till Minerva dropp'd
 The balm of slumber on her weary lids.

ARGU-

A R G U M E N T

O F T H E

T W E N T I E T H B O O K.

B O O K XX.

To slay, or to permit them yet to give
Their lusty paramours one last embrace.
As growls the mastiff standing on the start
For battle, if a stranger's foot approach.
Her cubs new-whelp'd—so growl'd Ulysses' heart, 15
While wonder fill'd him at their impious deeds.
But, smiting on his breast, thus he reproved
The mutinous inhabitant within.

Heart! bear it. Worse than this thou didst endure
When, uncontrollable by force of man, 20
The Cyclops thy illustrious friends devour'd.
Thy patience then fail'd not, 'till prudence found
Deliv'rance for thee on the brink of fate.

So disciplined the Hero his own heart,
Which, tractable, endured the rigorous curb, 25
And patient; yet he turn'd from side to side.
As when some hungry swain turns oft a maw
Unctuous and fav'ry on the burning coals,
Quick expediting his desired repast,
So he from side to side roll'd, pond'ring deep 30
How likeliest with success he might assail
Those shameless suitors; one to many opposed.
Then, sudden from the skies descending, came
Minerva in a female form; her stand
Above his head she took, and thus she spake. 35

Why sleep'st thou not, unhappiest of mankind?
Thou art at home; here dwells thy wife, and here
Thy son; a son, whom all might wish their own.

Then her Ulysses answer'd, ever-wise.
 O Goddess! true is all that thou hast said, 40
 But, not without anxiety, I muse
 How, single as I am, I shall assail
 Those shameless suitors who frequent my courts
 Daily, and always their whole multitude.
 This weightier theme I meditate beside; 45
 Should I, with Jove's concurrence and with thine
 Prevail to slay them, how shall I escape,
 * Myself, at last? oh Goddess, weigh it well.

Him answer'd then Pallas cærulean-eyed.
 Oh faithless man! a man will in his friend 50
 Confide, though mortal, and in valour less
 And wisdom than himself; but I who keep
 Thee in all difficulties, am divine.
 I tell thee plainly. Were we hemm'd around
 By fifty troops of shouting warriors bent 55
 To slay thee, thou should'st yet securely drive
 The flocks away and cattle of them all.
 But yield to sleep's soft influence; for to lie
 All night thus watchful, is, itself, distress.
 Fear not. Deliv'rance waits, not far remote. 60

So saying, she o'er Ulysses' eyes diffused
 Soft slumbers, and when sleep that sooths the mind
 And nerves the limbs afresh had seized him once,
 To the Olympian summit swift return'd.

* That is, how shall I escape the vengeance of their kindred?

But

But his chaste spouse awoke ; she weeping sat
On her soft couch, and, noblest of her sex,
Sate at length with tears, her pray'r address'd
First to Diana of the Pow'rs above.

65

Diana, awful progeny of Jove !

I would that with a shaft this moment sped
Into my bosom, thou would'st here conclude
My mournful life ! or, oh that, as it flies,
Snatching me through the pathless air, a storm
Would whelm me deep in Ocean's restless tide !
So, when the Gods their parents had destroy'd,
Storms suddenly the beauteous * daughters snatch'd
Of Pandarus away ; them left forlorn

70

75

Venus with curds, with honey and with wine
Fed duly ; Juno gave them to surpass
All women in the charms of face and mind,
With graceful stature eminent the chaste
Diana bless'd them, and in works of art
Illustrious, Pallas taught them to excell.

80

But when the foam-sprung Goddess to the skies
A suitor went on their behalf, to obtain
Blest nuptials for them from the Thund'rer Jove,
(For Jove the happiness, himself, appoints,
And the unhappiness of all below)

85

Meantime, the Harpies ravishing away
Those virgins, gave them to the Furies Three,

90

* Aëdon, Cleothesa, Merope.

That they might serve them. O that me the Gods
Inhabiting Olympus so would hide
From human eyes for ever, or bright-hair'd
Diana pierce me with a shaft, that while
Ulysses yet engages all my thoughts, 95
My days concluded, I might 'scape the pain
Of gratifying some inferior Chief!
This is supportable, when (all the day
To sorrow giv'n) the mourner sleeps at night;
For sleep, when it hath once the eyelids veil'd, 100
All reminiscence blots of all alike,
Both good and ill; but me the Gods afflict
Not seldom ev'n in dreams, and at my side,
This night again, one lay resembling him;
Such as my own Ulysses when he join'd 105
Achaia's warriors; my exulting heart
No airy dream believed it, but a truth.

While thus she spake, in orient gold enthroned
Came forth the morn; Ulysses, as she wept,
Heard plain her lamentation; him that found 110
Alarm'd; he thought her present, and himself
Known to her. Gath'ring hastily the cloak
His cov'ring, and the fleeces, them he placed
Together on a throne within the hall,
But bore the bull's-hide forth into the air. 115
Then, lifting high his hands to Jove, he pray'd.

Eternal Sire! if over moist and dry
Ye have with good will sped me to my home

After

After much suff'ring, grant me from the lips
 Of some domestic now awake, to hear, 120
 Words of propitious omen, and thyself
 Vouchsafe me, still some other sign abroad.

Such pray'r he made, and Jove omniscient heard.
 Sudden he thunder'd from the radiant heights
 Olympian; glad, Ulysses heard the sound. 125
 A woman, next, a labourer at the mill
 Hard by, where all the palace-mills were wrought,
 Gave him the omen of propitious sound.
 Twelve maidens, day by day, toil'd at the mills,
 Meal grinding, some, of barley, some, of wheat, 130
 * Marrow of man. The rest (their portion ground)
 All slept; she only from her task as yet
 Ceas'd not, for she was feeblest of them all;
 She rested on her mill, and thus pronounced
 The happy omen by her Lord desired. 135

Jove, Father, Governor of heav'n and earth!
 Loud thou hast thunder'd from the starry skies
 By no cloud veil'd; a sign propitious, giv'n
 To whom I know not; but oh grant the pray'r
 Of a poor bond-woman! appoint their feast 140
 This day, the last that in Ulysses' house
 The suitors shall enjoy, for whom I drudge,
 With aching heart and trembling knees their meal
 Grinding continual. Feast they here no more!

* *μυελον ανδρων.*

She

She ended, and the list'ning Chief received 145
With equal joy both signs; for well he hoped
That he should punish soon those guilty men.
And now the other maidens in the hall
Assembling, kindled on the hearth again
Th' unwearied blaze; then, godlike from his couch. 150
Arose Telemachus, and, fresh-attired,
Athwart his shoulders his bright faulchion slung,
Bound his fair sandals to his feet, and took
His sturdy spear pointed with glitt'ring brass;
Advancing to the portal, there he stood, 155
And Euryclea thus, his nurse, bespake.

Nurse! have ye with respectful notice serv'd
Our guest? or hath he found a fordid couch
E'en where he might? for, prudent though she be,
My mother, inattentive oft, the worse 160
Treats kindly, and the better sends away.

Whom Euryclea answer'd, thus, discrete.
Blame not, my son! who merits not thy blame.
The guest sat drinking till he would no more,
And ate, 'till, question'd, he replied—Enough. 165
But when the hour of sleep call'd him to rest,
She gave commandment to her female train
To spread his couch. Yet he, like one forlorn,
And, through despair, indifferent to himself,
Both bed and rugs refused, and in the porch 170
On skins of sheep and on an undress'd hide
Reposed, where we threw cov'ring over him.

She

She ceas'd, and, grasping his bright-headed spear,
Forth went the Prince attended, as he went,
By his fleet hounds ; to the assembled Greeks 175
In council with majestic gait he moved,
And Euryclea, daughter wife of Ops,
Pisenor's son, call'd to the serving-maids.

Haste ye ! be diligent ! sweep the palace-floor
And sprinkle it ; then give the sumptuous seats 180
Their purple coverings. Let others cleanse
With sponges all the tables, wash and rince
The beakers well, and goblets rich-emboss'd ;
Run others to the fountain, and bring thence
Water with speed. The suitors will not long 185
Be absent, but will early come to-day,
For this day is a public * festival.

So she ; whom all, obedient, heard ; forth went
Together, twenty to the chrystal fount,
While in their sev'ral provinces the rest 190
Bestirr'd them brisk at home. Then enter'd all
The suitors, and began cleaving the wood.
Meantime, the women from the fountain came,
Whom soon the swine-herd follow'd, driving three
His fattest brawns ; them in the spacious court 195
He feeding left, and to Ulysses' side
Approaching, courteously bespake the Chief.
Guest ! look the Grecians on thee with respect
At length, or still disdainful as before ?

* The new moon.

Then,

Then, answer thus Ulysses wife return'd. 200
 Yes—and I would that vengeance from the Gods
 Might pay their insolence, who in a house
 Not theirs, dominion exercise, and plan
 Unseemly projects, shameless as they are!

Thus they conferr'd; and now Melanthius came. 205
 The goat-herd, driving, with the aid of two
 His fellow-swains, the fattest of his goats
 To feast the suitors. In the sounding porch
 The goats he tied, then, drawing near, in terms
 Reproachful thus assail'd Ulysses' ear. 210.

How, stranger? persever'st thou, begging, still
 To vex the suitors? wilt thou not depart?
 Scarce shall we settle this dispute, I judge,
 'Till we have tasted each the other's fist;
 Thou art unreasonable thus to beg 215
 Here always—have the Greeks no feasts beside?

He spake, to whom Ulysses answer none
 Return'd, but shook his brows, and, silent, framed
 Terrible purposes. Then, third, approach'd
 Chief o'er the herds, Philœtius; fatted goats 220
 He for the suitors brought, with which he drove
 An heifer; (ferry-men had pass'd them o'er,
 Carriers of all who on their coast arrive)
 He tied them in the sounding porch, then stood
 Beside the swine-herd, to whom thus he said. 225

Who is this guest, Eumæus, here arrived
 So lately? from what nation hath he come?

What

What parentage and country boasts the man?

I pity him, whose figure seems to speak

Royalty in him. Heav'n will surely plunge 230

The race of common wand'ers deep in woe,

If thus it destine even Kings to mourn.

He ceas'd; and, with his right hand, drawing nigh,
Welcom'd Ulysses, whom he thus bespake.

Hail venerable guest! and be thy lot 235

Prosp'rous at least hereafter, who art held

At present, in the bonds of num'rous ills.

Thou, Jupiter, of all the Gods, art most

Severe, and spar'st not to inflict distress

Even on creatures from thyself derived*. 240

I had no sooner mark'd thee, than my eyes

Swam, and the sweat gush'd from me at the thought

Of dear Ulysses; for if yet he live

And see the sun, such tatters, I suppose,

He wears, a wand'rer among human-kind. 245

But if already with the dead he dwell

In Pluto's drear abode, oh then, alas

For kind Ulysses! who consign'd to me,

While yet a boy, his Cephallenian herds,

And they have now encreas'd to such a store 250

Innumerable of broad-fronted beeves,

As only care like mine could have produced.

These, by command of others, I transport

* He is often called—*τῆρας ἀνθρώπων ἢ θεῶν*.

For their regale, who neither heed his son,
 Nor tremble at the anger of the Gods, 255
 But long have wish'd ardently to divide
 And share the substance of our absent Lord.
 Me, therefore, this thought occupies, and haunts
 My mind not seldom; while the heir survives
 It were no small offence to drive his herds 260
 So far, and migrate to a foreign land;
 Yet here to dwell, suffering oppressive wrongs
 While I attend another's bees, appears
 Still less supportable; and I had fled,
 And I had serv'd some other mighty Chief 265
 Long since, (for patience fails me to endure
 My present lot) but that I cherish still
 Some hope of my ill-fated Lord's return,
 To rid his palace of these lawless guests.
 To whom Ulysses, even-wise, replied. 270
 Herdsman! since neither void of sense thou seem'st,
 Nor yet dishonest, but myself am sure
 That thou art owner of a mind discrete,
 Hear therefore, for I swear, bold I attest
 Jove and this hospitable board, and these 275
 The *Lares of the noble Chief, whose hearth
 Protects me now, that, ere thy going hence,
 Ulysses surely shall have reach'd his home,
 And thou shalt see him, if thou wilt, thyself.

* Household Gods, who presided over the hearth.

Slaying the suitors who now lord it here. 280

Him answer'd then the keeper of his bees:
Oh stranger! would but the Saturnian King
Perform that word, thou shouldst be taught (thyself
Eye-witness of it) what an arm is mine.

Eumæus also every power of heav'n 285
Entreated, that Ulysses might possess
His home again. Thus mutual they concern'd.

Meantime, in conference close the suitors plann'd
Death for Telemachus; but while they sat
Consulting, on their left the bird of Jove 290
An eagle soard, grasping a tim'rous dove.
Then, thus, Amphinomus the rest bespake.

Oh friends! our consultation how to slay
Telemachus, will never smoothly run
To its effect; but let us to the feast. 295

So spake Amphinomus, whose counsel pleas'd.
Then, all into the royal house repaired,
And on the thrones and couches throwing off
Their mantles, slew the fatted goats, the brawns,
The sheep full-sized, and heifer of the herd. 300

The roasted entrails first they shared, then fill'd
The beakers; and the swine-herd placed the cups;
Philoetius, chief intendant of the bees,
Served all with baskets elegant of bread,
While all their cups Melanthius charged with wine, 305
And they assail'd at once the ready feast.
Meantime Telemachus, with forecast throw'd,

Fast by the marble threshold, but within
 The spacious hall his father placed, to whom
 A fordid seat he gave and scanty board.
 A portion of the entrails, next, he set
 Before him, fill'd a golden goblet high,
 And thus, in presence of them all, began.

There seated now, drink as the suitors drink,
 I will, myself, their biting taunts forbid,
 And violence. This edifice is mine,
 Not public property; my father first
 Possess'd it, and my right from him descends.
 Suitors! controul your tongues, nor with your hands
 Offend, lest contest fierce and war ensue.

He ceas'd; they gnawing, set their lips, aghast
 With wonder that Telemachus in his speech
 Such boldness used. Then spake Eupithes' son,
 Antinoüs, and the assembly thus address'd.

Let pass, ye Greeks! the language of the Prince,
 Harsh as it is, and big with threats to us.
 Had Jove permitted, his orations here,
 Although thus eloquent, ere now had ceased.

So spake Antinoüs, whom Ulysses' son
 Heard unconcern'd. And now the heralds came
 In solemn pomp, conducting through the streets,
 A sacred hecatomb, when in the grove
 Umbrageous of Apollo, King shaft-arm'd,
 The assembled Grecians met. The sav'ry roast
 Finish'd, and from the spits withdrawn, each shared

His

His portion of the noble feast, and such
As they enjoy'd themselves the attendants placed
Before Ulysses, for the Hero's son
Himself, Telemachus, had so enjoined.
But Pallas (that they might exasp'rate more 340
Ulysses) suffer'd not the suitor Chiefs
To banquet, guiltless of heart-piercing scorns
Malign. There was a certain suitor named
Ctesippus, born in Samos; base of mind
Was he and profligate; but, in the wealth 345
Confiding of his father, woo'd the wife
Of long-exiled Ulysses. From his seat
The haughty suitors thus that man address'd.

Ye noble suitors, I would speak; attend!
The guest is served; he hath already shared 350
Equal with us; nor less the laws demand
Of hospitality; for neither just
It were nor decent, that a guest, received
Here by Telemachus, should be denied
His portion of the feast. Come then—myself 355
Will give to him, that he may also give
To her who loved him in the bath, or else
To whatsoever menial here he will.

So saying, he from a basket near at hand
Heav'd an ox-foot, and with a vigorous arm 360
Hurl'd it. Ulysses gently bow'd his head,
Shunning the blow, but gratified his just

Resentment

Resentment with a broad * sardonic smile.
Of dread significance. He smote the wall.
Then thus Telemachus rebuked the deed. 363

Ctesippus, thou art fortunate; the blow
Struck not the stranger, for he shan'd the blow;
Else, I had surely thrust my glittering lance
Right through thee; then, no hymeneal rites
Of thine should have employ'd thy father here, 370
But thy funereal. No man therefore treat
Me with indignity within these walls,
For though of late a child, I can discern
Now, and distinguish between good and ill.
Suffice it that we patiently endure 375
To be spectators daily of our sheep
Slaughter'd, our bread consumed, our stores of wine
Wasted; for what can one to all opposed?
Come then—persist no longer in offence
And hostile hate of me; or if ye wish 380
To slay me, pause not. It were better far
To die, and I had rather much be slain,
Than thus to witness your atrocious deeds
Day after day; to see our guests abused,
With blows insulted, and the women dragg'd 385
With a licentious violence obscene.
From side to side of all this fair abode.
He said, and all sat silent, 'till at length
Thus Agelaüs spake, Diastor's son.

My friends! let none with contradiction thwart 390
 And rude reply, words rational and just;
 Assault no more the stranger, nor of all
 The servants of renown'd Ulysses here
 Harm any. My advice, both to the Queen
 And to Telemachus, shall gentle be, 395
 May it but please them. While the hope survives
 Within your bosoms of the safe return
 Of wise Ulysses to his native isle,
 So long good reason was that she should wait
 Delay, and hold our wooing in suspense; 400
 For had Ulysses come, that course had proved
 Wisest and best; but that he comes no more
 Appears, now, manifest! Thou, therefore, Prince!
 Seeking thy mother, counsel her to wed
 The noblest, and who offers richest dowry, 405
 That thou, for thy peculiar, mayst enjoy
 Thy own inheritance in peace and ease,
 And she, departing, find another home.

To whom Telemachus, discrete, replied:
 I swear by Jove, and by my father's woes, 410
 Who either hath deceased far from his home,
 Or lives a wand'rer, that I interpose
 No hindrance to her nuptials. Let her wed
 Who offers most, and even whom she will.
 But to dismiss her rudely were a deed 415
 Unfilial.—That I dare not—God forbid!!

So spake Telemachus. Then Pallas struck
 The suitors with delirium; wide they stretch'd
 Their jaws with unspontaneous laughter loud;
 Their meat dripp'd blood; tears fill'd their eyes, and dire
 Presages of approaching woe, their hearts. 421
 Then thus the prophet * Theoclymenus.

Ah miserable men! what curse is this
 That takes you now? night wraps itself around
 Your faces, bodies, limbs; the palace shakes 425
 With peals of groans—and oh, what floods ye weep!
 I see the walls and arches dappled thick
 With gore; the vestibule is throng'd, the court
 On all sides throng'd with apparitions grim
 Of slaughter'd men sinking into the gloom 430
 Of Erebus; the sun is blotted out
 From heav'n, and midnight whelms you premature.

He said, they, hearing, laugh'd; and thus the son
 Of Polybus, Eurymachus replied.

This wand'rer from a distant shore hath left 435
 His wits behind. Hwa there! conduct him hence
 Into the forum; since he dreams it night,
 Already, teach him there that it is day.

Then answer'd godlike Theoclymenus. 440
 I have no need, Eurymachus, of guides.
 To lead me hence; for I have eyes and ears,
 The use of both my feet, and of a mind

* Who had sought refuge in the ship of Telemachus when he left Sparta, and came with him to Ithaca.

In no respect irrational or wild.
 These shall conduct me forth, for well I know
 That evil threatens you, such, too, as none 445
 Shall 'scape of all the suitors, whose delight
 Is to insult the unoffending guest
 Received beneath this hospitable roof.

He said, and, issuing from the palace, fought
 Piræus' house, who gladly welcom'd him. 450
 Then all the suitors on each other cast
 A look significant, and, to provoke
 Telemachus the more, fleer'd at his guests.
 Of whom a youth thus, insolent, began.

No living wight, Telemachus, had e'er 455
 Guests such as thine. Witness, we know not who,
 This hungry vagabond, whose means of life
 Are none, and who hath neither skill nor force
 To earn them, a mere burthen on the ground.
 Witness the other also, who upstarts 460
 A prophet suddenly. Take my advice;
 I counsel wisely; send them both on board
 Some gallant bark to Sicily for sale;
 Thus shall they somewhat profit thee at last.

So spake the suitors, whom Telemachus 465
 Heard unconcern'd, and, silent, look'd and look'd
 Toward his father, watching still the time
 When he should punish that licentious throng.
 Meantime, Icarius' daughter, who had placed
 Her splendid seat opposite, heard distinct 470

Their taunting speeches. They, with noisy mirth,
Feasted deliciously, for they had slain
Many a fat victim; but a sadder feast
Than, soon, the Goddess and the warrior Chief
Should furnish for them, none shall ever share, 475
Of which their crimes had furnish'd first the cause.

ARGU-

A R G U M E N T

O F T H E

T W E N T Y - F I R S T B O O K.

Penelope proposes to the suitors a contest with the bow, herself the prize. They prove unable to bend the bow; when Ulysses having with some difficulty possessed himself of it, manages it with the utmost ease, and dispatches his arrow through twelve rings erected for the trial.

B O O K X X I.

MINERVA now, Goddess cærulean-eyed,
 Prompted Icarius' daughter, the discrete
 Penelope, with bow and rings to prove
 Her suitors in Ulysses' courts, a game
 Terrible in conclusion to them all. 5
 First, taking in her hand the brazen key
 Well-forged, and fitted with an iv'ry grasp,
 Attended by the women of her train
 She sought her inmost chamber, the recess
 In which she kept the treasures of her Lord, 10
 His brass, his gold, and steel elaborate.
 Here lay his stubborn bow, and quiver fill'd
 With num'rous shafts, a fatal store. That bow
3 Q 2 He

He had received and quiver from the hand
Of godlike Iphitus Eurytides, 15
Whom, in * Messenia, in the house he met
Of brave Orsilochus. Ulysses came
Demanding payment of arrearage due
From all that land; for a Messenian fleet
Had borne from Ithaca three hundred sheep, 20
With all their shepherds; for which cause, ere yet
Adult, he voyaged to that distant shore,
Deputed by his sire, and by the Chiefs
Of Ithaca, to make the just demand.
But Iphitus had thither come to seek 25
Twelve mares and twelve mule colts which he had lost,
A search that cost him soon a bloody death.
For, coming to the house of Hercules
The valiant task-performing son of Jove,
He perish'd there, slain by his cruel host 30
Who, heedless of heav'n's wrath, and of the rights
Of his own board, first fed, then slaughter'd him;
For in *his* house the mares and colts were hidden.
He, therefore, occupied in that concern,
Meeting Ulysses there, gave him the bow 35
Which, erst, huge Eurytus had borne, and which
Himself had from his dying fire received.
Ulysses, in return, on him bestowed
A spear and sword, pledges of future love

* A province of Laconia.

And

And hospitality; but never more 40
 They met each other at the friendly board,
 For, ere that hour arrived, the son of Jove
 Slew his own guest, the godlike Iphitus.
 Thus came the bow into Ulysses' hands,
 Which, never in his gallant barks he bore 45
 To battle with him, (though he used it oft
 In times of peace) but left it safely stored
 At home, a dear memorial of his friend.

Soon as, divinest of her sex, arrived
 At that same chamber, with her foot she press'd 50
 The oaken threshold bright, on which the hand
 Of no mean architect had stretch'd the line,
 Who had erected also on each side
 The posts on which the splendid portals hung,
 She loos'd the ring and brace, then introduced 55
 The key, and * aiming at them from without,
 Struck back the bolts. The portals, at that stroke,
 Sent forth a tone deep as the pastured bull's,
 And flew wide open. She, ascending, next,
 The elevated floor on which the chests 60
 That held her own fragrant apparel stood,
 With lifted hand aloft took down the bow
 In its embroider'd bow-case safe enclosed.
 Then, sitting there, she lay'd it on her knees,

* The reader will of course observe, that the whole of this process implies a sort of mechanism very different from that with which we are acquainted.—The translation, I believe, is exact.

Weeping

Weeping aloud, and drew it from the case. 65
Thus weeping over it long time she sat,
'Till satiate, at the last, with grief and tears,
Descending by the palace steps she sought
Again the haughty suitors, with the bow
Elastic, and the quiver in her hand 70
Replete with pointed shafts, a deadly store.
Her maidens, as she went, bore after her
A coffer fill'd with prizes by her Lord,
Much brass and steel; and when at length she came,
Loveliest of women, where the suitors sat, 75
Between the pillars of the stately dome
Pausing, before her beauteous face she held
Her lucid veil, and by two matrons chaste
Supported, the assembly thus address'd.
Ye noble suitors hear, who rudely haunt 80
This palace of a Chief long absent hence,
Whose substance ye have now long time consumed,
Nor palliative have yet contrived, or could,
Save your ambition to make me a bride—
Attend this game to which I call you forth. 85
Now suitors! prove yourselves with this huge bow
Of wide-renown'd Ulysses; he who draws
Easiest the bow, and who his arrow sends
Through twice fix rings, he takes me to his home,
And I must leave this mansion of my youth 90
Plenteous, magnificent, which, doubtless, oft
I shall remember even in my dreams.

So

So saying, she bade Eumæus lay the bow
Before them, and the twice fix rings of steel.
He wept, received them, and obey'd; nor wept 95
The herdsman less, seeing the bow which erst
His Lord had occupied; when at their tears
Indignant, thus, Antinoüs began,

Ye rural drones, whose purblind eyes see not
Beyond the present hour, egregious fools! 100
Why weeping trouble ye the Queen, too much
Before afflicted for her husband lost?
Either partake the banquet silently,
Or else go weep abroad, leaving the bow,
That stubborn test, to us; for none, I judge, 105
None here shall bend this polish'd bow with ease,
Since in this whole assembly I discern
None like Ulysses, whom myself have seen
And recollect, though I was then a boy.

He said, but in his heart, meantime, the hope 110
Cherish'd, that he should bend, himself, the bow,
And pass the rings; yet was he destin'd first
Of all that company to taste the steel
Of brave Ulysses' shaft, whom in that house
He had so oft dishonour'd, and had urged 115
So oft all others to the like offence.
Amidst them, then, the sacred might arose
Of young Telemachus, who thus began.

Saturnian Jove questionless hath deprived
Me of all reason. My own mother, fam'd: 120

For

For wisdom as she is, makes known to all
Her purpose to abandon this abode
And follow a new mate, while, heedless, I
Trifle and laugh as I were still a child.
But come, ye suitors! since the prize is such, 125
A woman, like to whom none can be found
This day in all Achaia; on the shores
Of sacred Pylus; in the cities proud
Of Argos or Mycenæ; or even here
In Ithaca; or yet within the walls 130
Of black Epirus; and since this yourselves
Know also, wherefore should I speak her praise?
Come then, delay not, waste not time in vain
Excuses, turn not from the proof, but bend
The bow, that thus the issue may be known. 135
I also will, myself, that task essay;
And should I bend the bow, and pass the rings,
Then shall not my illustrious mother leave
Her son forlorn, forsaking this abode
To follow a new spouse, while I remain 140
Disconsolate, although of age to bear,
Successful as my fire, the prize away.

So saying, he, started from his seat, cast off
His purple cloak, and lay'd his sword aside;
Then fix'd, himself, the rings, furrowing the earth 145
By line, and op'ning one long trench for all,
And stamping close the glebe. Amazement seized
All present, seeing with how prompt a skill

He

He executed, though untaught, his task.
 Then, hasting to the portal, there he stood, 150
 Thrice, struggling, he essay'd to bend the bow,
 And thrice desisted, hoping still to draw
 The * bow-string home, and shoot through all the rings.
 And now the fourth time striving with full force
 He had prevail'd to string it, but his fire 155
 Forbad his eager efforts by a sign:
 Then thus the royal youth to all around—

Gods! either I shall prove of little force
 Hereafter, and for manly feats unapt;
 Or I am yet too young, and have not strength: 160
 To quell the aggressor's contumely. But come—
 (For ye have strength surpassing mine) try ye
 The bow, and bring this contest to an end.

He ceas'd, and set the bow down on the floor,
 Reclining it against the shaven pannels smooth 165
 That lined the wall; the arrow next he placed,
 Leaning against the bow's bright-polish'd horn,
 And to the seat, whence he had ris'n, return'd.
 Then thus Eupithes' son, Antinoüs spake.

My friends! come forth successive from the † right,
 Where he who ministers the cup begins. 171

* This first attempt of Telemachus and the suitors was not an attempt to shoot, but to lodge the bow-string on the opposite horn, the bow having been released at one end, and slackened while it was laid by.

† Antinoüs prescribes to them this manner of rising to the trial for the good omen's sake, the left-hand being held unpropitious.

So spake Antinous, and his counsel pleased.

Then, first, Leiodes, CEnop's son, arose.

He was their soothsayer, and ever sat
Beside the beaker, inmost of them all.

175

To him alone, of all, licentious deeds
Were odious, and, with indignation fired,

He witness'd the excesses of the rest.

He then took foremost up the shaft and bow,

And, station'd at the portal, strove to bend

180

But bent it not, fatiguing, first, his hands
Delicate and uncustom'd to the toil.

He ceased, and the assembly thus bespake.

My friends, I speed not; let another try;

For many Princes shall this bow of life

185

Bereave, since death more eligible seems,

Far more, than loss of her, for whom we meet

Continual here, expecting still the prize.

Some suitor, haply, at this moment, hopes

That he shall wed whom long he hath desired,

190

Ulysses' wife, Penelope; let him

Essay the bow, and, trial made, address

His spousal offers to some other fair

Among the long-stoled Princesses of Greece,

This Princess leaving his, whose proffer'd gifts

195

Shall please her most, and whom the Fates ordain.

He said, and set the bow down on the floor,

Reclining it against the shaven panels smooth

That lined the wall; the arrow, next, he placed,

Leaning

Leaning against the bow's bright-polish'd horn, 200
 And to the seat whence he had ris'n, return'd.
 Then him Antinoüs, angry, thus reproved.

What word, Leiodes, grating to our ears
 Hath scap'd thy lips? I hear it with disdain.
 Shall this bow fatal prove to many a Prince, 205
 Because thou hast, thyself, too feeble proved
 To bend it? no. Thou wast not born to bend
 The unpliant bow, or to direct the shaft,
 But here are nobler who shall soon prevail.

He said, and to Melanthius gave command, 210
 The goat-herd. Hence, Melanthius, kindle fire;
 Beside it place, with fleeces spread, a form
 Of length commodious; from within procure
 A large round cake of suet next, with which
 When we have chafed and suppled the tough bow 215
 Before the fire, we will again essay
 To bend it, and decide the doubtful strife.

He ended, and Melanthius, kindling fire
 Beside it placed, with fleeces spread, a form
 Of length commodious; next, he brought a cake 220
 Ample and round of suet from within,
 With which they chafed the bow, then tried again
 To bend, but bent it not; superior strength
 To theirs that task required. Yet two, the rest
 In force surpassing, made no trial yet, 225
 Antinoüs, and Eurymachus the brave.

Then went the herdsman and the swine-herd forth.
 Together; after whom, the glorious Chief
 Himself the house left also, and when all
 Without the court had met, with gentle speech 230
 Ulysses, then, the faithful pair address'd.

Herdsman! and thou, Eumæus!! shall I keep
 A certain secret close, or shall I speak
 Outright? my spirit prompts me, and I will.
 What welcome should Ulysses at your hands 235
 Receive, arriving suddenly at home,
 Some God his guide? would ye the suitors aid,
 Or would ye aid Ulysses? answer true.

Then thus the chief attendant of his herds:
 Would Jove but grant me my desire, to see 240
 Once more the Hero, and would some kind Power
 Restore him, I would shew thee soon an arm
 Strenuous to serve him, and a dauntless heart.

Eumæus, also, fervently implored:
 The Gods in pray'r, that they would render back 245
 Ulysses to his home. He, then, convinced
 Of their unfeigning honesty, began

Behold him! I am he myself, arrived
 After long sufferings in the twentieth year:
 I know how welcome to yourselves alone 250
 Of all my train I come, for I have heard
 None others praying for my safe return.
 I therefore tell you truth; should heav'n subdue
 The suitors under me, ye shall receive

Each

Each at my hands a bride, with lands and house 255
Near to my own, and ye shall be thenceforth
Dear friends and brothers of the Prince my son.
Lo! also this indisputable proof
That ye may know and trust me. View it here.
It is the scar which in Parnassus erst 260
(Where with the sons I hunted of renown'd
Autolycus) I from a boar received.

So saying, he stripp'd his tatters, and unveil'd
The whole broad scar; then, soon as they had seen
And surely recognized the mark, each cast 265
His arms around Ulysses, wept, embraced
And press'd him to his bosom, kissing oft
His brows and shoulders, who as oft their hands
And foreheads kiss'd, nor had the setting sun
Beheld them satisfied, but that himself 270
Ulysses thus admonish'd them, and said:

Cease now from tears, lest any, coming forth,
Mark and report them to our foes within.
Now, to the hall again, but one by one,
Not all at once, I foremost, then yourselves, 275
And this shall be the sign. Full well I know
That, all unanimous, they will oppose:
Deliv'ry of the bow and shafts to me;
But thou, (proceeding with it to my seat)
Eumæus, noble friend! shalt give the bow 280
Into my grasp; then bid the women close
The massy doors, and should they hear a groan.

Or other noise made by the Princes shut
 Within the hall, let none set step abroad,
 But all work silent. Be the palace-door
 Thy charge, my good Philœtius! key it fast
 Without a moment's pause, and fix the *brace.

He ended, and, returning to the hall,
 Resumed his seat; nor stay'd his servants long
 Without, but follow'd their illustrious Lord.
 Eurymachus was busily employ'd
 Turning the bow, and chafing it before
 The sprightly blaze, but, after all, could find
 No pow'r to bend it. Disappointment wrung
 A groan from his proud heart, and thus he said.

Alas! not only for myself I grieve,
 But grieve for all. Nor, though I mourn the loss
 Of such a bride, mourn I that loss alone,
 (For lovely Grecians may be found no few
 In Ithaca, and in the neighbour isles)
 But should we so inferior prove at last
 To brave Ulysses, that no force of ours
 Can bend his bow, we are for ever shamed.

To whom Antinous, thus, Eupithes' son.
 Not so; (as even thou art well-assured
 Thyself, Eurymachus!) but Phœbus claims
 This day his own. Who then, on such a day,
 Would strive to bend it? Let it rather rest.

* The *dispus* seems to have been a strap designed to close the only aperture by which the bolt could be displaced, and the door opened.

And

And should we leave the rings where now they stand,
I trust that none entering Ulysses' house 310
Will dare displace them. Cup-bearer, attend!
Serve all with wine, that, first, libation made,
We may religiously lay down the bow.
Command ye too Melanthius, that he drive
Hither the fairest goats of all his flocks 315
At dawn of day, that burning, first, the thighs
To the ethereal archer, we may make
New trial, and decide, at length, the strife.

So spake Antinous, and his counsel pleased.
The heralds, then, pour'd water on their hands, 320
While youths crown'd high the goblets which they bore
From right to left, distributing to all.
When each had made libation, and had drunk
Till well sufficed, then, artful to effect
His shrewd designs, Ulysses thus began. 325

Hear, O ye suitors of th' illustrious Queen,
My bosom's dictates. But I shall entreat
Chiefly Eurymachus and the godlike youth
Antinous, whose advice is wisely giv'n.

Tamper no longer with the bow, but leave 330
The matter with the Gods, who shall decide
The strife to-morrow, fav'ring whom they will.
Meantime, grant *me* the polish'd bow, that I
May trial make among you of my force,
If I retain it still in like degree 335
As erst, or whether wand'ring and defect

Of

Of nourishment have worn it all away.

He said, whom they with indignation heard
Extreme, alarm'd lest he should bend the bow,
And sternly thus Antinoüs replied.

340

Desperate vagabond! ah wretch deprived
Of reason utterly! art not content?

Esteem'st it not distinction proud enough
To feast with us the nobles of the land?

None robs thee of thy share, thou witnest
Our whole discourse, which, save thyself alone,
No needy vagrant is allow'd to hear.

345

Thou art befooled by wine, as many have been,
Wide-throated drinkers, unrestrain'd by rule.

Wine in the mansion of the mighty Chief
Pirithoüs, made the valiant Centaur mad
Eurytion, at the * Lapithæan feast.

350

He drank to drunkenness, and being drunk,
Committed great enormities beneath

Pirithous' roof, and such as fill'd with rage
The Hero-guests, who therefore by his feet
Dragg'd him right through the vestibule, amerced
Of nose and ears, and he departed thence
Provoked to frenzy by that foul disgrace,
Whence war between the human kind arose

355

360

* When Pirithoüs, one of the Lapithæ, married Hippodamia, daughter of Adrastus, he invited the Centaurs to the wedding. The Centaurs, intoxicated with wine, attempted to ravish the wives of the Lapithæ, who, in resentment of that insult, slew them.

And

And the bold Centaurs—but he first incurred
By his ebriety that mulct severe.

Great evil, also, if thou bend the bow,

To thee I prophecy; for thou shalt find

Advocate or protector none in all

365

This people, but we will dispatch thee hence

Incontinent on board a fable bark

To Echetus, the scourge of human kind,

From whom is no escape. Drink then in peace,

And contest shun with younger men than thou.

370

Him answer'd, then, Penelope discrete.

Antinous! neither seemly were the deed.

Nor just, to maim or harm whatever guest

Whom here arrived Telemachus receives.

Canst thou expect, that should he even prove

375

Stronger than ye, and bend the massy bow,

He will conduct me hence to his own home,

And make me his own bride? No such design

His heart conceives, or hope; nor let a dread

So vain the mind of any overcloud

380

Who banquets here, since it dishonours me.

So she; to whom Eurymachus reply'd,

Offspring of Polybus. O matchless Queen!

Icarius' prudent daughter! none suspects

That thou wilt wed with him; a mate so mean

385

Should ill become thee; but we fear the tongues

Of either sex, lest some Achaian say

Hereafter, (one inferior far to us)

3 S

Ah!

Ah ! how unworthy are they to compare
 With him whose wife they seek ! to bend his bow 390
 Pass'd all their pow'r, yet this poor vagabond,
 Arriving from what country none can tell,
 Bent it with ease, and shot through all the rings.
 So will they speak, and so shall we be shamed.

Then answer, thus, Penelope return'd. 395
 No fair report, Eurymachus, attends
 Their names or can, who, riotous as ye,
 The house dishonour, and consume the wealth
 Of such a Chief. Why shame ye thus *yourselves* ?
 The guest is of athletic frame, well form'd, 400
 And large of limb ; he boasts him also sprung
 From noble ancestry. Come then—consent—
 Give him the bow, that we may see the proof ;
 For thus I say, and thus will I perform ;
 Sure as he bends it, and Apollo gives 405
 To him that glory, tunic fair and cloak
 Shall be his meed from me, a javelin keen
 To guard him against men and dogs, a sword
 Of double edge, and sandals for his feet,
 And I will send him whither most he would. 410

Her answer'd then prudent Telemachus.
 Mother—the bow is mine ; and, save myself,
 No Greek hath right to give it, or refuse.
 None who in rock-bound Ithaca possess
 Dominion, none in the steed-pastured isles 415
 Of Elis, if I chose to make the bow

His

His own for ever, should that choice controul.
But thou into the house repairing, ply
Spindle and loom, thy province, and enjoin
Diligence to thy maidens; for the bow
Is man's concern alone, and shall be mine
Especially, since I am master here.

420

She heard astonish'd, and the prudent speech
Reposing of her son deep in her heart,
Withdrew; then mounting with her female train
To her superior chamber, there she wept
Her lost Ulysses, 'till Minerva bathed
With balmy dews of sleep her weary lids.
And now the noble swine-herd bore the bow
Toward Ulysses, but with one voice all
The suitors, clamorous, reproved the deed,
Of whom a youth, thus, insolent exclaim'd.

425

430

Thou clumsy swine-herd, whither bear'st the bow,
Delirious wretch? the hounds that thou hast train'd
Shall eat thee at thy solitary home
Ere long, let but Apollo prove, at last,
Propitious to us, and the Pow'rs of heav'n.

435

So they, whom hearing he replaced the bow
Where erst it stood, terrified at the sound
Of such loud menaces; on the other side
Telemachus as loud affail'd his ear.

440

Friend! forward with the bow; or soon repent
That thou obey'dst the many. I will else
With huge stones drive thee, younger as I am,

Back to the field. My strength surpasses thine. 445

I would to heav'n that I in force excell'd

As far, and prowess, every suitor here!

So would I soon give rude dismissal hence

To some, who live but to imagine harm.

He ceased, whose words the suitors laughing heard,

And, for their sake, in part their wrath resign'd 451

Against Telemachus; then through the hall

Eumæus bore, and to Ulysses' hand

Consign'd the bow; next, summoning abroad

The ancient nurse, he gave her thus in charge. 455

It is the pleasure of Telemachus,

Sage Euryclea! that thou keep secure

The doors; and should ye hear, perchance, a groan

Or other noise made by the Princes shut

Within the hall, let none look, curious, forth, 460

But each in quietness pursue her work.

So he; nor flew his words useless away,

But she, incontinent, shut fast the doors.

Then, noiseless, sprang Philœtius forth, who closed

The portals also of the palace-court. 465

A ship-rope of Ægyptian reed, it chanced,

Lay in the vestibule; with that he braced

The doors securely, and re-entring fill'd

Again his seat, but, watchful, eyed his Lord.

He, now, assaying with his hand the bow, 470

Made curious trial of it ev'ry way,

And turn'd it on all sides, lest haply worms

Had

Had in its master's absence drill'd the horn.

Then thus a suitor to his next remark'd.

He hath an eye, methinks, exactly skill'd

475

In bows, and steals them; or perhaps, at home,

Hath such himself, or feels a strong desire

To make them; so inquisitive the rogue

Adept in mischief, shifts it to and fro!

To whom another, insolent, replied.

480

I wish him like prosperity in all

His efforts, as attends his effort made

On this same bow, which he shall never bend.

So they; but when the wary Hero wife

Had made his hand familiar with the bow

485

Poising it and examining—at once—

As when in harp and song adept, a bard

Unlab'ring strains the chord to a new lyre,

The twisted entrails of a sheep below

With fingers nice inserting, and above,

490

With such facility Ulysses bent

His own huge bow, and with his right hand play'd

The nerve, which in its quick vibration sang

Clear as the swallow's voice. Keen anguish seized

The suitors, wan grew ev'ry cheek, and Jove

495

Gave him his rolling thunder for a sign.

That omen, granted to him by the son

Of wily Saturn, with delight he heard.

He took a shaft that at the table side

Lay ready drawn; but in his quiver's womb

500

The

The rest yet slept, by those Achaians proud
 To be, ere long, experienced. True he lodg'd
 The arrow on the centre of the bow,
 And, occupying still his feat, drew home
 Nerve and notch'd arrow-head; with stedfast fight 505
 He aimed and sent it; right through all the rings
 From first to last the steel-charged weapon flew
 Issuing beyond, and to his son he spake.

Thou need'st not blush, young Prince, to have received
 A guest like me; neither my arrow swerved, 510
 Nor labour'd I long time to draw the bow;
 My strength is unimpair'd, not such as these
 In scorn affirm it. But the waning day
 Calls us to supper, * after which succeeds
 Jocund variety, the song, the harp, 515
 With all that heightens and adorns the feast.

He said, and with his brows gave him the sign.
 At once the son of the illustrious Chief
 Slung his keen faulchion, grasp'd his spear, and stood
 Arm'd bright for battle at his father's side. 520

* This is an instance of the *Σαρδαίων μάλα τοιόν* mentioned in Book XX.; such as, perhaps, could not be easily paralleled. I question if there be a passage, either in ancient or modern tragedy, so truly terrible as this seeming levity of Ulysses, in the moment when he was going to begin the slaughter.

A R G U M E N T
OF THE
T W E N T Y - S E C O N D B O O K.

Ulysses, with some little assistance from Telemachus, Eumæus and Philœtius, slays all the suitors, and twelve of the female servants who had allowed themselves in illicit intercourse with them, are hanged. Melanthius also is punished with miserable mutilation.

B O O K XXII.

THEN, girding up his rags, Ulysses sprang
With bow and full-charged quiver to the door;
Loose on the broad stone at his feet he pour'd
His arrows, and the suitors, thus, bespake.

This prize, though difficult, hath been atchieved. 5
Now for another mark which never man
Struck yet, but I will strike it if I may,
And if Apollo make that glory mine.

He said, and at Antinoüs aimed direct
A bitter shaft; he, purposing to drink, 10
Both hands advanced toward the golden cup
Twin-ear'd, nor aught suspected death so nigh.
For who, at the full banquet, could suspect

That

That any single guest, however brave,
Should plan his death, and execute the blow? 15

Yet him Ulysses with an arrow pierced
Full in the throat, and through his neck behind
Started the glitt'ring point. Aflant he droop'd;
Down fell the goblet, through his nostrils flew
The spouted blood, and spurning with his foot 20
The board, he spread his viands in the dust.

Confusion, when they saw Antinoüs fall'n,
Seized all the suitors; from the thrones they sprang,
Flew ev'ry way, and on all sides explored
The palace-walls, but neither sturdy lance 25
As erst, nor buckler could they there discern.
Then, furious, to Ulysses thus they spake.

Thy arrow, stranger, was ill-aimed; a man
Is no just mark. Thou never shalt dispute
Prize more. Inevitable death is thine. 30
For thou hast slain a Prince noblest of all
In Ithaca, and shalt be vultures' food.

Various their judgments were, but none believed
That he had slain him wittingly, nor saw
Th' infatuate men fate hov'ring o'er them all. 35
Then thus Ulysses, louting dark, replied.

O dogs! not fearing aught my safe return
From Ilium, ye have shorn my substance close,
Lain with my women forcibly, and fought,
While yet I lived, to make my comfort yours, 40
Heedless of the inhabitants of heav'n

Alike,

Alike, and of the just revenge of man.
But death is on the wing; death for you all.

He said; their cheeks all faded at the sound,
And each with sharpen'd eyes search'd ev'ry nook 45
For an escape from his impending doom,
'Till thus, alone, Eurymachus replied.

If thou indeed art he, the mighty Chief
Of Ithaca return'd, thou hast rehears'd
With truth the crimes committed by the Greeks 50
Frequent; both in thy house and in thy field.
But he, already, who was cause of all,
Lies slain, Antinoüs; he thy palace fill'd
With outrage, not solicitous so much
To win the fair Penelope, but thoughts 55
Far different framing, which Saturnian Jove
Hath baffled all; to rule, himself, supreme
In noble Ithaca, when he had kill'd
By an insidious stratagem thy son.
But he is slain. Now therefore, spare thy own, 60
Thy people; public reparation due
Shall sure be thine, and to appease thy wrath
For all the waste that, eating, drinking here
We have committed, we will yield thee, each,
Full twenty beeves, gold paying thee beside 65
And brass, 'till joy shall fill thee at the fight,
However just thine anger was before.

To whom Ulysses, frowning stern, replied.
Eurymachus, would ye contribute each

His whole inheritance, and other fums 70
 Still add beside, ye should not, even so,
 These hands of mine bribe to abstain from blood,
 Till ev'ry suitor suffer for his wrong.

Ye have your choice. Fight with me, or escape
 (Whoever may) the terrours of his fate, 75
 But ye all perish, if my thought be true.

He ended, they with trembling knees and hearts
 All heard, whom thus Eurymachus address'd.

To your defence, my friends! for respite none
 Will he to his victorious hands afford, 80
 But, arm'd with bow and quiver, will dispatch
 Shafts from the door 'till he have slain us all.
 Therefore to arms—draw each his sword—oppose
 The tables to his shafts, and all at once
 Rush on him; that, dislodging him at least 85
 From portal and from threshold, we may give
 The city on all sides a loud alarm,
 So shall this archer soon have shot his last.

Thus saying, he drew his brazen faulchion keen
 Of double edge, and with a dreadful cry 90
 Sprang on him; but Ulysses with a shaft
 In that same moment through his bosom driv'n
 Transfix'd his liver, and down dropp'd his sword.
 He, staggering around his table, fell
 Convolv'd in agonies, and overturn'd 95
 Both food and wine; his forehead smote the floor;
 Woe fill'd his heart, and spurning with his heels

His

His vacant seat, he shook it 'till he died.
 Then, with his faulchion drawn, Amphinomus
 Advanced to drive Ulysses from the door, 100
 And fierce was his assault; but, from behind,
 Telemachus between his shoulders fix'd
 A brazen lance, and urged it through his breast.
 Full on his front, with hideous sound, he fell.
 Leaving the weapon planted in his spine 105
 Back flew Telemachus, lest, had he stood
 Drawing it forth, some enemy, perchance,
 Should either pierce him with a sudden thrust
 Oblique, or hew him with a downright edge.
 Swift, therefore, to his father's side he ran, 110
 Whom reaching, in wing'd accents thus he said.

My father! I will now bring thee a shield,
 An helmet, and two spears; I will enclose
 Myself in armour also, and will give
 Both to the herdsmen and Eumæus arms 115
 Expedient now, and needful for us all.

To whom Ulysses, ever wise, replied.
 Run; fetch them, while I yet have arrows left,
 Lest, single, I be jostled from the door.

He said, and, at his word, forth went the Prince, 120
 Seeking the chamber where he had secured
 The armour. Thence he took four shields, eight spears,
 With four hair-crested helmets, charged with which
 He hasted to his father's side again,
 And, arming first himself, furnish'd with arms 125

His two attendants. Then, all clad alike
 In splendid brags, beside the dauntless Chief.
 Ulysses, his auxiliars firm they stood.
 He, while a single arrow unemploy'd
 Lay at his foot, right-aiming, ever pierced
 Some suitor through, and heaps on heaps they fell.
 But when his arrows fail'd the royal Chief,
 His bow reclining at the portal's side.
 Against the palace-wall, he slung, himself,
 A four-fold buckler on his arm, he fix'd.
 A casque whose crest waved awful o'er his brows
 On his illustrious head, and fill'd his gripe
 With two stout spears, well-headed, both, with brags.

There was a certain postern* in the wall
 At the gate-side, the customary pass
 Into a narrow street, but barr'd secure.
 Ulysses bade his faithful swine-herd watch
 That egress, station'd near it, for it own'd
 One sole approach; then Agelaüs loud
 Exhorting all the suitors, thus exclaim'd.

Oh friends! will none, ascending to the door
 Of yonder postern, summon to our aid
 The populace, and spread a wide alarm?

* If the ancients found it difficult to ascertain clearly the situation of this *opœdypn*, wall may we. The Translator has given it the position which to him appeared most probable.—There seem to have been two of these posterns, one leading to a part from which the town might be alarmed, the other to the chamber to which Telemachus went for armour. There was one, perhaps, on each side of the portal, and they appear to have been at some height above the floor.

So shall this archer soon have shot his last.

To whom the keeper of the goats replied 150

Melanthius. Agelaüs! Prince renown'd!

That may not be. The postern and the gate*

Neighbour too near each other, and to force

The narrow egress were a vain attempt;

One valiant man might thence repulse us all. 155

But come—myself will furnish you with arms

Fetch'd from above; for there, as I suppose,

(And not elsewhere) Ulysses and his son

Have hidden them; and there they shall be found.

So spake Melanthius, and, ascending, fought 160

Ulysses' chambers through the winding stairs

And gall'ries of the house. Twelve bucklers thence

He took, as many spears, and helmets bright

As many, shagg'd with hair, then swift return'd.

And gave them to his friends. Trembled the heart 165

Of brave Ulysses, and his knees, at sight

Of his opposers putting armour on,

And shaking each his spear; arduous indeed

Now seem'd his task, and in wing'd accents brief

Thus to his son Telemachus he spake. 170

Either some woman of our train contrives

Hard battle for us, furnishing with arms

The suitors, or Melanthius arms them all.

Him answer'd then Telemachus discrete.

Father, this fault was mine, and be it charged. 175

* At which Ulysses stood.

On none beside; I left the chamber-door
Unbarr'd, which, more attentive than myself,
Their spy perceived. But haste, Eumæus, shut
The chamber-door, observing well, the while,
If any women of our train have done 180
This deed, or whether, as I more suspect,
Melanthius, Dolius' son, have giv'n them arms.

Thus mutual they conferr'd; meantime, again
Melanthius to the chamber flew in quest
Of other arms. Eumæus, as he went, 185
Mark'd him, and to Ulysses thus he spake.

Laertes' noble son, for wiles renown'd!
Behold, the traytor, whom ourselves supposed,
Seeks yet again the chamber! Tell me plain,
Shall I, should I superior prove in force, 190
Slay him, or shall I drag him thence to thee,
That he may suffer at thy hands the doom
Due to his treasons perpetrated oft
Against thee, here, even in thy own house?

Then answer thus Ulysses shrewd return'd. 195
I, with Telemachus, will here immew
The lordly suitors close, rage as they may.
Ye two, the while, bind fast Melanthius' hands
And feet behind his back, then cast him bound
Into the chamber, and (the door secured) 200
Pass underneath his arms a double chain,
And by a pillar's top weigh him aloft
'Till he approach the rafters, there to endure,

Living long time, the mis'ries he hath earned.

He spake; they prompt obey'd; together both 205

They fought the chamber, whom the wretch within

Heard not, exploring ev'ry nook for arms.

They watching stood the door, from which, at length,

Forth came Melanthius, bearing in one hand...

A casque, and in the other a broad shield. 210

Time-worn and chapp'd with drought, which in his youth

Warlike Laertes had been wont to bear.

Long time neglected it had lain, 'till age

Had loos'd the futures of its bands. At once

Both, springing on him, seized and drew him in 215

Forcibly by his locks, then cast him down

Prone on the pavement, trembling at his fate.

With painful stricture of the cord his hands

They bound and feet together at his back,

As their illustrious master had enjoined, 220

Then weigh'd him with a double chain aloft

By a tall pillar to the palace-roof,

And thus, deriding him, Euræus spake.

Now, good Melanthius, on that fleecy bed

Reclined, as well befits thee, thou wilt watch 225

All night, nor when the golden dawn forsakes

The ocean stream, will she escape thine eye,

But thou wilt duly to the palace drive

The fattest goats, a banquet for thy friends.

So saying, he left him in his dreadful fling. 230

Then, arming both, and barring fast the door,

They

They fought brave Laertiades again.
 And now, 'courageous at the portal stood
 Those four, by numbers in the interior house
 Opposed of adversaries fierce in arms,
 When Pallas, in the form and with the voice
 Approach'd of Mentor, whom Laertes son
 Beheld, and joyful at the sight, exclaim'd.

Help, Mentor! help—now recollect a friend
 And benefactor, born when thou wast born.

So he, not unsuspicious that he saw
 Pallas, the heroine of heav'n. Meantime
 The suitors fill'd with menaces the dome,
 And Agelaüs, first, Damastor's son;
 In accents harsh rebuked the Goddess thus.

Beware, oh Mentor! that he lure thee not
 To oppose the suitors and to aid himself,
 For thus will we. Ulysses and his son
 Both slain, in vengeance of thy purpos'd deeds
 Against us, we will slay *thee* next, and thou
 With thy own head shalt satisfy the wrong.
 Your force thus quell'd in battle, all thy wealth
 Whether in house or field, mingled with his,
 We will confiscate, neither will we leave
 Or son of thine, or daughter in thy house
 Alive, nor shall thy virtuous consort more
 Within the walls of Ithaca be seen.

He ended, and his words with wrath inflamed
 Minerva's heart the more; incens'd, she turn'd

Toward

Toward Ulysses, whom she thus reproved. 260

Thou neither own'st the courage nor the force,
 Ulysses, now, which nine whole years thou showd'st
 At Ilium, waging battle obstinate
 For high-born Helen, and in horrid fight
 Destroying multitudes, 'till thy advice 265
 At last lay'd Priam's bulwark'd city low.
 Why, in possession of thy proper home
 And substance, mourn'st thou want of pow'r t' oppose
 The suitors? Stand beside me, mark my deeds,
 And thou shalt own Mentor Alcimides 270
 A valiant friend, and mindful of thy love.

She spake; nor made she victory as yet
 Entire his own, proving the valour, first,
 Both of the sire and of his glorious son,
 But, springing in a swallow's form aloft, 275
 Perch'd on a rafter of the splendid roof.

Then, Agelaüs animated loud
 The suitors, whom Eurynomus also roused,
 Amphimedon, and Demoptolemus,
 And Polyctorides, Pisander named, 280
 And Polybus the brave; for noblest far
 Of all the suitor-chiefs who now survived
 And fought for life were these. The bow had quell'd
 And shafts, in quick succession sent, the rest.

Then Agelaüs, thus, harangued them all. 285

We soon shall tame, O friends, this warrior's might,
 Whom Mentor, after all his airy vaunts

Hath left, and at the portal now remain
 Themselves alone. Dismiss not therefore, all,
 Your spears together, but with six alone 290
 Affail them first; Jove willing, we shall pierce
 Ulysses, and subduing him, shall slay
 With ease the rest; their force is safely scorn'd.

He ceas'd; and, as he bade, six hurl'd the spear
 Together; but Minerva gave them all 295
 A devious flight; * one struck a column, one
 The planks of the broad portal, and a third
 Flung right his ashen beam pondrous with brass
 Against the wall. Then (ev'ry suitor's spear
 Eluded) thus Ulysses gave the word— 300

Now friends! I counsel you that ye dismiss
 Your spears at *them*, who, not content with past
 Enormities, thirst also for our blood.

He said, and with unerring aim all threw
 Their glittering spears. Ulysses on the ground 305
 Stretch'd Demoptolemus; Euryades
 Fell by Telemachus; the swine-herd flew
 Elatus, and the keeper of the bees
 Pisander; in one moment all alike
 Lay grinding with their teeth the dusty floor. 310
 Back flew the suitors to the farthest wall,
 On whom those valiant four advancing, each
 Recover'd, quick, his weapon from the dead.

* The deviation of three only is described, which must be understood, therefore, as instances of the ill success of all.

Then

Then hurl'd the desp'rate suitors yet again
Their glitt'ring spears, but Pallas gave to each 315
A frustrate course; one struck a column, one
The planks of the broad portal, and a third
Flung full his athen beam against the wall.
Yet pierced Amphimedon the Prince's wrist,
But slightly, a skin-wound, and o'er his shield 320
Ctesippus reach'd the shoulder of the good
Eumæus, but his glancing weapon swift
O'erslew the mark, and fell. And now the four,
Ulysses, dauntless Hero, and his friends
All hurl'd their spears together in return. 325
Himself Ulysses, city-waster Chief,
Wounded Eurydamas; Ulysses' son
Amphimedon; the swine-herd Polybus;
And in his breast the keeper of the beeves
Ctesippus, glorying over whom, he cried. 330
Oh son of Polytherfes! whose delight
Hath been to taunt and jeer, never again
Boast foolishly, but to the Gods commit
Thy tongue, since they are mightier far than thou.
Take this—a compensation for thy pledge 335
Of hospitality, the huge ox-hoof,
Which while he roam'd the palace, begging alms,
Ulysses at thy bounteous hand received.
So gloried he; then, grasping still his spear,
Ulysses pierced Damastor's son, and, next, 340
Telemachus, enforcing his long beam

Sheer through his bowels and his back, transpierced
 Leiocritus; he prostrate smote the floor.
 Then, Pallas from the lofty roof held forth
 Her hoft-confounding Ægis o'er their heads, 345
 With'ring their souls with fear. They through the hall
 Fled, scatter'd as an herd, which rapid-wing'd
 The gad-fly dissipates, infester fell
 Of bees, when vernal suns shine hot and long.
 * But, as when bow-beak'd vultures crooked-claw'd 350
 Stoop from the mountains on the smaller fowl;
 Terrified at the toils that spread the plain
 The flock takes wing, they, darting from above,
 Strike, seize, and slay, resistance or escape
 Is none, the fowler's heart leaps with delight, 355
 So they, pursuing through the spacious hall
 The suitors, smote them on all sides, their heads
 Sounded beneath the sword, with hideous groans
 The palace rang, and the floor foam'd with blood.
 Then flew Leiodes to Ulysses' knees, 360
 Which clasping, in wing'd accents thus he cried.
 I clasp thy knees, Ulysses! oh respect
 My suit, and spare me! Never have I word
 Injurious spoken, or injurious deed

* In this simile we seem to have a curious account of the antient manner of fowling.
 The nets (for *πίπτα* is used in that sense by Aristophanes) were spread on a plain; on
 an adjoining rising ground were stationed they who had charge of the vultures, (such
 Homer calls them) which were trained to the sport. The alarm being given to the
 birds below, the vultures were loosed, when if any of them escaped their talons, the
 nets were ready to enclose them. See Eustathius. Dacier. Clarke.

Attempted

Attempted 'gainst the women of thy house, 365
But others, so transgressing, oft forbad.

Yet they abstain'd not, and a dreadful fate
Due to their wickedness have, therefore, found.
But I, their soothsayer alone, must fall,
Though unoffending; such is the return 370
By mortals made for benefits received!

To whom Ulysses, louting-dark, replied.
Is that thy boast? Hast thou indeed for these
The seer's high office fill'd? Then, doubtless, oft
Thy pray'r hath been that distant far might prove 375
The day delectable of my return,
And that my comfort might thy own become
To bear thee children; wherefore thee I doom
To a dire death which thou shalt not avoid.

So saying, he caught the faulchion from the floor 380
Which Agelaüs had let fall, and smote
Leiodes, while he kneel'd, athwart his neck
So suddenly, that ere his tongue had ceased
To plead for life, his head was in the dust.
But Phemius, son of Terpius, bard divine, 385
Who, through compulsion, with his song regaled
The suitors, a like dreadful death escaped.
Fast by the postern, harp in hand, he stood,
Doubtful if, issuing, he should take his seat
Beside the altar of Hercæan * Jove, 390

* So called because he was worshipped within the *ἔπος* or wall that surrounded the court.

Where.

Where oft Ulysses offer'd, and his fire,
Fat thighs of beeves, or whether he should haste,
An earnest suppliant, to embrace his knees.
That course, at length, most pleas'd him; then, between
The beaker and an argent-studded throne 395
He grounded his sweet lyre, and seizing fast
The Hero's knees, him, suppliant, thus address'd.

I clasp thy knees, Ulysses! oh respect
My suit, and spare me. Thou shalt not escape
Regret thyself hereafter, if thou slay 400
Me, charmer of the woes of Gods and men.
Self-taught am I, and treasure in my mind
Themes of all argument from heav'n inspired,
And I can sing to thee as to a God.
Ah, then, behead me not. Put ev'n the wish 405
Far from thee! for thy own beloved son
Can witness, that not drawn by choice, or driv'n
By stress of want, resorting to thine house
I have regaled these revellers so oft,
But under force of mightier far than I. 410

So he; whose words soon as the sacred might
Heard of Telemachus, approaching quick
His father, thus, humane, he interposed.

Hold—Harm not with the vengeful faulchion's edge
This blameless man; and we will also spare 415
Medon the herald, who hath ever been
A watchful guardian of my boyish years,
Unless Philoctetus have already slain him,

Or

Or else Eumæus, or thyself, perchance,
Unconscious, in the tumult of our foes. 420

He spake, whom Medon hearing (for he lay
Beneath a throne, and in a new-stript hide
Enfolded, trembling with the dread of death)
Sprang from his hiding-place, and casting off
The skin, flew to Telemachus, embraced 425
His knees, and in wing'd accents thus exclaim'd.

Prince! I am here—oh, pity me! repress
Thine own, and pacify thy father's wrath,
That he destroy not me, through fierce revenge
Of their iniquities who have consumed 430
His wealth, and, in their folly, scorn'd his son.

To whom Ulysses, ever-wise, replied,
Smiling complacent. Fear not; my own son
Hath pleaded for thee. Therefore (taught thyself
That truth) teach others the superior worth 435
Of benefits with injuries compared.
But go ye forth, thou and the sacred bard,
That ye may sit distant in yonder court
From all this carnage, while I give command,
Myself, concerning it, to those within. 440

He ceas'd; they going forth, took each his seat
Beside Jove's altar, but with careful looks
Suspicious, dreading without cease the sword.
Meantime Ulysses search'd his hall, in quest
Of living foes, if any still survived 445
Unpunish'd; but he found them all alike

Weltring

Wet'ring in dust and blood; num'rous they lay
Like fishes when they strew the sinuous shore
Of Ocean, from the grey gulph drawn aground
In nets of many a mesh; they on the sands 450
Lie spread, athirst for the salt wave, 'till hot
The gazing sun dries all their life away;
So lay the suitors heap'd, and thus at length
The prudent Chief gave order to his son.

Telemachus! bid Euryclea come 455
Quickly, the nurse, to whom I would impart
The purpose which now occupies me most.

He said; obedient to his fire, the Prince
Smote on the door, and summon'd loud the nurse.

Arise, thou ancient governess of all 460
Our female menials, and come forth; attend
My father; he hath somewhat for thine ear.

So he; nor flew his words uselefs away,
For, throwing wide the portal, forth she came,
And, by Telemachus conducted, found 465
Ere long Ulyffes amid all the slain,
With blood defiled and dust; dread he appear'd
As from the pastur'd ox newly-devoured
The lion stalking back; his ample chest
With gory drops and his broad cheeks are hung, 470
Tremendous spectacle! such seem'd the Chief,
Blood-stain'd all over. She, the carnage spread
On all sides seeing, and the pools of blood,
Felt impulse forcible to publish loud

That

That wond'rous triumph ; but her Lord repress'd 475
The shout of rapture ere it burst abroad,
And in wing'd accents thus his will enforced.

Silent exult, O antient matron dear !
Shout not, be still. Unholy is the voice
Of loud thanksgiving over slaughter'd men. 480
Their own atrocious deeds and the Gods' will
Have slain all these ; for whether noble guest
Arrived or base, they scoff'd at all alike,
And for their wickedness have, therefore, died.
But say ; of my domestic women, who 485
Have scorn'd me, and whom find'st thou innocent ?

To whom good Eurycea thus replied.
My son ! I will declare the truth ; thou keep'st
Female domestics fifty in thy house,
Whom we have made intelligent to comb 490
The fleece, and to perform whatever task.
Of these, twice six have overpass'd the bounds
Of modesty, respecting neither me,
Nor yet the Queen ; and thy own son, adult
So lately, no permission had from her 495
To regulate the women of her train.
But I am gone, I fly with what hath pass'd
To the Queen's ear, who nought suspects, so sound
She sleeps, by some divinity composed.

Then answer, thus, Ulysses wife returned. 500
Hush, and disturb her not. Go. Summon first
Those wantons, who have long deserved to die.

He ceas'd; then issued forth the antient dame
 To summon those bad women, and, meantime,
 Calling his son, Philoetius, and Eumæus, 505
 Ulysses in wing'd accents thus began.

Bestir ye, and remove the dead; command
 Those women also to your help; then cleanse
 With bibulous sponges and with water all
 The seats and tables; when ye shall have thus 510
 Set all in order, lead those women forth,
 And in the centre of the spacious court,
 Between the scull'ry and the outer-wall
 Smite them with your broad faulchions 'till they lose
 In death the mem'ry of their secret loves 515
 Indulged with wretches lawless as themselves.

He ended, and the damsels came at once
 All forth, lamenting, and with tepid tears
 Show'ring the ground; with mutual labour, first,
 Bearing the bodies forth into the court, 520
 They lodged them in the portico; meantime
 Ulysses, stern, enjoin'd them haste, and, urged
 By sad necessity, they bore all out.

With sponges and with water, next, they cleansed
 The thrones and tables, while Telemachus 525
 Beesom'd the floor, Eumæus in that work
 Aiding him and the keeper of the beeves,
 And those twelve damsels bearing forth the soil.
 Thus, order giv'n to all within, they, next,
 Led forth the women, whom they shut between 530

The

The scull'ry and the outer-wall in close
Durance, from which no pris'ner could escape,
And thus Telemachus discrete began.

An honourable death is not for these
By my advice, who have so often heap'd 535
Reproach on mine and on my mother's head,
And held lewd commerce with the fuitor-train

He said, and noosing a strong galley-rope
To an huge column, led the cord around
The spacious dome, suspended so aloft 540
That none with quiv'ring feet might reach the floor.

As when a flight of doves ent'ring the copse,
Or broad-wing'd thrushes, strike against the net
Within, ill rest, entangled, there they find,
So they, suspended by the neck, expired 545
All in one line together. Death abhorr'd!

With restless feet awhile they beat the air,
Then ceas'd. And now through vestibule and hall
They led Melanthius forth. With ruthless steel
They pared away his ears and nose, pluck'd forth 550
His parts of shame, destin'd to feed the dogs,
And, still indignant, lopp'd his hands and feet.

Then, laving each his feet and hands, they fought
Again Ulysses; all their work was done,
And thus the Chief to Euryclea spake. 555

Bring blast-averting sulphur, nurse, bring fire!
That I may fumigate my walls; then bid
Penelope with her attendants down,

And summon all the women of her train.

But Euryclea, thus, his nurse replied. 560

My son! thou hast well said; yet will I first
Serve thee with vest and mantle. Stand not here
In thy own palace cloath'd with tatters foul,
And beggarly—she will abhor the sight.

Then answer thus Ulysses wife return'd. 565
Not so. Bring fire for fumigation first.

He said; nor Euryclea his lov'd nurse
Longer delay'd, but sulphur brought and fire,
When he with purifying steams, himself,
Visited ev'ry part, the banquet-room, 570

The vestibule, the court. Ranging meantime
His house magnificent, the matron call'd
The women to attend their Lord in haste,
And they attended, bearing each a torch.
Then gather'd they around him all, sincere 575

Welcoming his return; with close embrace
Enfolding him, each kiss'd his brows, and each
His shoulders, and his hands lock'd fast in hers.
He, irresistible the impulse felt
To sigh and weep, well recognizing all. 580

A R G U-

A R G U M E N T
OF THE
T W E N T Y - T H I R D B O O K.

Ulysses, with some difficulty, convinces Penelope of his identity, who, at length, overcome by force of evidence, receives him to her arms with transport. He entertains her with a recital of his adventures, and in his narration the principal events of the poem are recapitulated. In the morning, Ulysses, Telemachus, the herdsman and the swine-herd, depart into the country.

B O O K XXIII.

AND now, with exultation loud the nurse
Again ascended, eager to apprise
The Queen of her Ulysses' safe return;
Joy braced her knees, with nimbleness of youth
She stepp'd, and at her ear, her thus bespake. 5
Arise, Penelope! dear daughter, see
With thy own eyes thy daily wish fulfill'd.
Ulysses is arrived; hath reach'd at last
His native home, and all those suitors proud
Hath slaughter'd, who his family distress'd, 10
His substance wasted, and controul'd his son.
To

To whom Penelope discrete replied.

Dear nurse ! the Gods have surely ta'en away
Thy judgment ; they transform the wise to fools,
And fools conduct to wisdom, and have marr'd 15
Thy intellect, who wast discrete before.
Why wilt thou mock me, wretched as I am,
With tales extravagant ? and why disturb
Those slumbers sweet that seal'd so fast mine eyes ?
For such sweet slumbers have I never known 20
Since my Ulysses on his voyage fail'd
To that bad city never to be named.

Down instant to thy place again—begone—
For had another of my maidens dared
Disturb my sleep with tidings wild as these, 25
I had dismiss'd her down into the house
More roughly ; but thine age excuses *thee*.

To whom the venerable matron thus,
I mock thee not, my child ; no—he is come—
Himself, Ulysses, even as I say, 30
That stranger, object of the scorn of all.
Telemachus well knew his sire arrived,
But prudently conceal'd the tidings, so
To insure the more the suitor's punishment.

So Euryclea ; she transported heard, 35
And springing from the bed, wrapp'd in her arms
The antient woman, shedding tears of joy,
And in wing'd accents ardent thus replied.

Ah

Ah then, dear nurse inform me ! tell me true !
Hath he indeed arriv'd as thou declar'ft ?
How dared he to affail alone that band
Of shameless ones, for ever swarming here ?

40

Then Euryclea, thus, matron belov'd.
I nothing saw or knew ; but only heard
Groans of the wounded ; in th' interior house
We trembling sat, and ev'ry door was fast.
Thus all remain'd, 'till by his father sent,
Thy own son call'd me forth. Going, I found
Ulysses compass'd by the slaughter'd dead.
They cover'd wide the pavement, heaps on heaps.
It would have cheer'd thy heart to have beheld
Thy husband, lion-like with crimson stains
Of slaughter and of dust all dappled o'er.
Heap'd in the portal, at this moment, lie
Their bodies, and he fumigates, meantime,
The house with sulphur and with flames of fire,
And hath, himself, sent me to bid thee down.
Follow me, then, that ye may give your hearts
To gladness, both, for ye have much endured ;
But the event, so long your soul's desire,
Is come ; himself hath to his household Gods
Alive return'd, thee and his son he finds
Unharm'd and at your home, nor hath he left
Unpunish'd one of all his enemies.

45

50

55

60

65

Her answer'd, then, Penelope discrete.
Ah dearest nurse ! indulge not to excess.

This

This dang'rous triumph. Thou art well apprized
How welcome his appearance here would prove.
To all, but chief, to me, and to his son,
Fruit of our love. But these things are not so; 70
Some God, resentful of their evil deeds,
And of their biting contumely severe,
Hath slain those proud; for whether noble guest
Arrived or base, alike they scoff'd at all,
And for their wickedness have therefore died. 75
But my Ulysses distant far, I know,
From Greece hath perish'd, and returns no more.

To whom thus Euryclea, nurse belov'd.
What word, my daughter, hath escaped thy lips,
Who thus affirm'st thy husband, now within 80
And at his own hearth-side, for ever lost?
Canst thou be thus incredulous? Hear again—
I give thee yet proof past dispute, his scar
Imprinted by a wild-boar's iv'ry tusk.
Laving him I remark'd it, and desired, 85
Myself, to tell thee, but he, ever wise,
Compressing with both hands my lips, forbade.
Come, follow me. My life shall be the pledge.
If I deceive thee, kill me as thou wilt.

To whom Penelope, discrete, replied. 90
Ah, dearest nurse, sagacious as thou art,
Thou little know'st to scan the counsels wise
Of the eternal Gods. But let us seek
My son, however, that I may behold

The

The suitors dead, and him by whom they died. 95

So saying, she left her chamber, musing much
In her descent, whether to interrogate
Her Lord apart, or whether to imprint,
At once, his hands with kisses and his brows.
O'erpassing light the portal-step of stone 100

She enter'd. He sat opposite, illumed
By the hearth's sprightly blaze, and close before
A pillar of the dome, waiting with eyes
Downcast, 'till viewing him, his noble spouse
Should speak to him; but she sat silent long, 105
Her faculties in mute amazement held.

By turns she rivetted her eyes on his,
And, seeing him so foul attired, by turns
She recognized him not; then spake her son
Telemachus, and her silence thus reprov'd. 110

My mother! ah my hapless and my most
Obdurate mother! wherefore thus aloof
Shunn'st thou my father, neither at his side
Sitting affectionate, nor utt'ring word?
Another wife lives not who could endure 115
Such distance from her husband new-return'd
To his own country in the twentieth year,
After much hardship; but thy heart is still
As ever, less impregnable than stone.

To whom Penelope, discrete, replied. 120
I am all wonder, O my son; my soul
Is stunn'd within me; pow'r to speak to him

Or to interrogate him have I none,
Or ev'n to look on him; but if indeed
He be Ulysses, and have reach'd his home, 125
I shall believe it soon, by proof convinced
Of signs, known only to himself and me.

She said; then smiled the Hero toil-inured,
And in wing'd accents thus spake to his son.

Leave thou, Telemachus, thy mother here 130
To sift and prove me; she will know me soon
More certainly; she sees me ill-attired
And squalid now; therefore she shews me scorn,
And no belief hath yet that I am he.

But we have need, thou and myself, of deep 135
Deliberation. If a man have slain
One only citizen, who leaves behind
Few interested to avenge his death,
Yet, flying, he forsakes both friends and home;
But we have slain the noblest Princes far 140
Of Ithaca, on whom our city most
Depended; therefore, I advise thee, think!

Him, prudent, then answer'd Telemachus.

Be that thy care, my father! for report
Proclaims *thee* shrewdest of mankind, with whom 145
In ingenuity may none compare.

Lead thou; to follow thee shall be our part
With prompt alacrity; nor shall, I judge,
Courage be wanting to our utmost force.

Thus

Thus then replied Ulysses, ever-wise. 150
 To me the safest counsel and the best
 Seems this. First wash yourselves, and put ye on
 Your tunics; bid ye, next, the maidens take
 Their best attire, and let the bard divine
 Harping melodious play a sportive dance, 155
 That, whether passenger or neighbour hear,
 All may imagine nuptials held within.
 So shall not loud report that we have slain
 All those, alarm the city, 'till we gain
 Our woods and fields, where, once arriv'd, such plans
 We will devise, as Jove shall deign to inspire. 161

He spake, and all, obedient, in the bath
 First laved themselves, then put their tunics on;
 The damsels also dress'd, and the sweet bard,
 Harping melodious, kindled strong desire 165
 In all, of jocund song and graceful dance.
 The palace under all its vaulted roof
 Remurmur'd to the feet of sportive youths
 And cinctured maidens, while no few abroad,
 Hearing such revelry within, remark'd.— 170

The Queen with many wooers, weds at last.
 Ah fickle and unworthy fair! too frail
 Always to keep inviolate the house
 Of her first Lord, and wait for his return.

So spake the people; but they little knew 175
 What had befall'n. Eurynome, meantime,
 With bath and unction serv'd th' illustrious Chief

Ulysses, and he saw himself attired
 Royally once again in his own house.
 Then, Pallas over all his features shed 180
 Superior beauty, dignified his form
 With added amplitude, and pour'd his curls
 Like hyacinthine flow'rs down from his brows.
 As when some artist by Minerva made.
 And Vulcan, wife to execute all tasks 185
 Ingenious, borders silver with a wreath
 Of gold, accomplishing a graceful work,
 Such grace the Goddess o'er his ample chest
 Copious diffused, and o'er his manly brows.
 He, godlike, stepping from the bath, resumed 190
 His former feat magnificent, and sat
 Opposite to the Queen, to whom he said.
 Penelope ! the Gods to thee have giv'n
 Of all thy sex, the most obdurate heart.
 Another wife lives not who could endure 195
 Such distance from her husband new-return'd
 To his own country in the twentieth year,
 After such hardship. But prepare me, nurse,
 A bed, for solitary I must sleep,
 Since she is iron, and feels not for me. 200
 Him, answer'd then prudent Penelope.
 I neither magnify thee, sir ! nor yet
 Depreciate thee, nor is my wonder such
 As hurries me at once into thy arms,
 Though my remembrance perfectly retains, 205
 Such

Such as he was, Ulysses, when he fail'd
 On board his bark from Ithaca—Go, nurse,
 Prepare his bed, but not within the walls
 Of his own chamber built with his own hands.
 Spread it without, and spread it well with warm
 Mantles, with fleeces, and with richest rugs.

So spake she, * proving him, and, not untouch'd
 With anger at that word, thus he replied.

Penelope, that order grates my ear.
 Who hath displaced my bed? The task were hard
 E'en to an artist; other than a God
 None might with ease remove it; as for man,
 It might defy the stoutest in his prime
 Of youth, to heave it to a different spot.
 For in that bed elaborate, a sign,
 A special sign consists; 'I was myself
 The artificer; I fashion'd it alone.
 Within the court a leafy olive grew
 Lofty, luxuriant, pillar-like in girth.
 Around this tree I built, with massy stones
 Cemented close, my chamber, roof'd it o'er,
 And hung the glutinated portals on.
 I lopp'd the ample foliage and the boughs,

* The proof consisted in this—that the bed being attached to the stump of an olive tree still rooted, was immovable, and Ulysses having made it himself, no person present, he must needs be apprized of the impossibility of her orders, if he were indeed Ulysses; accordingly, this demonstration of his identity satisfies all her scruples.

And.

And sev'ring near the root its solid bole,
 Smooth'd all the rugged stump with skilful hand, 230
 And wrought it to a pedestal well squared
 And modell'd by the line. I wimble, next,
 The frame throughout, and from the olive-stump
 Beginning, fashion'd the whole bed above
 Till all was finish'd, plated o'er with gold, 235
 With silver, and with ivory, and beneath
 Close interlaced with purple cordage strong.
 Such sign I give thee. But if still it stand
 Unmoved, or if some other, sev'ring sheer
 The olive from its bottom, have displaced 240
 My bed—that matter is best known to thee.

He ceas'd; she, conscious of the sign so plain,
 Giv'n by Ulysses, heard with flutt'ring heart
 And fault'ring knees that proof. Weeping she ran
 Direct toward him, threw her arms around 245
 The Hero, kiss'd his forehead, and replied.

Ah my Ulysses! pardon me—frown not—
 Thou, who at other times hast ever shown
 Superior wisdom! all our griefs have flow'd
 From the Gods will; they envied us the bliss 250
 Of undivided union sweet enjoy'd
 Through life, from early youth to latest age.
 No. Be not angry now; pardon the fault
 That I embraced thee not as soon as seen,
 For horror hath not ceased to overwhelm 255
 My soul, lest some false alien should, perchance,

Beguile

Beguile me, for our house draws num'rous such.
 Jove's daughter, Argive Helen, ne'er had given
 Free entertainment to a stranger's love,
 Had she foreknown that the heroic sons . . . 260
 Of Greece would bring her to her home again.
 But heav'n incited her to that offence,
 Who never, else, had even in her thought
 Harbour'd the foul enormity, from which
 Originated even our distress. . . . 265
 But now, since evident thou hast described
 Our bed, which never mortal yet beheld,
 Ourselves except and Actoris my own
 Attendant, giv'n me when I left my home
 By good Icarius, and who kept the door, . . . 270
 Though hard to be convinced, at last I yield.

So saying, she awaken'd in his soul
 Pity and grief; and folding in his arms
 His blameless consort beautiful, he wept.
 Welcome as land appears to those who swim, . . . 275
 Whose gallant bark Neptune with rolling waves
 And stormy winds hath sunk in the wide sea,
 A mariner or two, perchance, escape
 The foamy flood, and, swimming, reach the land,
 Weary indeed, and with incrusted brine . . . 280
 All rough, but oh, how glad to climb the coast!
 So welcome in her eyes Ulysses seem'd,
 Around whose neck winding her snowy arms,
 She clung as she would loose him never more.

Thus.

Thus had they wept 'till rosy-finger'd morn 285
 Had found them weeping, but Minerva check'd
 Night's almost finish'd course, and held, meantime,
 The golden dawn close pris'ner in the Deep,
 Forbidding her to lead her couriers forth;
 Lampus and Phaëthon that furnish light 290
 To all the earth, and join them to the yoke.
 Then thus, Ulysses to Penelope.

My love; we have not yet attain'd the close
 Of all our sufferings, but unmeasured toil
 Arduous remains, which I must still achieve. 295
 For so the spirit of the Theban seer
 Inform'd me, on that day, when to enquire
 Of mine and of my peoples' safe return
 I journey'd down to Pluto's drear abode.
 But let us hence to bed, there to enjoy 300
 Tranquil repose. My love, make no delay.

Him answer'd then prudent Penelope.
 Thou shalt to bed at whatsoever time
 Thy soul desires, since the immortal Gods
 Give thee to me and to thy home again. 305
 But, thou hast spoken from the seer of Thebes
 Of arduous toils yet unperform'd; declare
 What toils? Thou wilt disclose them, as I judge,
 Hereafter, and why not disclose them now?

To whom Ulysses, ever wise, replied. 310
 Ah conversant with woe! why would'st thou learn
 That tale? but I will tell it thee at large.

Thou

Thou wilt not hear with joy, nor shall myself
With joy rehearse it; for he bade me seek
City after city, bearing, as I go, 315
A shapely oar, 'till I shall find, at length,
A people who the sea know not, nor eat
Food salted; they trim galley crimson-prow'd
Have ne'er beheld, nor yet smooth-shaven oar
With which the vessel wing'd scuds o'er the waves. 320
He gave me also this authentic sign,
Which I will tell thee. In what place so'er
I chance to meet a traveller who shall name
The oar on my broad shoulder borne, a * van;
He bade me, planting it on that same spot, 325
Worship the King of Ocean with a bull,
A ram, and a lascivious boar, then seek
My home again, and sacrifice at home
An hecatomb to the immortal Gods
Inhabitants of the expanse above. 330
So shall I die, at length, the gentlest death
Remote from Ocean; it shall find me late,
In soft serenity of age, the Chief
Of a blest people.—Thus he prophesied.
Him answer'd then Penelope discrete. 335
If heav'n appoint thee in old age a lot
More tranquil, hope thence springs of thy escape.
Some future day from all thy threaten'd woes.

* See the note on the same passage, Book XI.

Such was their mutual conference sweet; meantime
 Eurynome and Euryclea dress'd 340
 Their bed by light of the clear torch, and when
 Dispatchful they had spread it broad and deep,
 The antient nurse to her own bed retired.
 Then came Eurynome, to whom in trust
 The chambers appertain'd, and with a torch 345
 Conducted them to rest; she introduced
 The happy pair, and went; transported they
 To rites connubial intermitted long,
 And now recover'd, gave themselves again*.
 Meantime, the Prince, the herdsman, and the good 350
 Eumæus, giving rest each to his feet,
 Ceased from the dance; they made the women cease
 Also, and to their sev'ral chambers all
 Within the twilight edifice repair'd.
 At length, with conjugal endearment both 355
 Sate, Ulysses tasted and his spouse
 The sweets of mutual converse. She rehearsed,
 Noblest of women, all her num'rous woes
 Beneath that roof sustain'd, while she beheld
 The profligacy of the suitor-throng, 360
 Who in their wooing had consumed his herds

* Aristophanes the grammarian and Aristarchus chose that the *Odyssey* should end here; but the story is not properly concluded 'till the tumult occasioned by the slaughter of so many Princes being composed, Ulysses finds himself once more in peaceable possession of his country.

And

And fatted flocks, and drawn his vessels dry ;
 While brave Ulysses, in his turn, to her
 Related his successes and escapes,
 And his afflictions also ; he told her all ; 365
 She listen'd charm'd, nor slumber on his eyes
 Fell once, or ere he had rehearsed the whole.
 Beginning, he discoursed, how at the first
 He conquer'd in Ciconia, and thence reach'd
 The fruitful shores of the Lotophagi ; 370
 The Cyclops' deeds he told her next, and how
 He well avenged on him his slaughter'd friends
 Whom, pitiless, the monster had devour'd.
 How to the isle of Æolus he came,
 Who welcom'd him and safe dismiss'd him thence, 375
 Although not destin'd to regain so soon
 His native land ; for o'er the fishy deep
 Loud tempests snatch'd him fighting back again.
 How, also at Telepylus he arrived,
 Town of the Læstrygonians, who destroyed 380
 His ships with all their mariners, his own
 Except, who in his sable bark escaped.
 Of guileful Circe too he spake, deep-skill'd
 In various artifice, and how he reach'd
 With sails and oars the squalid realms of death, 385
 Desirous to consult the prophet there
 Theban Tiresias, and how there he view'd
 All his companions, and the mother bland

Who bare him, nourisher of his infant years.
How, next he heard the Sirens in one strain 390
All chiming sweet, and how he reach'd the rocks
Erratic, Scylla and Charybdis dire,
Which none secure from injury may pass.
Then, how the partners of his voyage flew
The Sun's own beeves, and how the Thund'rer Jove 395
Hurl'd down his smoky bolts into his bark,
Depriving him at once of all his crew,
Whose dreadful fate he yet, himself, escaped.
How to Ogygia's isle he came, where dwelt
The nymph Calypso, who, enamour'd, with'd 400
To espouse him, and within her spacious grot
Detain'd, and fed, and promis'd him a life:
Exempt for ever from the sap of age,
But him moved not. How, also, he arrived
After much toil, on the Phæacian coast, 405
Where ev'ry heart revered him as a God,
And whence, enriching him with brass and gold,
And costly raiment first, they sent him home.
At this last word, oblivious slumber sweet
Fell on him, dissipating all his cares. 410
Meantime, Minerva, Goddess azure-eyed,
On other thoughts intent, soon as she deem'd
Ulysses with connubial joys sufficed,
And with sweet sleep, at once from Ocean rous'd
The golden-axled chariot of the morn . 415
To

To illumine earth. Then from his fleecy couch
The Hero sprang, and thus his spouse enjoined.

Oh comfort dear! already we have striv'n
Against our lot, 'till wearied with the toil,

My painful absence, thou, with ceaseless tears 420
Deploring, and myself in deep distress

Withheld reluctant from my native shores
By Joye and by the other pow'rs of heav'n.

But since we have in this delightful bed
Met once again, watch thou and keep secure 425

All my domestic treasures, and ere long
I will replace my num'rous sheep destroy'd

By those imperious suitors, and the Greeks
Shall add yet others 'till my folds be fill'd.

But to the woodlands go I now—to see 430
My noble father, who for my sake mourns

Continual; as for thee, my love, although
I know thee wise, I give thee thus in charge.

The sun no sooner shall ascend, than fame
Shall wide divulge the deed that I have done, 435

Slaying the suitors under my own roof.

Thou, therefore, with thy maidens sit retired
In thy own chamber at the palace-top,

Nor question ask, nor, curious, look abroad.

He said, and cov'ring with his radiant arms 440
His shoulders, called Telemachus; he roused

Eumæus and the herdsman too, and bade

All

All take their martial weapons in their hands.
Not disobedient they, as he enjoin'd,
Put armour on, and issued from the gates
Ulysses at their head. The earth was now
Enlighten'd, but Minerva them in haste
Led forth into the fields, unseen by all.

445

A R G U-

A R G U M E N T
OF THE
T W E N T Y - F O U R T H B O O K.

Mercury conducts the souls of the suitors down to Ades. Ulysses discovers himself to Laertes, and quells, by the aid of Minerva, an insurrection of the people resenting the death of the suitors.

B O O K XXIV.

AND now Cyllenian Hermes summon'd forth
The spirits of the suitors; waving wide
The golden wand of pow'r to seal all eyes
In slumber, and to ope them wide again,
He drove them * gibb'ring down into the shades. 5
As when the bats within some hallow'd cave
Flit squeaking all around, for if but one
Fall from the rock, the rest all follow him,
In such connexion mutual they adhere,
So, after bounteous Mercury, the ghosts 10
Troop'd downward * gibb'ring all the dreary way.

* Τρίζουσαι—τερπύουσαι—

the ghosts

Did squeak and gibber in the Roman streets.

SHAKSP.

The

The Ocean's flood and the Leucadian rock,
 The Sun's gate also and the land of Dreams
 They pass'd, whence, next, into the meads they came
 Of Asphodel, by shadowy forms possess'd, 15
 Simulars of the dead. They found the souls
 Of brave Pelides there, and of his friend
 Patroclus, of Antilochus renown'd,
 And of the mightier Ajax, for his form
 And bulk (Achilles sole except) of all 20
 The sons of the Achaians most admired.
 These waited on Achilles. Then, appear'd
 The mournful ghost of Agamemnon, son
 Of Atreus, compass'd by the ghosts of all
 Who shared his fate beneath Ægisthus' roof, 25
 And him the ghost of Peleus' son bespake.

Atrides! of all Heroes we esteem'd
 Thee dearest to the Gods, for that thy fway
 Extended over such a glorious host
 At Ilium, scene of sorrow to the Greeks. 30
 But Fate, whose ruthless force none may escape
 Of all who breathe, pursued thee from the first.
 Thou should'st have perish'd full of honour, full
 Of royalty, at Troy; so, all the Greeks
 Had rais'd thy tomb, and thou hadst then bequeath'd 35
 Great glory to thy son; but Fate ordain'd
 A death, oh how deplorable! for thee.

To whom Atrides' spirit thus replied.
 Blest son of Peleus, semblance of the Gods,

At

At Ilium, far from Argos, fall'n ! for whom 40
 Contending, many a Trojan, many a Chief
 Of Greece died also, while in eddies whelm'd
 Of dust thy * vastness spread the plain, nor thee
 The chariot aught or steed could int'rest more !
 All day we waged the battle, nor at last 45
 Desisted, but for tempests sent from Jove.
 At length, we bore into the Grecian fleet
 Thy body from the field ; there, first, we cleansed
 With tepid baths and oil'd thy shapely corse,
 Then plac'd thee on thy bier, while many a Greek 50
 Around thee wept, and shorn his locks for thee.
 Thy mother, also, hearing of thy death,
 With her immortal nymphs from the abyss
 Arose and came ; terrible was the sound
 On the salt flood ; a panic seized the Greeks, 55
 And ev'ry warrior had return'd on board
 That moment, had not Nestor, antient Chief,
 Illumed by long experience, interposed ;
 His counsels, ever wisest, wisest proved
 Then also, and he thus address'd the host. 60
 Sons of Achaia, fly not ; stay, ye Greeks !
 Thetis arrives with her immortal nymphs
 From the abyss, to visit her dead son.
 So he ; and, by his admonition stay'd,
 The Greeks fled not. Then, all around thee stood 65

* ——— Behemoth, biggest born of earth,
 Upheav'd his vastness. MILTON.

The daughters of the Antient of the Deep,
 Mourning disconsolate; with heav'nly robes
 They clothed thy corse, and all the Muses nine
 Deplored thee in full choir with sweetest tones
 Responsive, nor one Grecian hadst thou seen 70
 Dry-eyed, such grief the Muses moved in all.
 Full sev'nteen days we, day and night, deplored
 Thy death, both Gods in heav'n and men below,
 But, on the eighteenth day, we gave thy corse
 Its burning, and fat sheep around thee slew 75
 Num'rous, with many a pastur'd ox moon-horn'd.
 We burn'd thee clothed in vesture of the Gods,
 With honey and with oil feeding the flames
 Abundant, while Achaia's Heroes arm'd,
 Both horse and foot, encompassing thy pile, 80
 Clash'd on their shields, and deaf'ning was the din.
 But when the fires of Vulcan had at length
 Consumed thee, at the dawn we stored thy bones
 In unguent and in undiluted wine;
 For Thetis gave to us a golden vase 85
 Twin-ear'd, which she profess'd to have received
 From Bacchus, work divine of Vulcan's hand.
 Within that vase, Achilles, treasured lie
 Thine and the bones of thy departed friend
 Patroclus, but a sep'rate urn we gave 90
 To those of brave Antilochus, who most
 Of all thy friends at Ilium shared thy love
 And thy respect, thy friend Patroclus slain.

Around

Around both urns we piled a noble tomb,
 (We warriors of the sacred Argive host) 95
 On a tall promontory shooting far
 Into the spacious Hellespont, that all
 Who live, and who shall yet be born, may view
 Thy record, even from the distant waves.
 Then, by permission from the Gods obtain'd, 100
 To the Achaian Chiefs in circus met
 Thetis appointed games. I have beheld
 The burial rites of many an Hero bold,
 When, on the death of some great Chief, the youths
 Girding their loins anticipate the prize, 105
 But fight of those with wonder fill'd me most,
 So glorious past all others were the games
 By silver-footed Thetis giv'n for thee,
 For thou wast ever favour'd of the Gods.
 Thus, hast thou not, Achilles! although dead, 110
 Foregone thy glory, but thy fair report
 Is universal among all mankind;
 But, as for me, what recompense had I,
 My warfare clos'd? for whom, at my return,
 Jove framed such dire destruction by the hands 115
 Of fell Ægisthus and my murth'refs wife.

Thus, mutual, they conferr'd; meantime approach'd,
 Swift messenger of heav'n, the Argicide,
 Conducting thither all the shades of those
 Slain by Ulysses. At that sight amazed 120
 Both moved toward them. Agamemnon's shade

Knew well Amphimedon, for he had been
 Erewhile his father's guest in Ithaca,
 And thus the spirit of Atreus' son began.

Amphimedon ! by what disastrous chance, 125
 Coevals as ye seem, and of an air,
 Distinguish'd all, descend ye to the Deep?
 For not the chosen youths of a whole town
 Should form a nobler band. Perish'd ye sunk
 Amid vast billows and rude tempests raised 130
 By Neptune's pow'r ? or on dry land through force
 Of hostile multitudes, while cutting off
 Beeves from the herd, or driving flocks away ?
 Or fighting for your city and your wives ?
 Resolve me ; I was once a guest of yours. 135
 Remember'ft not what time at your abode
 With godlike Menelaus I arrived,
 That we might win Ulysses with his fleet
 To follow us to Troy ? scarce we prevail'd
 At last to gain the city-waster Chief, 140
 And, after all, consumed a whole month more
 The wide sea traversing from side to side.

To whom the spirit of Amphimedon.
 Illustrious Agamemnon, King of men !
 All this I bear in mind, and will rehearse. 145
 The manner of our most disastrous end.
 Believing brave Ulysses lost, we woo'd
 Meantime his wife ; she our detested suit
 Would neither ratify nor yet refuse,

But,

But, planning for us a tremendous death, 150
 This novel stratagem, at last, devised,
 Beginning, in her own recess, a web
 Of flend'rest thread, and of a length and breadth
 Unusual, thus the suitors she address'd.

Princes, my suitors! since the noble Chief 155
 Ulysses is no more, enforce not yet
 My nuptials; wait 'till I shall finish first
 A fun'ral robe (lest all my threads decay)
 Which for the antient Hero I prepare,
 Laertes, looking for the mournful hour 160
 When fate shall snatch him to eternal rest;
 Else, I the censure dread of all my sex,
 Should he, so wealthy, want at last a shroud.

So spake the Queen; we, unsuspecting all,
 With her request complied. Thenceforth, all day 165
 She wove the ample web, and by the aid
 Of torches ravell'd it again at night.

Three years she thus by artifice our suit
 Eluded safe, but when the fourth arrived,
 And the same season, after many moons 170
 And fleeting days, return'd, a damsel then
 Of her attendants, conscious of the fraud,
 Reveal'd it, and we found her pulling loose
 The splendid web. Thus, through constraint, at length,
 She finish'd it, and in her own despatch. 175

But when the Queen produced, at length, her work
 Finish'd, new-blanch'd, bright as the sun or moon,

Then

Then came Ulysses, by some adverse God
Conducted, to a cottage on the verge
Of his own fields, in which his swine-herd dwells; 180
There also the illustrious Hero's son
Arrived soon after, in his sable bark
From sandy Pylus borne; they, plotting both
A dreadful death for all the suitors, fought
Our glorious city, but Ulysses last, 185
And first Telemachus. The father came
Conducted by his swine-herd, and attired
In tatters foul; a mendicant he seem'd,
Time-worn, and halted on a staff. So clad,
And entring on the sudden, he escaped 190
All knowledge even of our eldest there,
And we reviled and smote him; he, although
Beneath his own roof smitten and reproach'd,
With patience suffer'd it awhile, but roused
By inspiration of Jove ægis-arm'd 195
At length, in concert with his son convey'd
To his own chamber his resplendent arms,
There lodg'd them safe, and barr'd the massy doors.
Then, in his subtlety he bade the Queen
A contest institute with bow and rings 200
Between the hapless suitors, whence ensued
Slaughter to all. No suitor there had pow'r
To overcome the stubborn bow that mock'd
All our attempts; and when the weapon huge
At length was offer'd to Ulysses' hands, 205
With

With clamour'd menaces we bade the swain
 Withhold it from him, plead he as he might;
 Telemachus alone, with loud command,
 Bade give it him, and the illustrious Chief
 Receiving in his hand the bow, with ease 210
 Bent it, and sped a shaft through all the rings.
 Then, springing to the portal steps, he pour'd
 The arrows forth, peer'd terrible around,
 Pierced King Antinoüs, and, aiming sure
 His deadly darts, pierced others after him, 215
 Till in one common carnage heap'd we lay.
 Some God, as plain appear'd, vouchsafed them aid,
 Such ardour urged them, and with such dispatch
 They flew us on all sides; hideous were heard
 The groans of dying men fell'd to the earth 220
 With head-strokes rude, and the floor swam with blood.
 Such, royal Agamemnon! was the fate
 By which we perish'd, all whose bodies lie
 Unburied still, and in Ulysses' house,
 For tidings none have yet our friends alarm'd 225
 And kindred, who might cleanse from fable gore
 Our clotted wounds; and mourn us on the bier,
 Which are the rightful privilege of the dead.
 Him answer'd, then, the shade of Atreus' sons.
 Oh happy offspring of Laertes! shrewd 230
 Ulysses! matchless valour thou hast shewn.
 Recov'ring thus thy wife; nor less appears
 The virtue of Icarius' daughter wife.

The

The chaste Penelope, so faithful found
To her Ulysses, husband of her youth. 235

His glory, by superior merit earn'd,
Shall never die, and the immortal Gods
Shall make Penelope a theme of song
Delightful in the ears of all mankind.

Not such was Clytemnestra, daughter vile 240
Of Tyndarus; she shed her husband's blood,
And shall be chronicled in song a wife
Of hateful memory, by whose offence
Even the virtuous of her sex are shamed.

Thus they, beneath the vaulted roof obscure 245
Of Pluto's house, conferring mutual good.

Meantime, descending from the city-gates,
Ulysses, by his son and by his swains
Follow'd, arrived at the delightful farm
Which old Laertes had with strenuous toil 250

Himself long since acquired. There stood his house
Encompass'd by a bow'r in which the hinds
Who served and pleased him, ate, and sat, and slept.

An antient woman, a Sicilian, dwelt
There also, who in that sequester'd spot 255
Attended diligent her aged Lord.

Then thus Ulysses to his followers spake.

Haste now, and, entring, slay ye of the swine
The best for our regale; myself, the while,
Will prove my father, if his eye hath still 260
Discernment of me, or if absence long

Have

Have worn the knowledge of me from his mind.

He said, and gave into his servant's care
His arms; they swift proceeded to the house,
And to the fruitful grove himself as swift 265

To prove his father. Down he went at once
Into the spacious garden-plot, but found
Nor Dolius there, nor any of his sons
Or servants; they were occupied elsewhere,
And, with the antient hind himself, employ'd 270
Collecting thorns with which to fence the grove.

In that umbrageous spot he found alone
Laertes, with his hoe clearing a plant;
Sordid his tunic was, with many a patch
Mended unseemly; leathern were his greaves, 275

Thong-tied and also patch'd, a frail defence
Against sharp thorns, while gloves secured his hands
From briar-points, and on his head he bore
A goat-skin casque, nourishing hopeless woe.
No sooner then the Hero toil-inured 280

Saw him age-worn and wretched, than he paused
Beneath a lofty pear-tree's shade to weep.
There standing much he mused, whether, at once,
Kissing and clasping in his arms his fire,

To tell him all, by what means he had reach'd 285
His native country, or to prove him first.

At length, he chose as his best course, with words
Of seeming strangeness to accost his ear,
And, with that purpose, moved direct toward him.

He, stooping low, loosen'd the earth around 290

A garden-plant, when his illustrious son

Now, standing close beside him, thus began.

Old sir ! thou art no novice in these toils

Of culture, but thy garden thrives ; I mark

In all thy ground no plant, fig, olive, vine, 295

Pear-tree or flow'r-bed suff'ring through neglect.

But let it not offend thee if I say

That thou neglect'st thyself, at the same time

Oppress'd with age, sun-parch'd, and ill-attired.

Not for thy inactivity, methinks, 300

Thy master flights thee thus, nor speaks thy form

Or thy surpassing stature servile aught

In thee, but thou resemblest more a King.

Yes—thou resemblest one who, bathed and fed,

Should softly sleep ; such is the claim of age. 305

But tell me true—for whom labourest thou,

And whose this garden ? answer me beside,

For I would learn ; have I indeed arrived

In Ithaca, as one whom here I met

Ev'n now assured me, but who seem'd a man 310

Not overwise, refusing both to hear

My questions, and to answer when I ask'd

Concerning one in other days my guest

And friend, if he have still his being here,

Or have deceas'd and journey'd to the shades. 315

For I will tell thee ; therefore mark. Long since

A stranger reach'd my house in my own land,

Whom

Whom I with hospitality receiv'd, ..
 Nor ever sojourn'd foreigner with me
 Whom I lov'd more. He was by birth, he said, 320
 Ithacan, and Laertes claim'd his fire,
 Son of Arcefias. Introducing him
 Beneath my roof, I entertain'd him well,
 And proved by gifts his welcome at my board.
 I gave him seven talents of wrought gold, 325
 A goblet, argent all, with flow'rs emboss'd,
 Twelve single cloaks, twelve carpets, mantles twelve
 Of brightest lustre, with as many vests,
 And added four fair damsels, whom he chose
 Himself, well born and well accomplish'd all. 330

Then thus his antient fire weeping replied.
 Stranger! thou hast in truth attain'd the isle
 Of thy enquiry, but it is possess'd
 By a rude race, and lawless. Vain, alas!
 Were all thy num'rous gifts; yet hadst thou found 335
 Him living here in Ithaca, with gifts
 Reciprocated he had sent thee hence,
 Requiring honourably in his turn
 Thy hospitality. But give me quick
 Answer, and true. How many have been the years 340
 Since thy reception of that hapless guest
 My son? for mine, my own dear son was he.
 But him, far distant both from friends and home,
 Either the fishes of the unknown Deep
 Have eaten, or wild beasts and fowls of prey, 345

Nor I, or she who bare him, was ordain'd
To bathe his shrouded body with our tears,
Nor his chaste wife, well-dow'r'd Penelope
To close her husband's eyes, and to deplore
His doom, which is the privilege of the dead. 350
But tell me also thou, for I would learn,
Who art thou? whence? where born? and sprung from
whom?

The bark in which thou and thy godlike friends
Arrived, where is she anchor'd on our coast?
Or cam'st thou only passenger on board 355
Another's bark, who landed thee and went?

To whom Ulysses, ever wise, replied.
I will with all simplicity relate
What thou hast ask'd. Of Alybas am I,
Where in much state I dwell, son of the rich 360
Apheidas royal Polypemon's son,
And I am named Eperitus; by storms
Driven from Sicily I have arrived,
And yonder, on the margin of the field
That skirts your city, I have moor'd my bark. 365
Five years have pass'd since thy Ulysses left,
Unhappy Chief! my country; yet the birds
At his departure hover'd on the right,
And in that sign rejoicing, I dismiss'd
Him thence rejoicing also, for we hoped 370
To mix in social intercourse again,
And to exchange once more pledges of love.

He

He spake; then sorrow as a fable cloud
Involved Laertes; gath'ring with both hands
The dust, he pour'd it on his rev'rend head 375
With many a piteous groan. Ulysses' heart
Commotion felt, and his stretch'd nostrils throb'd
With agony close-pent, while fixt he eyed
His father; with a sudden force he sprang
Toward him, clasp'd, and kiss'd him, and exclaim'd. 380

My father! I am he: Thou seest thy son
Absent these twenty years at last return'd.
But bid thy sorrow cease; suspend henceforth
All lamentation; for I tell thee true,
(And the occasion bids me briefly tell thee) 385
I have slain all the suitors at my home,
And all their taunts and injuries avenged.

Then answer thus Laertes quick return'd.
If thou hast come again, and art indeed
My son Ulysses, give me then the proof 390
Indubitable, that I may believe.

To whom Ulysses, ever wise, replied.
View, first, the scar which with his iv'ry tusk
A wild boar gave me, when, at thy command
And at my mother's, to Autolycus 395
Her father, on Parnassus, I repair'd
Seeking the gifts which, while a guest of yours,
He promis'd should be mine. Accept beside
This proof. I will enum'rate all the trees
Which, walking with thee in this cultured spot, 400
(Boy

(Boy then) I begg'd, and thou confirm'dst my own.
We paced between them, and thou mad'st me learn
The name of each. Thou gav'st me thirteen * pears,
Ten * apples, thirty * figs, and fifty ranks
Didst promise me of vines, their alleys all 405
Corn-cropp'd between. There, oft as sent from Jove
The influences of the year descend,
Grapes of all hues and flavours clust'ring hang.

He said; Laertes, conscious of the proofs.
Indubitable by Ulysses giv'n, 410
With fault'ring knees and fault'ring heart both arms
Around him threw. The Hero toil-inured
Drew to his bosom close his fainting fire,
Who, breath recov'ring, and his scatter'd pow'rs
Of intellect, at length thus spake aloud. 415

Ye Gods! oh then your residence is still
On the Olympian heights, if punishment
At last hath seized on those flagitious men.
But terrour shakes me, left, incensed, ere long
All Ithaca flock hither, and dispatch 420
Swift messengers with these dread tidings charged
To ev'ry Cephallenian state around.

Him answer'd then Ulysses ever-wife.
Courage! fear nought, but let us to the house
Beside the garden, whither I have sent 425
Telemachus, the herdsman, and the good

* The fruit is here used for the tree that bore it, as it is in the Greek; the Latins used the same mode of expression, neither is it uncommon in our own language.

Eumæus to prepare us quick repast.

So they conferr'd, and to Laertes' house
Pass'd on together; there arrived, they found
Those three preparing now their plenteous feast, 430
And mingling sable wine; then, by the hands
Of his Sicilian matron, the old King
Was bathed, anointed, and attired afresh,
And Pallas, drawing nigh, dilated more
His limbs, and gave his whole majestic form 435
Encrease of amplitude. He left the bath.
His son, amazed as he had seen a God
Alighted newly from the skies, exclaim'd.

My father! doubtless some immortal Pow'r
Hath clothed thy form with dignity divine. 440

Then thus replied his venerable sire.
Jove! Pallas! Phœbus! oh that I possess'd
Such vigour now, as when in arms I took
Nericus, continental city fair,
With my brave Cephallenians! oh that such 445
And arm'd as then, I yesterday had stood
Beside thee in thy palace, combating
Those suitors proud, then had I strew'd the floor
With numerous slain, to thy exceeding joy.

Such was their conference; and now, the task 450
Of preparation ended, and the feast
Set forth, on couches and on thrones they sat,
And, ranged in order due, took each his share.
Then, antient Dolius, and with him, his sons

Arrived

Arrived toil-worn, by the Sicilian dame 455
Summon'd, their cat'refs, and their father's kind
Attendant ever in his eve of life.

They, seeing and recalling soon to mind
Ulyffes, in the middle mansion stood
Wond'ring, when thus Ulyffes with a voice 460
Of some reproof, but gentle, them bespake.

Old servant, fit and eat, banishing fear
And mute amazement; for, although provoked
By appetite, we have long time abstain'd,
Expecting ev'ry moment thy return. 465

He said; then Dolius with expanded arms
Sprang right toward Ulyffes, seized his hand,
Kiss'd it, and in wing'd accents thus replied.

Oh master ever dear! since thee the Gods
Themselves, in answer to our warm desires, 470
Have, unexpectedly, at length restored,
Hail, and be happy, and heav'n make thee such!
But say, and truly; knows the prudent Queen
Already thy return, or shall we send
Ourselves an herald with the joyful news? 475

To whom Ulyffes, ever wise, replied.
My antient friend, thou may'st release thy mind
From that solicitude; she knows it well.

So he; then Dolius to his glossy feat
Return'd, and all his sons gath'ring around 480
Ulyffes, welcom'd him and grasp'd his hand,
Then sat beside their father; thus beneath

Laertes

Laertes' roop they, joyful, took repast.

But Fame with rapid haste the city roam'd

In ev'ry part, promulging in all ears

485

The suitors horrid fate. No sooner heard

The multitude that tale, than one and all

Groaning they met and murmuring before

Ulysses' gates. Bringing the bodies forth,

They buried each his friend, but gave the dead

490

Of other cities to be ferried home

By fishermen on board their rapid barks.

All hasted then to council; sorrow wrung

Their hearts, and, the assembly now convened,

Arising first Eupithes spake, for grief

495

Sat heavy on his soul, grief for the loss

Of his Antinoüs by Ulysses slain

Foremost of all, whom mourning, thus he said.

My friends! no trivial fruits the Grecians reap

Of this man's doings. *Those* he took with him

500

On board his barks, a num'rous train and bold,

Then lost his barks, lost all his num'rous train,

And *these*, our noblest, flew at his return.

Come therefore—ere he yet escape by flight

To Pylus or to noble Elis, realm

505

Of the Epeans, follow him; else shame

Attends us and indelible reproach.

If we avenge not on these men the blood

Of our own sons and brothers, farewell then

All that makes life desirable; my wish

510

Henceforth shall be to mingle with the shades:

Oh then pursue and seize them ere they fly.

Thus he with tears, and pity moved in all.

Then, Medon and the sacred bard whom sleep

Had lately left, arriving from the house 515

Of Laertiades, approach'd; amid

The throng they stood; all wonder'd seeing them,

And Medon, prudent senior, thus began.

Hear me, my countrymen! Ulysses plann'd

With no disapprobation of the Gods 520

The deed that ye deplore. I saw, myself,

A Pow'r immortal at the Hero's side,

In semblance just of Mentor; now the God,

In front apparent, led him on, and now,

From side to side of all the palace, urged 525

To flight the suitors; heaps on heaps they fell.

He said; then terrour wan seized ev'ry cheek,

And Halitherses, Hero old, the son

Of Maistor, who alone among them all

Knew past and future, prudent, thus began. 530

Now, O ye men of Ithaca! my words

Attentive hear! by your own fault, my friends,

This deed hath been perform'd; for when myself

And noble Mentor counsell'd you to check

The sin and folly of your sons, ye would not. 535

Great was their wickedness, and flagrant wrong

They wrought, the wealth devouring and the wife

Dishonouring of an illustrious Chief

Whom

Whom they deem'd destined never to return.
 But hear my counsel. Go not, lest ye draw 540
 Disaster down and woe on your own heads.

He ended; then with boist'rous roar (although
 Part kept their seats) upsprang the multitude,
 For Halitherses pleased them not, they chose
 Eupithes counsel rather; all at once 545
 To arms they flew, and clad in dazzling brags,
 Before the city form'd their dense array.
 Leader infatuate, at their head appear'd
 Eupithes, hoping to avenge his son
 Antinoüs, but was himself ordain'd 550
 To meet his doom, and to return no more.
 Then thus Minerva to Saturnian Jove.

Oh father! son of Saturn! Jove supreme!
 Declare the purpose hidden in thy breast.
 Wilt thou that this hostility proceed, 555
 Or wilt thou grant them amity again?

To whom the cloud-assembler God replied.
 Why asks my daughter? didst thou not design
 Thyself, that brave Ulysses coming home
 Should slay those profligates? act as thou wilt, 560
 But thus I counsel. Since the noble Chief
 Hath slain the suitors, now let peace ensue
 Oath-bound, and reign Ulysses evermore!
 The slaughter of their brethren and their sons
 To strike from their remembrance, shall be ours. 565
 Let mutual amity, as at the first,

Unite them, and let wealth and peace abound.

So saying, he animated to her task

Minerva prompt before, and from the heights

Olympian down to Ithaca she flew.

570

Meantime Ulysses (for their hunger now

And thirst were fated) thus address'd his hinds.

Look ye abroad, lest haply they approach.

He said, and at his word, forth went a son

Of Dolius; at the gate he stood, and thence

575

Beholding all that multitude at hand,

In accents wing'd thus to Ulysses spake.

They come—they are already arrived—arm all!

Then, all arising, put their armour on,

Ulysses with his three, and the six sons

580

Of Dolius; Dolius also with the rest

Arm'd and Laertes, although silver-hair'd,

Warriors perforce. When all were clad alike

In radiant armour, throwing wide the gates

They sallied, and Ulysses led the way.

585

Then Jove's own daughter Pallas, in the form

And with the voice of Mentor, came in view,

Whom seeing Laertiades rejoiced,

And thus Telemachus, his son, bespake.

Now, oh my son! thou shalt observe, untold

590

By me, where fight the bravest. Oh shame not

Thine ancestry, who have in all the earth

Proof giv'n of valour in all ages past.

To

To whom Telemachus, discrete, replied.
My father! if thou wish that spectacle, 595
Thou shalt behold thy son, as thou hast said,
In nought dishonouring his noble race.

Then was Laertes joyful, and exclaim'd,
What fun hath ris'n to day *? oh blessed Gods!
My son and grandson emulous dispute 600
The prize of glory, and my soul exults.

He ended, and Minerva, drawing nigh
To the old King, thus counsell'd him. Oh friend
Whom most I love, son of Arceſias! pray'r
Preferring to the virgin azure-eyed, 605
And to her father Jove, delay not, shake
Thy lance in air, and give it instant flight.

So saying, the Goddess nerved his arm anew.
He fought in pray'r the daughter dread of Jove,
And, brandishing it, hurl'd his lance; it struck 610
Eupithes, pierced his helmet brazen-cheek'd *
That stay'd it not, but forth it sprang beyond,
And with loud clangor of his arms he fell.
Then flew Ulyſſes and his noble son
With faulchion and with spear of double edge 615
To the assault, and of them all had left
None living, none had to his home return'd,
But that Jove's virgin daughter with a voice
Of loud authority thus quell'd them all.

* *Tis vñ moi hēmiōn hēi*;—So Cicero, who seems to translate it—*Proh dii immortales! Quis hic illuxit dies!*

See Clarke in loco.

Peace,

620

Peace, O ye men of Ithaca! while yet
The field remains undeluged with your blood.

So she, and fear at once paled ev'ry cheek.
All trembled at the voice divine; their arms
Escaping from the grasp fell to the earth,
And, covetous of longer life, each fled

Back to the city. Then Ulysses sent
His voice abroad, and with an eagle's force
Sprang on the people; but Saturnian Jove
Cast down, incontinent, his smouldring bolt
At Pallas' feet, and thus the Goddess spake.

Laertes' noble son, for wiles renown'd !
 Forbear ; abstain from slaughter ; left thyself
 Incur the anger of high-thund'ring Jove. .

So Pallas, whom Ulyſſes, glad, obey'd.
Then faithful covenants of peace between
Both ſides enfued, ratified in the fight
Of Pallas progeny of Jove, who ſeem'd,
In voice and form, the Mentor known to all.

END OF THE ODYSSEY.

THE

THE
B A T T L E
OF THE
F R O G S A N D M I C E.
TRANSLATED INTO
ENGLISH BLANK VERSE
BY THE SAME HAND.

THE
B A T T L E
OF THE
F R O G S A N D M I C E.

DESCEND all Helicon into my breast!
 Oh ev'ry virgin of the tuneful choir
 Breathe on my song which I have newly traced
 In tables open'd on my knees, a song
 Of bloodiest note—terrible deeds of Mars
 Well worthy of the ears of all mankind,
 Whom I desire to teach, how, erst, the Mice
 Affail'd the Frogs, mimicking in exploit
 The prowess of the giant race earth-born.
 The rumour once was frequent in the mouths
 Of mortal men, and thus the strife began.

5

19

A thirsty Mouse (thirsty with fear and flight
 From a cat's claws) sought out the nearest lake,
 Where, dipping in the flood his downy chin,
 He drank delighted. Him the frog far-famed
 * Limnocharis espied, and thus he spake.

15

* The beauty of the lake.

4 D

Who

Who art thou, stranger? Whence hast thou arrived
 On this our border, and who gave thee birth?
 Beware thou trespass not against the truth;
 Lye not! for should I find thy merit such 20
 As claims my love, I will conduct thee hence
 To my abode, where gifts thou shalt receive
 Lib'ral and large, with hospitable fare.
 I am the King *Phygnathus, revered
 By the inhabitants of all this pool, 25
 Chief of the frogs for ever. Me, long since,
 †Peleus begat, embracing on the banks
 Of the Eridanus my mother fair,
 ‡Hydromedusa. Nor thee less than King
 Or leader bold in fight thy form proclaims, 30
 Stout as it is, and beautiful.—Dispatch—
 Speak, therefore, and declare thy pedigree.
 He ceas'd, to whom ||Pfycharpax thus replied.
 Illustrious sir! wherefore hast thou enquired
 My derivation, known to all, alike 35
 To Gods and men, and to the fowls of heav'n?
 I am Pfycharpax, and the dauntless Chief
 §Troxartes is my sire, whose beauteous spouse
 Daughter of **Pternotroctes brought me forth,
 ††Lichomye by name. A cave of earth 40
 My cradle was, and, in my youngling state,

* The pouter.
 waters.
 bacon-eater.

† Of or belonging to mud.
 ‡ The crumb-catcher.
 †† The lick of mill-stones.

§ The bread-eater.

‡ Governess of the
 ** The

My

My mother nourish'd me with almonds, figs,
 And delicacies of a thousand names.
 But diverse as our natures are, in nought
 Similar, how, alas! can we be friends?
 The floods are thine abode, while I partake
 With man his sustenance. The basket, stored
 With wheaten loaves thrice kneaded, 'scapes not me,
 Nor wafer broad, enrich'd with balmy sweets,
 Nor ham in slices spread, nor liver wrapt
 In tunic silver-white, nor curds express'd
 From sweetest milk, nor, sweeter still, the full
 Honeycomb, coveted by Kings themselves,
 Nor aught by skilful cook invented yet
 Of sauce or seas'ning for delight of man.
 I am brave also, and shrink not at sound
 Of glorious war, but rushing to the van,
 Mix with the foremost combatants. No fear
 Of man himself shakes me, vast as he is,
 But to his bed I steal, and make me sport
 Nibbling his fingers' end, or with sharp tooth
 Fretting his heel so neatly that he sleeps
 Profound the while, unconscious of the bite.
 Two things, of all that are, appall me most,
 The owl and cat. These cause me many a pang.
 As does the hollow gin insidious, fair
 In promises, but in performance foul,
 Engine of death! yet most of all I dread
 Cats, nimble mousers, who can dart a paw

After me, enter at what chink I may. 70
 But to return—your diet, parsley, kail,
 Beet, radish, gourd, (for, as I understand,
 Ye eat no other) are not to my taste.

Him then with smiles answer'd Physignathus.
 Stranger! thou vauntest much thy dainty fare, 75
 But, both on shore and in the lake, we boast
 Our dainties also, and such fights as much
 Would move thy wonder; for by gift from Jove
 We leap as well as swim, can range the land
 For food, or, diving, seek it in the Deep. 80
 Would'st thou the proof? 'tis easy—mount my back—
 There cling as for thy life, and thou shalt share
 With rapture the delights of my abode.

He said, and gave his back. Upsprang the mouse
 Lightly, and with his arms enfolded fast 85
 The Frog's soft neck. Pleas'd was he, at the first,
 With view of many a creek and bay, nor less
 With his smooth swimming on whose back he rode.
 But when, at length, the clear wave dash'd his sides,
 Then, fill'd with penitential sorrows vain 90
 He wept, pluck'd off his hair, and gath'ring close
 His hinder feet, survey'd with trembling heart
 The novel sight, and wish'd for land again.
 Groans follow'd next, extorted groans, through stress
 Of shiv'ring fear, and, with extended tail 95
 Drawn like a long oar after him, he pray'd
 For land again; but, while he pray'd, again

The

The clear wave dash'd him. Much he shriek'd, and much
He clamour'd, and, at length, thus, forrowing, said.

Oh desp'rate navigation strange! not thus 100.
Europa floated to the shores of Crete
On the broad back of her enamour'd bull.

And now, dread spectacle to both, behold
An Hydra! on the lake with crest erect
He rode, and right toward them. At that sight 105
Down went Phrygnathus, heedless, alas!
Through fear, how great a Prince he should destroy.
Himself, at bottom of the pool escaped
The dreadful death; but, at his first descent.

Dislodg'd, Pŷcharpax fell into the flood. 110
There, stretch'd supine, he clench'd his hands, he shriek'd,
Plunged oft, and, lashing out his heels afar,
Oft rose again, but no deliv'rance found.

At length, oppress'd by his drench'd coat, and soon
To sink for ever, thus he prophecied. 115

Thou hast releas'd thy shoulders at my cost,
Phrygnathus!, unfeeling as the rock,
But not unnoticed by the Gods above.
Ah worst of traitors! on dry land, I ween,
Thou hadst not foil'd me, whether in the race 120
Or wrestling-match, or at whatever game.

Thou hast by fraud prevail'd, casting me off
Into the waters; but an eye divine
Sees all. Nor hope thou to escape the host
Of Mice, who shall, ere long, avenge the deed. 125.

So

So saying, he sank and died, whom, while he sat-
 Reposing on the lake's soft verge, the Mouse
 * Lichopinax observed; aloud he wail'd,
 And flew with those sad tidings to his friends.
 Grief, at the sound, immeasurable seized 130
 On all, and, by command, at dawn of day
 The heralds call'd a council at the house
 Of brave Troxartes, father of the Prince
 Now lost, a carcase now, nor nigh to land
 Welt'ring, but distant in the middle pool. 135
 The multitude in haste convened, uprofe
 Troxartes for his son incensed, and said,

Ah friends! although my damage from the Frogs
 Sustain'd be greatest, yet is yours not small.
 Three children I have lost, wretch that I am, 140
 All sons. A merciless and hungry cat
 Finding mine eldest son abroad, surprized
 And slew him. Lured into a wooden snare,
 (New machination of unfeeling man
 For slaughter of our race, and named a trap) 145
 My second died. And now, as ye have heard,
 My third, his mothers' and my darling, him
 Phylignathus hath drown'd in yon abyfs.
 Haste therefore, and in gallant armour bright
 Attired, march forth, ye Mice, now seek the foe. 150

So saying, he roused them to the fight, and Mars
 Attendant arm'd them. Splitting, first, the pods

* The dish-licker.

Of beans which they had fever'd from the stalk
 With hasty tooth by night, they made them greaves.
 Their corslets were of platted straw, well lined 155
 With spoils of an excoriated cat.

The lamp contributed its central tin,
 A shield for each; The glitt'ring needle long
 Arm'd ev'ry gripe with a terrific spear,
 And auburn shells of nuts their brows inclosed. 160

Thus arm'd the Mice advanced, of whose approach
 The Frogs apprized, emerging from the lake,
 All throng'd to council, and consid'ring fat
 The sudden tumult and its cause. Then came,
 Sceptre in hand, an herald. Son was he 165
 Of the renown'd * Tyroglyphus, and call'd
 † Embasichytrus. Charged he came to announce
 The horrors of approaching war, and said—

Ye Frogs! the host of Mice send you by me
 Menaces and defiance. Arm, they say, 170
 For furious fight; for they have seen the Prince
 Pfycharpax welt'ring on the waves, and drown'd
 By King Phyfignathus. Ye then, the Chiefs
 And leaders of the host of Frogs, put on
 Your armour, and draw forth your bands to battle! 175

He said, and went. Then were the noble Frogs
 Troubled at that bold message, and while all
 Murmur'd against Phyfignathus, the King
 Himself arising, thus denied the charge.

* A cheese-raspe.

† The explorer of pots and pipkins.

My friends! I neither drown'd the Mouse, nor saw
 His drowning. Doubtless, while he strove in sport 187
 To imitate the swimming of the Frogs,
 He sank and died. Thus, blame is none in me,
 And these injurious slanderers do me wrong.
 Consult we, therefore, how we may destroy 188
 The subtle Mice, which thus we will perform:
 Arm'd and adorn'd for battle, we will wait
 Their coming where our cast is most abrupt.
 Then, soon as they shall rush to the assault,
 Seizing them by the helmet, as they come, 189
 We will precipitate them, arms and all,
 Into the lake; unskilful as they are
 To swim, their suffocation there is sure,
 And we will build a trophy to record
 The great Mouse-massacre for evermore. 190

So saying, he gave commandment, and all arm'd.
 With leaves of mallows each his legs incased,
 Guarded his bosom with a corslet cut
 From the green beet, with foliage tough of kail
 Fashion'd his ample buckler, with a rush 191
 Keen-tipt, of length tremendous, fill'd his gripe,
 And on his brows set fast a cockle-shell.
 Then, on the summit of the loftiest bank
 Drawn into phalanx firm they stood, all shook
 Their quiv'ring spears, and wrath swell'd ev'ry breast.

Jove saw them, and assembling all the Gods 192
 To council in the skies, behold, he said,

Yon

Yon num'rous hosts, magnanimous, robust,
 And rough with spears, how like the giant race
 They move, or like the Centaurs! smiling, next, 210.
 He ask'd, of all the Gods, who favour'd most
 The Mice, and who the Frogs! but, at the last,
 Turning toward Minerva, thus he spake.

Thou! d thee; go'st thou not
 To aid thy nates of thine, 215
 Who to iv'ry steams
 Sacrificial, and day by day refresh'd
 With dainties there, dance on thy sacred floor?

So spake the God, and Pallas thus replied.

My father! suffer as they may, the Mice 220
 Shall have no aid from me, whom much they wrong,
 Marring my wreaths, and plund'ring of their oil
 My lamps.—But this, of all their impious deeds,
 Offends me most, that they have eaten holes
 In my best mantle, which with curious art 225
 Divine I wove, light, easy, delicate;
 And now, the artificer whom I employ'd
 To mend it, clamouring demands a price
 Exorbitant, which moves me much to wrath,
 For I obtain'd on trust those costly threads, 230
 And have not wherewithal to pay th' arrear.
 Nor love I more the Frogs, or purpose more
 To succour even them, since they not less,
 Dolts as they are, and destitute of thought,
 Have incommoded me. For when, of late, 235

Returning from a fight weary and faint
 I needed rest, and would have slept, no sleep
 Found I, those ceaseless croakers of the lake
 Noisy, perverse, forbidding me a wink.
 Sleepless, and with an aching head I lay
 Therefore, until the crowing of the cock.
 By my advice, then, O ye Gods, move not
 Nor interfere, favouring either side,
 Lest ye be wounded; for both hosts alike
 Are valiant, nor would scruple to assail
 Even ourselves. Suffice it, therefore, hence
 To view the battle, safe, and at our ease.

240

245

She ceas'd, and all complied. Meantime, the hosts
 Drew nearer, and in front of each was seen
 An herald, gonfalon in hand; huge gnats
 Through clarions of unwieldy length sang forth
 The dreadful note of onset fierce, and Jove
 Doubled the signal, thund'ring from above.

250

First, with his spear * Hypsiboas assail'd
 † Lichenor. Deep into his body rush'd
 The point, and pierced his liver. Prone he fell,
 And all his glossy down with dust defiled.
 Then, ‡ Troglodytes hurl'd his maffy spear
 At || Pelion, which he planted in his chest.
 Down dropp'd the Frog, night whelm'd him, and he died.

255

* The loud-croaker.
 into holes and crannies.

† One addicted to licking.
 ‡ Offspring of the mud.

‡ A creeper

Scutellus;

* Seutlaeus, through his heart piercing him, flew .. 261
 Embasichytrus. † Polyphonus fell,
 Pierced through his belly by the spear of bold
 ‡ Artophagus, and prone in dust expired.
 Incensed at sight of Polyphonus slain, 265
 Limnocharis at Troglodytes cast
 A mill-stone weight of rock; full on the neck
 He batter'd him, and darkness veil'd his eyes.
 At him Lichenor hurl'd a glitt'ring lance,
 Nor err'd, but pierced his liver. Trembling fled 270
 || Crambophagus at that dread sight, and plunged
 Over the precipice into the lake,
 Yet even there found refuge none, for brave
 Lichenor following, smote him even there.
 So fell Crambophagus, and from that fall 275
 Never arose, but redd'ning with his blood
 The wave, and wallowing in the strings and slime
 Of his own vitals, near the bank expired.
 § Limnisius on the grassy shore struck down
 ** Tyroglyphus; but at the view alone 280
 Of terrible †† Pternoglyphus appall'd,
 Fled ‡‡ Calaminthus, cast away his shield
 Afar, and headlong plunged into the lake.
 §§ Hydrocharis with a vast stone assail'd
 The King †† Pternophagus; the rugged mass 285

* A feeder on beet.

† The noisy.

‡ The bread-eater.

|| The

cabbage-eater.

§ Of the lake.

** The cheese-scraper.

†† The

ham-scraper.

‡‡ So called from the herb calamint.

§§ One whose

delight is in the water.

++ The bacon-eater.

380 THE BATTLE OF

Descending on his poll, crush'd it; the brain
 Ooz'd through his nostrils drop by drop, and all
 The bank around was spatter'd with his blood.
 Lichopinax with his long spear transfierced
 * Borborocoites; darkness veil'd his eyes. 290
 † Prassophagus with vengeful notice mark'd
 ‡ Cnissodioctes; seizing with one hand
 His foot, and with the other hand his neck,
 He plunged, and held him plunged, 'till, drown'd, he died.
 Psycharpax standing boldly in defence 295
 Of his slain fellow-warriors, urged his spear
 Right through || Pelusius; at his feet he fell,
 And, dying, mingled with the Frogs below.
 Resentful of his death, the mighty Frog
 § Pelobates an handful cast of mud 300
 Full at Psycharpax; all his ample front
 He smear'd, and left him scarce a glimpse of day.
 Psycharpax, at the foul dishonour, still
 Exasperate more, upheaving from the ground
 A rock that had incumber'd long the bank, 305
 Hurl'd it against Pelobates; below
 The knees he smote him, shiver'd his right leg
 In pieces, and outstretch'd him in the dust.
 But him ** Craugasides, who stood to guard
 The fallen Chief, assail'd; with his long lance 310

* The sleeper in the mud.
 steam-hunter.
 hoarse-croaker.

|| The muddy.

† The garlic-eater.

§ The mud-walker.

‡ The sav'ry-
 ** The

He

He prick'd Psycharpax at the waist; the whole
Keen-pointed rush transpierced his belly, and all
His bowels following the retracted point,
O'erspread the ensanguin'd herbage at his side.

Soon as * Sitophagus, a crippled mouse, 315
That sight beheld, limping, as best he could,
He left the field, and, to avoid a fate
Not less tremendous, dropp'd into a ditch.

Troxartes grazed the instep of the bold
Phygnathus, who at the sudden pang 320
Startled, at once leap'd down into the lake.

† Praëus, at the sight of such a Chief
Floating in mortal agonies enraged,
Sprang through his foremost warriors, and dismiss'd
His pointed rush, but reach'd not through his shield 325
Troxartes, baffled by the stubborn disk.

There was a Mouse, young, beautiful, and brave
Past all on earth, son of the valiant Chief
‡ Artepibulus. Like another Mars

He fought, and || Meridarpax was his name, 330
A Mouse, among all Mice without a peer.

Glorying in his might on the lake's verge
He stood, with other Mouse none at his side,

And swore t' extirpate the whole croaking race.

Nor doubting any but he should perform 335
His dreadful oath, such was his force in arms,

* The cake-eater,
who lies in wait for bread.

† One who deals much in garlics.
‡ The scrap-catcher.

§ Only

Had

